

## **Brooks % Dunn % Reba "Lunchroom Classics"**

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[Talib Kweli]

Yo, fourth period, everybody meet me in the lunchroom  
I'm saying, the Drum Society comin in there  
You know I'm saying, Hi-Tek gonna be there  
I think Makeeba gonna be there too (Yo Kwa!)  
Know what I'm saying, ah man, ah man  
Definitely, definitely-definitely-definitely  
Yo, yo-yo-yo, yo... Reflection Eternal, Makeba  
Mooncycle

[Makeba Mooncycle]

Yo-yo, Yo-yo, I come before ya bearing skills  
Get you off like cheap thrills  
Some may deny me, because of lack of faith  
I bring true lyrics, straight to your face  
Here's a brand new testament, written by me  
Co-written by Makeba and Eternal Kweli (Kweli)  
Constant meditation last longer than duration  
Proper education is mind levitation  
To stimulate quite simple  
I clear all paths like Christ and the temple

[Talib Kweli]

Coming with the skills that's essential  
To even mention Brooklyn as the residential  
Ugh, the picions be graphic  
Cause how we be livin is tragic  
So I take your imagination and I stretch it like elastic  
Ugh, some people treat oppurtunity like a blunt and  
pass it  
I see the mic as my oppurtunity and so I grab it (hold it)  
Mentally I live lavishly I cherish the heredity  
That's preparin me to be a revolutionary till they bury  
me  
Carry me in your thoughts forever  
The way I put words together you treasure  
Ay-yo, whatever the weather instead of clever I'm  
better  
Cause I seize the time with reason and rhyme

[Makeba Mooncycle]

Sometimes I flip the different flavors  
This old school mama came ta save ya  
Cause I'm to old to scold, better  
I like, ya know, puttin hearts on hold  
But pay ya hand for the fold  
Waiting to be taught, here's a whiff of holy breath  
I bring pain to your chest  
LET'S CIVILIZE THE PEOPLE  
Hang up your petty egos  
I've got a shield on my back cause people carry blades  
(true)  
Getting caught off guard leaves you in a shallow grave  
Now here comes the ruler of the night, better known as  
the moon  
Bobbin with J-Rawls animated like a 'toon

Chorus: Kweli and Mooncycle  
[T.B.] This for the kids cuttin up in the lunchroom  
[Both] I pulled your card like spades  
and spit with major shit  
The ill pitch you afraid to hit, it's like that  
[M.M.] Here we go  
[T.B.] Here we go  
[M.M.] Come on  
[T.B.] Uh, come on  
\*repeat from here we go\*  
\*repeat all\*

[Talib Kweli]  
This song is like a baby being born (yes)  
It'll stay in your head long after I'm physically gone  
Then the rest of the flesh is left for the vulture  
Makin me the anti-hero of the counter-culture  
Do you remember what you was doin when you first  
heard this?

[Makeba Mooncycle]  
I was singin to my sis, that's deeper than abyss  
It took the French to kiss, German demolish  
Feed the world from my breasts, a written conquest  
Lyrics are like permanent stains  
Now you're usin' both sides of your brain  
Cause you never should go against the grain  
Acting like puppets, I own the string  
Addictive like coke, is the real thing  
Check out the wisdom, that I bring  
Church bells are ringin  
Its the truth I'm speakin  
Freak it like Sodom and Gomorrah  
Check my holy ora, the reflection in my order  
Causes me to slaughter

Disect like biology, cover the Earth like water

[Talib Kweli]

It's like sometimes cats like wanna be all up in your  
psychology

No stoppin me or my man Hi-Teknology

Follow me through global economies, start thinkin  
logically

Be passionate you gotta be, your soul is your property  
On that you could place a bet before I make you face  
your death

Make you retrace your steps to exact place you  
slipped

(Right there) To battle would be a waste of breath

But see you chasin rep and you got hit so hard  
they had to replace your chest

You on the floor carrowing, turn your punk ass over

You see me towering, my mic grip tighter than the boa

You microscopic like protozoa or amoebas

Slower than molasses so they call you special

Makeba, yo, what they want, a medal?

Chasin crimes like Hantzel and Gretel when the dust  
settle

Every one of these cats who got gas like pedals, got  
deflated

J-Rawls, Makeba, Kweli anticipated

New shit cause your style's so old it depreciated

{\*echoes\*}

You lost your value, money

Chorus

[Both] I pulled your card like spades  
and spit with major shit

The ill pitch you afraid to hit, it's like that

[M.M.] Here we go

[T.B.] Here we go

[M.M.] Come on

[T.B.] Uh, come on

\*repeat from here we go\*

\*repeat all\*

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