

Tina Arena

"Guerrilla Monsoon Rap"

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[Kweli talking]

Yeah...

Yeah! That's what I'm talkin about!

Let's do it... Kanye West, c'mon turn me up and

Black Thought, c'mon turn me up and

Pharoahe Monch, c'mon turn me up and

Talib Kweli in the house with

[Hook: Kanye West]

Guerrilla monsoon rap - all the shorties like "who dat?"

Got the whole crowd like "how ya do dat?"

Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black

And ya crew, give me dap like true dat

We come through and all the shorties like "who dat?"

Got the whole crowd like "how ya do dat?"

Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black

And ya crew, give me dap like true dat

[Black Thought]

Yo, I hit these emcees with the grip of death like I was a Vulcan

Ain't a lot of "ifs" an "ands", it's just straight talkin

It's hard to swallow at times, so take portions

Bitin off more than you can chew, create offense

Emcee species endangered like dolphins

Rappers is spittin nails into they own coffins (c'mon)

Hear come the Dundee moves rocket-launchin (yeah)

Black Thought, quit playin him close and back up off him

[Talib Kweli]

Kweli -- spruce to the tree, Bruce to the Lee

Favorite emcee, that your favorite rapper used to be

One by one I knock 'em out like Schoolly D - my rhymes is eulogy

A flea could move a tree, before ya think ya movin me

I black and blue emcees - actin new to me, get smacked stupidly

That lack skills, like the black community lack unity (uh)

Still my rhymes heard like Ali DePhrase

Step off the stage to shouts of "Kweli boomayyay!!"

[Pharoahe Monch]

See these four emcees came to get down
Rearrange the rap game, change ya whole sound
Nigga YOU, got ta, understand the plot ta
Movin and groovin and always improvin alot-ta
I'll outfox the, average Porsche ya Boxster talk
Break the bank on some old Frank Sinatra (New York...)
Slash Chi-Town, slash Philly
Check the blast from Genevo, you can get slapped silly

[Hook]

[Black Thought]

Okay... my sound drenches, each of the five senses
And hold the shock value of electrified fences
It's truth or consequences, ride wit us or against us
Is you a dedicated soldier, or you a princess, dog?
I'm in it to win it and not for the wealth
Got a crib with a Grammy and a gat on the shelf
Nan nigga competition, gotta battle myself
And me and Kweli on a mission, gettin Pharoahe for help

[Talib Kweli]

From natives walkin in traylor tears to players sippin
Belvedere
We always comin well prepared, and all my dogs'
smellin fear
PLUS, even my niggaz from the Bede say you hella-
scared
Truth or consequences, and all senses be well-aware
Your style - under-developed there, hell if I care
What hardship you claim to see, but I can tell by your
stare
Nigga you fugazi, sayin ya crew blazin
like sayin Miss Cleo is a true Jamaican, we makin...

[Pharoahe Monch]

Guerrilla monsoon rap, smell the fumes, get in tune wit
it
When I attack your city, y'all gon' think Dr. Doom did it
Spit it like white trash in seed-spittin contests
With a vendetta that sent a betta letter bomb to
Congress
I'm pissed - cumulus clouds of ominous
Words of the Thor, the rawness that'll restore ya
calmness
Unless, you wanna be leg and armless
That's parapaleg' for those who believe in bomb
threats

[Hook]

[various ad-libs til fade]

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