

The Everly Brothers

"Rush"

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[Talib Kweli: repeat 16X]

Feel the rush

[Talib over the repeated line]

Yeah, I do this shit for real (you get Chuck D'd, "Shut the Fuck down")

Ain't no games being played (remember that, remember that)

It might be the career (yo)

It might be on the stage (yo)

It might be in the street (yo)

But the people come to me (why?)

[Talib Kweli]

They come to me for the lyrical, spiritual, raw shit I spit at you

Original, and I see collective, not individual

Visual, in the mic I'm un-fuck-wit-able

Invincible, official nigga who they come to

For the hardcore, art of war, rhymes that I got in store

Triple W in curo son or die or

For education and culture, heads is waitin' for Mos to

Do the album with Kweli, we do it like we suppose to

Nobody come close to my crew, we wild nice

You ain't tight, your rhymes is like what a child writes

When he can't spell, you chase crumbs and get ate like

Han-sel

Can't hold your mic, like your liquor, your style like an

Amstel

Smack a nigga til my motherfuckin hands swell

You ain't fly and you prolly got can-cell

Y'all niggas shaky like handheld, amateur camera work

In walking this planet of earth

I'm the illest emcee and a man of my word

When I came out, niggaz didn't understand it at first

I'm known to roll up my sleeves and put my hands in the dirt

We at war and I got a battle plan that can work

With the proper execution so I'm killin' 'em right

You get hit like a deer standin' still in the light

I'm spillin' it like, I ain't never had a meal in my life

Feed my family with my pen, it's so real what I write

[Bridge]

We fight, fuck, get buckwild
Kill, chill, make love, have child
Freestyle, b-boy, hit the block
Build, destroy, get it hot

Yo, I make the place go apeshit (c'mon)
Ain't no other way to say it, ain't nuttin to play with
I'm Langston Hughes, "Dreams Deferred" seen and
heard in the flesh
Cause so many people believe the word even when it
seems absurd
With keen observation I peep the game
And got blood on his hands, I can see the stains
My street slang spray like shots when heat bang out
Niggas keep my name in they mouth, I put they flame
out
Where I'm from, action is first and talk is second
I'm sharp like the blade in the logo of Rawkus Records
New York's infected, niggaz beefin' on the mix-tape
Got Nickelback niggaz thinkin' they can fuck with big
weight
Hell no, give it up, it's enough
We about to live it up, with ten of us
We ride and you live with us
Pick it up, party people, you about to get in touch
Give it up, everybody, you about to get a rush
You can find Kweli in the cut, wth a Cohiba lit up bout to
split a Dutch
Get it up, everybody, you about to get in touch
Give it up, everybody, you about to get a rush (whooo!)

[Xzibit]

Yeah, yeah
Quality material
Yo, check this out
Yeah, you heard it
Kweli
You don't know how to say it by now, fuck you
Broadcastin' live, from Brooklyn, New York City
Yeah, turn this shit up
It's Quality music
You know how we use it
Feel the rush

[Talib Kweli: repeat to end]

Feel the rush

