

B.G. F/ Lil' Wayne, Turk

"What They May Seem"

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[Talib Kweli]

Turn the music up a little bit
Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
Uh, yeah
Come on everybody 5x
Hide your crops, here come the lyrical locusts, hurry!
If your vision's blurry, now focus is necessary
Son, you hopeless like an ex-Christian
We On the next Mission, to knock it out the park like
Scott Brosius
Me and Tony Toc is the bravest and the boldest
Breathin for them kids who catchin asthma from livin
wit the roaches
From youngest to oldest, I'm the coldest
Ask ?the trees?, I'm kickin rhymes like chronic
hamatosis

[Tony Touch]

Yo, this is our shit, we puttin it down as my perrara
I'm all up on you wack MC's like troopa cabra
If you thought that was fresh, you ain't seen nada
From New York to Nicaragua, it's the rap Kimosabe
Infiltratin Illuminatti, poly
Me, De La, Talib Kweli
From BK, buckwild MC's and DJ's
Fuck the he-say she-say bullchiche

[Talib Kweli]

Yo my heart be beatin to the rhythm
Blood be flowin through my vein like words explodin in
my brain
Ya'll niggas numb like novacaine
I know the game, and I got all my people in a huddle
Our rebuttal is far from subtle
We leave the other team standin in they own puddle
Then we take off like a space shuttle
We scope everything out like the Hubble
Drop my rhymes in the ocean, make the sea level
double

I always keep it poppin cuz I ain't in your bubble

[Tony Touch]

Aiyyo we kick that, shit that make you wanna spit back
But na, we ain't wit that chitchat
Talkin 'bout you blast tecs and cash checks
I'ma ask Flex if I can put it on your ass next
Patrol freaks, scandalous when I hold heat
I boldly let off and watch your soul leak
Got the yerro, here to bring the thunder
Eighth wonder, comin straight out the under

[Chorus]

[TK] Live from 7-18, we prone to make cream, Kweli
[TT] Tony Touch, and we make a great team
[TK] Givin niggas nightmares
[TT] Makin ladies daydream
[Both] Yo things ain't always what they may seem
[TT] It's the 7-18 and we always make cream, Tony
Touch
[TK] Kweli, we make a great team
[TT] Givin niggas nightmares
[TK] And make the ladies daydream
[Both] Aiyyo things ain't always what they may seem
(knamean?)

[Talib Kweli]

Yes indeedy, I wrote graffiti on the bus
50 MC's in my Walkman courtesy of Tone Touch
Thank you very much (No doubt)
Yo grab the microphone, show them what Brooklyn's all
about

[Tony Touch]

Aiyyo, raw shit, unexpected, off the wall shit
Tony Touch, the rest of ya'll need to forfeit
It ain't the same, kid the game went corporate
I gotta floss it in case you thought I lost it
I'm still here, hittin you in the cavesa
Never the less while I'm drinkin my silvesa
A gordanita wit a chica named Vanessa
No pressure when I come to bless ya
Stop billin, name hold weight like Bob Dylan
I cach ya'll on the rebound if God's willing

[Talib Kweli]

Everybody within the sound of my voice, let's start
buildin
Too many wack-ass MC's, I'm not feelin
That's why I'm keepin it tight when I'm speakin
through mics

Radiate like a beacon of light to seek in the night
I got Soul like the De La, African like Fela
My occupation is professional rhyme sayer
Seen in the magazine, they used to have some love for
me
Till my rhyme fucked up the editor, they never ran the
story
When cats bore me, let's break out, I say to my man
Corey
Infiltrate the fam, you receive candles ambulatory
It's mandatory I put that out there, so ya'll respect it
Follow this, if you can't, here's your chance to exit
Out the procession, now you not stopped in my
progession
You ain't hip hop, I embrace the whole essence

Chorus with slight variations

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