

## Mos Def "Definition"

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Hello everybody, recording live from somewhere

Lord, Lord have mercy  
All nice an' peace an' true, follow me now, we say  
Say, "Hi-Tek, yes, you're rulin' hip hop"  
Say, "J. Rawls, yes, you're rulin' hip hop"  
Redefinition, say, "You're rulin' hip hop"  
Say, "Black Star, come to rock it"

Yo, from the first to the last of it, delivery is passionate  
The whole an' not the half of it, vocals an' not the math  
of it  
Projectile that them blasted with, accurate assassin shit  
Me an' Kweli close like Bethlehem an' Nazareth

After this you be pressin' rewind on top your master  
disk  
Shinin' like an asterisk, for all those that be gatherin'  
Connectin' like a round house, from the townhouse to  
the tenements  
'Cause all my Brooklyn residents, [Incomprehensible]  
heavy regiments

Don't believe, here the evidence, where Brooklyn, see  
that?  
Bound to take it all kid, believe that  
From where they sellin' tree at, to where the police be  
at  
Talib Kweli, E.Kwelity, yo' tell them where we be at

Brooklyn, New York City where they paint murals of  
Biggie  
In cash, we trust 'cause it's ghetto fabulous, life look  
pretty  
What a pity, blunts is still fifty cents, it's intense  
Tree scents is dominant, can't be covered with incense

My presence felt, my name is Kweli from the Eternal  
Reflection  
People thinkin' MC is short hand for 'Mis Conception'  
Let me meditate, set it straight, came to the conclusion  
That most of these cats is featherweight, let me

demonstrate

Walkin' the streets is like battlin', be careful with your  
body  
You must know Karate or think your soul is 'Bulletproof'  
like Sade  
Stop actin' like a bitch already, be a visionary  
An' maybe you can see your name in the column of  
obituary

Third rate teacher readin' an' talkin about, "I knew he'd  
amount to nothin'"  
Neighbors like, "He was the quiet type  
Who'd have thought they was frontin'?"  
Talkin' loud like you in R.C.A, get carted away  
With body parts an' trays, what a way to start your day,  
yo, it's like

One, two, three  
Mos Def an' Talib Kweli  
We came to rock it on to the tip top  
Best alliance in hip hop, why oh

I said one, two, three  
It's kinda dangerous to be a emcee  
They shot Tupac an' Biggie  
Too much violence in hip hop, why oh

I said Manhattan keep on makin' it, Brooklyn keep on  
takin' it  
So relax we're takin' it back, Redhook, where we're livin'  
at  
Plenty cats be strugglin' not hustlin' an' bubblin'  
It ain't about production an' what else we discussin'?

When the cock crows, my crop grows, enable me to  
rock flows  
Strivin' for perfection ever since I was a snot nosed  
Colossal, true original B. Boy apostle  
Standin' on the rooftop with the Zulu Gestapo

You think you the shit, somebody in the wings'll force  
you to quit  
It could be your crew or click  
Or some random kid you smoked Buddha with  
Consider me the entity within the industry  
Without a history of spittin' the epitome, of stupidity

Livin' my life, expressin' my liberty, it gotta be done  
properly  
My name is in the middle of E.Kwelity

People follow me an' other cats, they hear him flow  
An' assume I'm the real one with lyrics like I'm Cyrano

Still sippin', wishin' well, water imported from Pluto  
Three hundred an' sixty milliliters for all our believers  
In miles or kilometers, most cats, cannot proceed us  
In the jungle with the leaders, we the lions, you the  
cheetahs

A Cypher will complete us, if we come through your  
receivers  
You can play us an' repeat us an' then take us home an'  
read us  
Line for line, good Jesus, Mos Def an' Kweli  
Just make a pussy freeze up, thinkin' of it ease up

One, two, three  
Mos Def an' Talib Kweli  
We came to rock it on to the tip top  
Best alliance in hip hop, why oh

I said one, two, three  
It's kinda dangerous to be a emcee  
They shot Tupac an' Biggie  
Hold your head when the beat drop, why oh

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