

## **Danger Danger**

### **"Old School Rules"**

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[Talib Kweli]

One two three, in the place to be!  
MF Doom, Talib Kweli, ah here we go  
On born days, I used to blow out the candles; and every  
Saturday  
Watch cartoons 'til noon and then I'd switch to Ralph  
McDaniels  
I was, makin up a miracle flow, over a cereal bowl  
And a paused beat from my stereo  
Rhymes stronger than Popeye with the spinach  
Yeah I'm gangster like the frog on Courageous Cat and  
Minute Mouse  
Maybe I'm trippin and it's just a cartoon to you  
But I got chills when I heard how Doom flipped the  
Scooby Doo  
And, I might be buggin but it seem to me  
That cartoons be realer than reality TV  
They inspire my decision to be open and listen  
But folks got it all twisted, like a yoga position  
Like, in order to spit it dope, you gotta have a criminal  
past  
That's similar to the cast of Different Strokes  
Me and my people break bread, sit and smoke  
The conversation rich, but that depend on what you  
consider broke  
I draw on anything for inspiration  
A fond memory, a piece of paper, walls in a train  
station

[Chorus: Talib Kweli]

It's just that I'm old school like that, roll that rap over  
soul loops like that  
It's just that I'm old school like that, roll that rap over  
soul loops like that  
(I'm old school y'all, yes y'all, I keep it goin y'all, here  
we go)  
It's just that I'm old school like that, roll that rap over  
soul loops like that  
(I'm old school y'all, keep it goin y'all, keep it goin y'all)  
It's just that I'm old school like that, roll that rap over  
soul loops like that

(Ah here we go, c'mon)

[MF Doom]

And we'll be right back after these messages  
Fellas grab your nutsacs, chicks squeeze your  
breastesses  
We ain't all that grown, it's still funny like  
Goin to the store on your own with rainbow money  
Since then had an insane flow sonny  
Walkin to the corner rhymin in the rain, nose runny  
Breakdancin maybe ten, bummy  
Is when Subroc would run up handspring Arabian  
somee!  
Ooh wee, like a Hong Kong Phooey kick  
Or a weekend afternoon, karate movie flick  
Slept good, no justice, no peace  
Woody kept it hoody, never discussed it with police  
Shot the fair one nobody ran to get the gat  
Or felt they had to put it up in they raps to set it fat  
And since when lyrical skills had to do with killin a cat?  
What type of chitlins is that?  
The Super Villain as the bat, hide your tonic  
Whoever willin to ride, provide raw chronic

[Chorus]

[Talib] Yeah!

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