

## Mood

# "Nuclear Hip-Hop"

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f/ Talib Kweli

[Talib Kweli]

Transmittin.

[Donte]

Unorthodox, out of proportion

Slop, nuclear hip-hop

Tell the feds I'ma hidden underground warhead

And when we go to Armageddon, I'll leave more dead

You can kill what's killed, innocent ain't guilt

I feel like pissin on your bed on that american quilt

Keep my head at the tilt, ten is not what you spilt

The kids still can believe these pyramids I built

How Niagara Falls, what time death calls

I shoot the gift and I'm still like a myth to y'all

Pitfall, get on your knees and crawl

Through the leaves, as steady, as he goes

Y'all ain't ready for these flows

Graphic, 3-D-O's lyrically CD's pose

With the flash out your nose, like some fresh kilos

I devour, your energy feild like powder

Meteor shower slayin, decayin meteor power

[Talib Kweli]

I fly in, in the decked of the deckedets

My presense be evacuate, in the presidents residence

They never seen evidence of somethin like this

Ever since the big bang theory

And that's just a theory, hear me

Fallout shelters, and the heat swelters

Main book me a flight on Delta (You's a flight outta town)

I seen the plan as clear as an Azima

They got the CIA, the NAS, FBI, and FEMA

Darsika you and the baby stay with Cheryl

While I find an underground spot, I know of several

I'm comin of age, and my special powers are showin

Babylonian towers is blowin away in the wind

I clense like showers, the sins from men

They bugged everyone of my kin, I'm not sure what's happenin

[Chorus] 2x

Nuclear hip-hop, non-stop (non-stop)

Non-stop, non stop... (Continue to rock unorthodox)

[Talib Kweli]

They sayin the rhymes that I write is unforgettable

And the styles I bust, is to mysteriously luxurious and lushious

Like shots to the vein, the high rushes

Straight to your brain, your focus is in my clutches

As much as you pretend somethin such as your end  
Won't happen for awhile, you are livin in denial  
You were born, from liberated moms abscorn  
My family's torn, I'm the third eye of this hip-hop storm  
In my energy feild, phony men'll be killed  
Some of my files top secret, with the government seal  
Now they own us, cuz they want us, to be goners  
This is the time, who is the warner?  
We been preparing our techs in the van  
And Rampage is steering, let's make this jam  
Doing backwards changes moods on the land  
[Main Flo]  
My land survives plans like a stand  
Nuclear like 1945 in Japan  
I foreign aid my conflicts with porn raids  
When my snoring days were roaring like soaring  
grenades  
My average plot, took me to established spots  
Ravage docks, take control like Tavey Stocks  
Just mind control torque aight  
Wanna break with contacts, with mental cord, jackin  
four right  
I'll make you cough more {\*coughs\*  
With long term effects just like the Gulf War  
Not purse Benon, but I sensed the charge  
For war in the east, when I lynched the guards

Teams flips, money's king, assassination teams was  
clean

Like Gipsapp ravines

Regime caps, Korean gaps, was freein blacks

A way out, had me seein traps

[Donte]

Yea, so I came in the forms of migraines

And torn by brain fly crane style, I drain Habec pals

Poppin all se-niles, with these for being foul

Man enough to carry cuffs, man enough to stand trial

You feel guilty by association

When I capture your mind, then the rest'll motivate ya

My brain is a weapon strong enough to hold a nation

While balancing, galaxies and planets

You can't understand it, while you out in seas stranded

Visualize, infinite individual eyes

When they realize the way we make the spiritual  
riiissee

[Chorus]

[Talib Kweli]

Non stop..

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