

Talib Kweli "Down For The Count"

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Yeah, check it out now (uhh uhh uhh)
Rah Digga y'all, Dirty Harriet (uhh!)
Kweli, Xzibit, new millenium! (C'mon, check it)

One, two, three, four
Grimy bitch stomp the bogey outside your front door
(yeah)
Puffin on Goodie, eatin tuna and rye
Blow the spot with some old school shit from junior
high (HEYYYY!)
One, two, three, four
Jersey's finest in the house, punchlines and metaphors
Make your foul ice grill, thug grimy on the real
Puttin heads to bed like Hennessey and NyQuil

Convertible style, still had the heat knockin
Bumpin shit from way back with my man beatboxin
Shootin the breeze, see I'm nice with these
You'll be suckin it down like fast food high C's
Type of rap bitch that love underground classics
Gettin more green than that nigga St. Patrick
Makin wack rappers go and merc the set
Better off behind a desk tryin to surf the net
Cause I be adamant, kill 'em when my joints get added
in
Worse than boric acid in your project cabinet
Dirty Harriet, increase the fanbases
Leavin non writin cats stuck on the plantations
Mini-skirts with tights, eatin lunch with whites
Leave the party over here like they Israelites
Got Cali Brooks critics, Ta' Kweli, Xzibit
Gonna rock shit down like he can't get no visits

One, two, three, four
Rock the whole world like the Rolling Stone tour (AH-
AHHH!)
Raw your wack set is faker than a bomb threat
By a nervous terrorist who's so scared that his palms
wet
One, two, three, four
The stuff legends are made of, urban folklore
Like Jim Morrison we break on through

Before I care about your take on me, we take on you

Yo, yo, yo

We bring it straight to your face from the start, yo
Rage Against the Machine, break it apart
Might be over your head, but it's straight from the heart
I show my love in the light while y'all hate in the dark
Straight to apocalypse is where I'm takin the art
Givin niggaz battle scars, always makin' my mark
You fakin the part of gangster, til niggaz break in your spot

You straight bitch whether I say it or not
Shit is hot, spittin flames on the track
Put our town's names on the map
From now until we fadin to black
Where we at? Thug rebels love metal clubs ghetto
When the slugs let go like Frankie Beverly
Forever we stack notes like the treasury, flow heavenly
Get you high on speech laced with obscenity
Niggaz be gassed like Cipher Sounds, and need
rescue remedy
Then fall the fuck off like limbs affected with leprosy

One, two, three, four

Why the fuck can't MC's MC no more?
Hardcore til somebody put me under the ground
With a dick in your ear, still couldn't fuck with my sound
AllOne, two, three, four
Takin me straight to the weed spot, then to the liquor
sto'
"Gimme Some Mo'" like Busta Bus', who do you trust?
Swingin through, your favorite neighborhood lush

I'm irrate, usin your body for live bait
Xzibit rockin them heavy gems you can't take
Dilate, cock back the weight, spread hate
Heavy metal we settle and set shit straight
Hit gates in my younger days, from the policeman
Me and my clan used to dance thicker than quicksand
Supply and demand the hand is quicker than the eye
Find some chickens to fry, while you find it hard to stick
to your lie
I see through the tricks, destroy the facade
Your little lungs is too weak to hotbox with God
Rah Digga, First Lady of the Flipmode Squad
Gotta be hard like a young nigga walkin the yard
For the first time, we ain't the niggaz you let shine
Expect mines to blow lines like coke everytime
I'm an Alkaholik nigga so I finish the fifth
You at the front door bitchin because you ain't on the
list

It's like One, two, three, four
Yeah (ohhhhhhh) hehehe (aight y'all, aight y'all)
Yeah (here we go)
One, two, three, four

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