

2Pac F/ Big Syke, E.D.I. "Great Expectations"

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My nigga Punchline want his money

Yo, this is a capitalist society

Yo!

Hello world, how y'all doin?

Don't be shy, y'all can wave back, man

I know y'all can't see me

Oh you got it?

[VERSE 1: Talib Kweli]

Talib Kweli ichiban in Japan is mush-mush

Yo, I'm able to keep it fresh like veggie tables and
couscous

Got my comp in a catch deuce-deuce

Livin proof, you want the truth?

Nah, you can't handle the truth

I flip it like any Angelo, be it Michael- or D'

Paint the ceiling with my sounds, smoke trees with
melodies

I enter the palace with no malice intended

If I's make you cough a chalice is recommended

Particularly filled with sticky that I got from Manny

I'm breakin mics like Amy Fisher breakin a family

It can be, all so simple if you let it

If you don't want to, fuck it, forget it, yo, don't sweat it

You feel little

When you let the power of the rhythm hit you

White Widow got my eyes Chinese

But sharp as leaves

Of paper cuttin your skin

Whenever I write with my pen

And make a point

Y'all be like, "Yeah, that's the joint"

Yo Matt, got the track on they DAT

That make it easy to complete

Cause I write shit with or without a beat

See you on the hook like a fish
We knock it out, no doubt, the shit fixed
Like carols at Christmas
So bounce, come on, bounce, come on
I lock you in my sentence and the shit's a run-on

Tokyo, where you at?
Brooklyn, where you at?

[CHORUS]

Kweli next to be up, so I suggest you re-up
Or freeze up like you hear a shot
Now I can trace the tracks of all the teardrops
Of every single MC in earshot
I fear not or none, number one
Ichiban, none, number one, ichiban

[VERSE 2: Talib Kweli]

I get my camouflage from Weiss/Mahoney
My rhymes are worth the price of Sony
Your light like last for one minute like Rice-A-Roni
Son, I'm nice, you're phoney
It seems all you want in life's to know me
I'm colder than when the ground's covered with ice and
it's snowy
One and only Talib Kweli from Eternal Reflect
Yo, I come to Tokyo where everything is Hi-Tek
So I feel right at home, rightin poems, fightin clones
Who bite my own style cause they ain't got one
I got drive while you ride shotgun
Please stop, son
I watch _Get on the Bus_ a lot
And all this shabuya has got to stop
I'm just playin, Japanese culture is like amazin
Animation is like hair-raisin
Kick selection got no limit
Eatin seaweed, maybe one day I get with it
But when I see weed I'm smokin
Heh, I'm just jokin
Really not though
My homie Common told me, "Arigato"
My art got no
Boundaries like Pablo Picasso
Who? You don't know, you never knew
Big up to Ru
See you in the show on the Avenue
Of the Americas
Etcetera, etcetera
You get the point, you want hot shit, I got a plethora
Classics, it's the best of
Brooklyn, New York City

So we're never comin shitty
I get more love in Japan than _Hello Kitty_
Such a pity, these MC's think they hangin with me
Catch me on Japanese MTV with Mos Diddy

[CHORUS]

Kweli is next to be up, so I suggest you re-up
Or freeze up like you hear shots
Now I can trace the tracks of all the teardrops
Of every single MC in earshot
I fear not or none, number one
Ichiban, none, number one, ichiban
None, number one, ichbinan, no-no-no-no-no...

Here we go, one, two, come on
Here we go, one, two, come on
Yo, I'm out
Peace

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