

Baby F/ Clipse, Pharrell Williams**"Down for the Count"**

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[Talib talking]

Yeah play that guitar...

Kweli, Hi-Tek, Reflection Eternal

We count it down like...

1,2,3,4 - Stand up like a man get up off all fours like

1,2,3,4 - You ain't sayin' nothing I ain't heard before,
c'mon!

1,2,3,4 - Still fighting this war, I ain't finished my tour

1,2,3,4 - Rockin' it for all of ya'll, c'mon!

I drop hard raps; building like cats with hard hats

Split your back like bullet impact from large gats

Stars chat with the bar-bats and get tipsy

Get car jacked from cats who hungry,

Get grizzly, get busy in they stomache where they
hearts at

These are hard facts,

But I know the party's still with me when I start that..shit

Make everybody put up their right and rock that shit

When I see the mic, my thoughts travel at the speed of
light

I get this on lock cuz my song's in the key of life

Like Stevie, blind as a fact, the rhyme on the track

Designed to attack, the mind of the wack

Or find it attract-ive to leave lines

on the black kid backwards in time

But they can't hold us back when we shine

Yo we get the people charged like African elephants

to run on the colonists and tear down they settlements

1,2,3,4 - Stay down for the count, you don't want no
more

1,2,3,4 - Get respect when I walk in the door, all of y'all
say

1,2,3,4 - Kweli and Hi-Tek, we rock shore to shore

1,2,3,4 - Lemme tell you who I do this for...

...I do this for the cats around my way

And the babies on the way

Y'all can wake up tomorrow but its on today

I feel stronger than a song can say
I'm born ready to grow heavy
Ban niggas from the game like strawberry
I'm all ready in activism
I attack comission, my baptism through fire
Muthafuckas is lackin' vision
I ain't talkin' about wailin' and goin' back to prison
Niggas try to survive- gotta get back to livin'
The track of rhthym attract pigeons to dance floors
The jewel in the rhyme give 'em somethin to stand for
Hands all up in the sky- for the eternalist
As soon as we rolled up, y'all niggas burnin' this
We politic in the street while we puff 'dro
Election in the news but we don't give a fuck though
Too much go on from dask to dawn with your krylon in
vestibules
And cops arrestin' you with the guns drawn

1,2,3,4 - Stay down for the count, you don't want no
more
1,2,3,4 - Don't need your authority, I follow God's law
1,2,3,4 - All my niggas posted up outside the corner
store, say
1,2,3,4 - But a shot in the sky like you in the dance
floor, like...

BUCK, BUCK, BUCK, BUCK
That's what I'm talkin' about
Crowd control when I walk in the house
Swine MCs talk like they got pork in they mouth, c'mon
I keep 'em runnin' like slaves to the north from the
south
Flushed these cats out, the whole system like D-Blocks
Got the lava flow Hi-Tek drop heat rocks (WHOOO!)
Since I used to shop at weed spots and make demos at
beat box
We've been rockin' and droppin' to make the streets
hot
The beats got more heads noddin' than the corner in
Baltimore Maryland
Soon as the needle drops you get a rush like herion
Fiendin' like junkie addicted to pain
Who get closer to God when he takes the Lord's name
in vain
Niggas callin' my name, I don't deal with the haters
Treat MCs like trees and smoke nothing but the
greatest
Wrote nothin' but your favorite shit- showin' you the
way to spit,
Wait a bit, listen for the count, then say the shit

1,2,3,4 - Stay down for the count, you don't want no
more
1,2,3,4 - I'm the illest MC you ever heard before
1,2,3,4 - Get up off the wall, everybody on the floor
say...
say, say, say, say
1,2,3,4 - We appreciate the love that we get from ya'll,
PEACE

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