

Talib Kweli "Back Up Off Me"

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(Talib Kweli)

Whoa, yeah, yeah

When you doing you, and you real fly with it

It's like niggaz always wanna check you, know what I'm saying?

Always wanna make sure you keeping it real, keeping it real

Nigga, nigga do you

(Hook)

(Hi-Tek)

Back up offa me, back up offa me

(Talib Kweli)

Won't you get out my face, better stay in your place

I'm fed up, how much can I take

Yo, you need to just

(Hi-Tek)

Back up offa me, back up offa me

(Talib Kweli)

I got money to make, not a minute to waste

I need space when I try to create

Yo, you need to just

(Hi-Tek)

Back up offa me (see me in the Cut')

Back up offa me (trying to roll up)

Back up offa me (or we can roll up)

Back up offa me (ay, yo, motherfucker, hold up)

(Verse 1)

(Talib Kweli)

Ton', what is this?

I know he ain't talking, this is grown-man business

Be your own man, stand on your own feet

I thought we was homies

But you comin' at me like you don't know me

You think you do, but your probably wrong

Arms around you buy more babies than Ashanti songs,
oh baby

I know you don't get it

Try to walk in my shoes, I know you won't fit it

Just 'cause I know you and your flow, too

There's more to it, you won't get it, I don't owe you

You want Hi-Tek to do a record for you

So niggaz is checking for you

Cut the bull, 'cause niggaz get respected for you
Get your own respect dude, that ain't mean and evil
Ain't no crutches in my crew
My crew a crew of equals (yup)
Shit was cool when we was teenagers, we grown men
You my my people, but I don't need you moanin' and
groanin'
I can't feed you, I already got kids
Now a nigga tries to rig relationships that not his
I ain't trying to sign, I'm just an artist, nigga
I'm just trying to rhyme and go the hardest, nigga
(Hook)
(Verse 2)
(Talib Kweli)
Radio suckers never play me 'cause I don't let them
They like a pimp when they ho's sweat them
When I do a show, I love to catch the lady's eye
Dazzi(?) paparazzi, I don't wanna see no lady die
Sports entertainment, acadaemics, business, or
politics
The fine ho's swallow dicks for dollars quick
Young broads all up in gangs like the Young Lords
Jump forward, statutory rape, now you done for
What, you thought that shorty 'bout to act a rage
Right now, somebody's daughter is backstage
It's a master-slave relationship, and guess who Toby
It's the white girl in Colorado, and guess who Kobe
Tried to tell you not to fuck with these debutantes
That's more Kobe beef than Japanese restuarants
Don't need diseases or cases, trying to catch nothing
And when they thowing pussy, best believe you
catching something
Say "hi" to Tek
(Hook)

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