

Mortiis

"Talkin To You"

Visit "[Talkin To You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mos Def] *talking behind singing vocals*
It's always the nervous cats, that's like...
Yo money, you tryin to dis me or something?
What you tryin to get fly or something?
You tryin to get a little rep off me or something,
money?
Let me tell you something money, you don't know me
like that
Nawl'msayin, you don't know none of my crew like that
Nawl'msayin, and if you really wanna make some little
insinuation
About me nawl'msayin, don't talk about it, be about it
money
If you wanna do something, we can do it right now

[Pharoahe Monch]
I levitate through meditation
Sitting my legs crossed, source to build force field
To shield my immediate surroundings
Avoiding falling sheet rock, rubble and granite
Expand, white man, got plans to feed the planet
Excessive hate, repercussions of manic-depressive
state
Panic, God forbid we all take it for granted
Delivering lyrical thoughts for spiritual dividends
Half the concentrate, like Hampstead we'll be livin in
Magnetic boring them, it's a must I score again
And pollute em, shoot em like white students in Oregon
Cuz when I was broke, I always found figures to fuck
bitches
Wit full-force like them muscle-bound niggas

[Rah Digga]
Well it's the R-A-H, big up to Brick City
When I'm not rippin niggas I be ?feelin wit commitee?
Got two rap clicks, so bring all the kingred
Buggin off of rappers sayin shit that I been said
Askin me how your mob sound, bringin my high down
Flipmode put shit together quicker than a seamstress
Thinkin I talk white cuz I speak proper English
All up in your air like I was celly interference

Rip shows and make little cameo appearance
White label to death if I can't get no clearance

[Mos Def] *talking behind vocals*

Alot of cats think I'm trapped in a box, livin cruel and if
that's true

I'm talkin to you

Thinkin of dissin your steez, your degress, everything
you're attached to then

I'm talkin to you

Wonderin who we talkin about, yo is my name in his
mouth, well then

I'm talkin to you

No mystery, you ain't got to scratch your head

Like "Is he dissin me?", we talkin to you

[A-Butta]

Aiyyo we severed the lever that I pull

It's never the bull, shit instead of the full clip, click

You get hit in the head wit dialect

When I pre-fect my new script

Check the architecht then select the newest blueprint

When I pro-ject the move-ment of the mic, it might
strike

And brand new life trife that handle

?Flyin off?, literature that's pure

Yo we miniature before, you finished yours, I get mine

Musically inclined, like the sign of a clef

To my death, I rhyme and yes I left you, sense-less in
the mind

Plus I'm, going to show no re-pentance

My flow's relentless, you know the sentence

[Talib Kweli]

You will respect it when we set it

Fake MC's get tossed

For leavin the microphone covered wit the gloss

Don't get lost, bitch-asses who switch fastest

When my hits smashes, impacts like whip crashes

Fuckin up your face like thick glasses

You still can't see shit

I'll snatch your faith, your imagination won't believe it

It's ill, you can't conceive it

Any nigga can make a baby, it takes a man to be a
father

Why bother, you'll be run over in the street like Frogger
Comatose like Central Park joggers when my crew goes
wildin

Lyricist who will never Lounge till all wack shit is
silenced

I'm not violent, niggas come aggressive wit that

nonsense

Yo, it's time for us to get aggressive wit our conscience

[Mos Def]

Alot of cats think I'm chattin about

Them and they crew, and if that's true

I'm talkin to you

Wondering if I'm dissin you and everything you're
attached to

I'm talkin to you

Runnin your mouth, wonderin "yo, who Mos be talkin
bout?"

I'm talkin to you

No mystery, you can consider yourself dissed officially

You can consider yourself dissed officially

You can consider yourself dissed officially

ranting and shouting until end

Visit [Mortiis](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.