

## Talib Kweli

### "Brown Sugar"

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[Mos Def (Talib Kweli)]We here, we here, we here (yes  
yes yes yes)  
Fire code (uh uh uh uh)  
Yes, huh (hey)  
We roll from uh- you know (hey)  
You know what time it is (get your hand out my)  
You know what time it, uh  
Black Star, come on ma (yeah)  
Now come on ma (yeah)  
Come on ma (uh)  
And, listen

[Mos Def]Yo honeys check it out, she got me  
mesmerized  
With your black hair and your fat ass WOW  
Walks over, feel your feet tap on the ground  
Make a (nigga) come back like "What's happenin now?"  
Hear he really promising the platinum, get down  
You'll be backin it out, straight backin 'em down  
With your hand on your mouth  
And damn baby girl, what's that all about?  
You know the ave puttin curves in the brow  
On your job, all workin it out  
I like how you coordinate: purse, skirt, and the blouse  
Around the way, comin straight out the house  
You just laid on the couch  
Make a cat just pause and be "Wow"

[Talib Kweli]Baby's body was immaculate  
Sweet like my first kiss in the back of the flick  
I have to insist, miss, that we chat for a bit  
But your ass wanna diss  
Walkin all fast like you can't stop  
I need somebody to get passionate with  
You just assume that I be on that supermasculine (shit)  
Crackin the whip just to shut you you and fasten your lip  
I just be shinin my light and they be baskin in it  
I go out casually dip trip on the tragically hit  
Sippin Cosmopolitans on some fashionably (shit)  
Black Star in the building and it hasta be sick  
BK still smokin (nigga) pass me the (shit), what

[Mos Def, Talib Kweli, and background singers]Stop  
(what up)  
You got it (come on ma)  
Stop  
You got it (come on ma)  
Stop  
You got it  
Stop  
Brown sugar let me see you shake it out  
Stop (brown sugar baby)  
Ha you got it (there you go)  
(brown sugar baby) you got it (work it out)  
(brown sugar baby) you got it (come on ma)  
Brown sugar let me see you shake it out

[Talib Kweli]Yeah, this go out to the cats  
Be workin for weeks to purchase a piece

I'm with my people hurtin to cease, it's curtains for  
peace  
Certain keeps spurs to their knees like I'm chirpin with  
Tweet  
Rhymes sicker than the pervert that flirt with his niece  
Stop, the track lay in a hearse deceased  
We don't play, my man Kanye murdered the beat  
Yo the rhymin's on me, coutesy of Kweli  
It's (Ludacris) how I'm (Disturbin The Peace)

[Mos Def]Yeah, you ain't burnin the street  
Look at how we got 'em personally thiefed  
Sipped on when I get open Henny  
Pen strollin on the track like Bishop Don  
Or filmed on the Real World  
Smoke slow, no joke, one draw I kill y'all  
How many times yo do I got to tell y'all?  
My next album boy I get killed off, it's real y'all  
We big merger, you act like you know the deal y'all  
Brooklyn, stand up and let me hear y'all  
Brown sugar babe

[Talib Kweli]Chocolate  
Nubian girls rock to this (whoop)  
Black Star rock the whole metropolis  
Brooklyn cats and you know we pocket it  
Black Star got the whole world watchin it

[Mos Def]Stop, from the Ivy League colleges  
To the blocks where the drama is  
And they keepin their ?? lit  
Just shake it out and respond to this

And shake all of it

[Mos Def, Talib Kweli, and background singers)

Stop (uh come on)

You got it (I said come on)

Stop

You got it (yeah, yo, we said come on)

Stop

You got it (brown sugar lemme see you shake it out)

Stop (brown sugar baby)

You got it

Stop (I said come on)

You got it (look at you)

Stop

You got it (brown sugar lemme see you shake it out)

Stop (huh yeah)

Stop (come on ma)

Stop (come on ma)

Stop

Stop (come on ma) (Black Star start doin it)

Stop (come on ma) (02 y'all yeah)

Stop (come on ma) (uh yeah)

Stop (Black Star, shinin)

Stop (yeah)

Stop (haha yeah)

Stop (haha yeah)

Stop (Mos Kweli, come on)

Stop

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