

Mos Def & Talib Kweli "Twice Inna Lifetime"

Visit "[Twice Inna Lifetime](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo, we been through this before right?
(Word, word)
So we figurin', if we gonna do it
We gotta freak it, you know what I'm sayin?
(True, true, true)
'Cuz everything gotta go up from here, right?
So hi-tek, turn it up a notch

Hail Mary, 'matta fact hail Jane
Niggaz take my name in vain like I was cocaine
My affirmations kill emcees like assassination
Bringin' you pain until you wish you had a vaccination

Or vaccine, I shine like Vaseline
Gas plays like petroleum, walk over them like linoleum
My vocab expand like a rubber band
Walkin' naked through the motherland
Give the finger to my brother man

Niggaz just don't understand my reasons
I transcend like season
And scar these rappers like legion
It's treason, my suspension attract attention
I'm ventin', givin' these chicken heads detention

Did I mention my name, yo, go by the Jane Doe
Drenched in polo, chill downtown in Soho
You don't know, this is just half my potential
Check my credentials, come harder than sequential

It's essential, you listen, I drive you a pedestrian
They bless me on the track 'cuz I attack wit' the
estrogen
Rhyme against the best a men, Jane burn it up
When you hear it in the whip, tell your man to turn it up

Yo, get it, yo, yo, we fortified live, supportin' allies
The wack is tryin' to shorten our lives, it sorta waters
my eyes
But here is somethin' the cryin' talk about
The verse on that cassette you and cousin fought about
That led to God and Satan's fallin' out

Encourage the liquor for those who ain't here that you
pourin' out
On 3-way, your parents, preacher and spouse called
my house
Revive or ruin, my theories of mics
Sony or Aiwa, black or white, I fit in all stereotypes

Search for a cast to plot, I make you a laughin' stock
So shook, I could walk a half a block and feel the
aftershocks
Rain of acid drops, seek some help, now don't rewind
Get it the first time, shouldn't have to repeat myself
Eternally verbally, I have numbers, succumb to time
outs
In rhyme 'bouts you'll dial 9, just to get a line out

Known fact or factors and non-rappers fractured
Results in more cast appearances than a hundred
actors
Emcees I'm testin' like diseases injected in gerbils
Word's worth, Kweli, Hi-Tek, reflection eternal what

My style high life like fonz when I burn heads like a
conk
'Cuz niggaz front, when their chances get slim like
pharoahe monch
Thinkin' they shits is heavy when they light like
illumination
Intellectual masturbation with premature ejaculation

I'm comin' cleaner than vaccinations
My fascination with character assassination
Got these niggaz burnin' like sensation
We keep it hot like matches and on lock like latches
Wack emcees get they microphones snatched like lee
patches

So you go to every wack muthafucka that you know
My lyrics they get up in your jeans like parasucos
So there's no mystery about the father, niggaz is hot
and bothered
Like the bitches that they are

Takin' pictures with stars and got 'em open
But after they little hopes and dreams get broken
Me and Hi-Tek, we live long and prosper like vulcans
Think I'm jokin'? We both got sons, we make cream and
break dreams
See through the fake schemes, wipin' your slate clean
Like a squeegee, we be lightin' shit up like phosphorus

Turnin' flamboyant niggaz anonymous
Depressin' to optimus, you stoppin' us is preposterous
Like an androgynous masochganist, you pickin' the
wrong time
Steppin' to me when I'm in my prime like optimus

Transformin', from rookie of the year to veteran
Hip-hop is big business like Con Edison or medicine
But fuck it, they gonna let us in, or else we rush the
door
I got too many reasons, save your 'whys' and 'what
fors'

This is twice inna lifetime so I'm lettin' you know, let
'em know yo
Black star, word's worth, punchline and Jane Doe, yo!
Lyrical com-pete and we emcee
We got the fortified five, exhibit level degree

Check it, I keep dough in my pocket while you follow the
false prophet
Get deep like Islamics wrapped in a white garment
I touch topics that try to open up your optics
Vacate in the tropics, you dodgin' bullets in the projects

Cut the nonsense, I'm hotter than a lot a men
Start honorin', got more wifey's than Solomon
Fuck the squad you in, a-yo we be the bid domb
Regardless what I spit on, you worse with the tracks I
shit on

Once you get on, it's fair you can't trust, yes
Words and punch, make rappers march like the third
month
I build with friends, lyrically spit gems
Call me diamond, 'cuz I'm your girl's best friend

Emcees are born losers, alcoholic abusers
I'll go on the radio and start a gay rumor
And then I'll talk about how the crowd tried to boo ya
Label shoot ya, stressed out with brain tumors

My gat claps, 50 percent of the wack
Take it back to real rap, krylons wit' the fat cap
Get robbed for your ascap, leave you inside
Fortified live, reppin' N Y 'til I die

Black body radiation situation that we workin' wit'
My verb exists enlisted by the bogeys campin' services
The purpose is, make you go and purchase this, no

nervousness

We are, hot like black tar, black star with emergence

Superlative, you fabricated like the word absurditive
I'm rockin' this from here to where the purges live
To Brooklyn where the merchants live, next door to the
murderers

And bourbon is a elder man's medicinal alternative

My memory is furnished with, back streets to back
seats to fat jeeps
Legendary athletes who play by the trash heap
My crew wasn't that deep but beef we didn't act sweet
Treadin' on these stompin' grounds you better catch
some black feet

Flashy, it was between Dekalb and Pulaski
Off the meter like an out of borough taxi
They run your pockets fastly, black and nasty, nappy
and crafty
And swat are either sittin' in Clinton or Kaksaki

Man Rudolph can screw off, you too soft to stop us
You and your coppers should see some foot doctors
Got your burnt chest popped up, but keep your guns
cocked up
'Cuz all them cats that you knocked up and always gon'
be locked up

Hide yaself like Donna Summer, another number one
And comin' from the underground, this is how it's
comin' down
Baby let me run it down
Mos Def, Talib Kweli, Jane Doe, punch, wor umm, E

Excuse me! just ate another emcee
Sometimes that's just how it be
Partner wash you down with green tea and some lime
We like the five on the fist, fortified organized like dis

Visit [Mos Def & Talib Kweli](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.