

Hi-Standard

"The Blast"

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* has an extra verse not on the album

[Talib Kweli] (Vinia Mojica)

Yeah, you pronounce my name (Kweli), any questions?

I bring many blessings with my man Hi-Tek and he
from the Natti (Natti)

We make the sky crack, feel the fly track,
get your hands up like a hijack

Fist in the air for (Kweli), keep 'em there like
Natural mystic or smoke when they spliffs lit

It's a revolutionary (party), they ask me what I'm writing
for

I'm writing to show you what we fightin for

Say Taleeb or Talib (Kweli), if it's hard try spelling it
phonetically

If not then just let it be like Nina Simone

you probably (ably) don't listen B

Even when we suffer loses I account the victory

Sometimes it's far and between I'm sad to say

it got my brain crowded like sunset on a Saturday

I know my son wept 'cause his dad's away

Stop crying be strong is what I had to say

to my little man named Amani (mani)

Chorus: repeat 2X

Start the party, my crew hot feel these two shots

Like the blast from a double barrel shottie (shottie)

It's got to be, your man Hi-Tek and Kweli

Who make you rock your body (body)

[Hi-Tek]

I remember when it all started

Back in the day when me and moms first parted

Hi-Tek from the beginning I stayed advanced

A young chameleon -- adapt to any circumstance

Peep game nigga, never been a lazy nigga

Stayed on my hustle, concentrate to get the paper

bigger

Stay focused while other cats stay hopeless

While niggas stay high I stay lower,

Stacking my chips to get a foreclosure, this shit ain't
over
Going for the gusto, keep getting that provo,
It's Hi-Tek (and Kweli) on the track like Flow Jo,
bet you ain't even know I had flow though

Chorus

[repeat 3x]

Keep on dancing, ya gotta keep on dancing
{Overlapping} oh oh ohhhhhh, yeah yeahhhhhh

Keep on dancing, ya gotta keep on dancing

[Talib Kweli] (Vinia Mojica)

Say my name, say my name (Kweli), like Destiny's Child
Shine bright like my girl's heavenly smile or a suit on
Steve Harvey (Harvey)

Or tighter than them jeans that be huggin black hips
'70 style like Chaka Khan ain't nobody (body)
Set the stage, blazed like my crew we burn it down like
sages

Smokin, clubs is where we party (party)

Holla at my spit kickin niggas

Pharoahe Monch, De La Soul, Common Sense, and my
man Biz Markie (Markie)

Chorus

[repeat 3x]

Keep on dancing, ya gotta keep on dancing
{Overlapping} oh oh ohhhhhh, yeah yeahhhhhh

Keep on dancing, ya gotta keep on dancing

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