

## Talib Kweli

### "Flash Gordon"

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Talib Kweli Flash Gordon Lyrics

[Intro]

Yeah

Kweli in the house

Dave West is what I'm talkin' about, you know?

Yea yea yea yo yea yo yea yea yea yo yea yo Yea yea  
yea yooohh yooohh

[Verse]

Make a joyful noise unil the lord people have flawed  
Cause the pen is mightyer than the sword  
Leavin' em floored

Cause my words cut deeper than tissue massage  
I got hooks and lines that sink ya like a fishermens rod  
I'm on mission for god he blessed me to spit it this  
hard

A lot of niggaz start shit but they don't finish the job  
I'm like Minister Farrakhan or an africans who finish the  
marathon

The pain in my voice is \*?\*

No matter what playin' 'em on I carry on

Even if the dawn is over head I carry on

Then a Flash Gordons scar on my face is a \*?\*

Passports splash with blood from the battle I last fought  
in

I want to cash all in

Or I start breakin' like glass jaw put The Blast on 'em  
like my last tourin'

You fast forward just to catch what I said

Yo I say some shit like that just to mess with your head,  
come on

[Chorus]

Grabbin' the black steel, bowh

In the hour of chaos

We ain't rapper till they pay us, is that real?

We got babies

We got bills

Put your hands up in the air if you know how I feel

And let it out (let it out)

Get it out (get it out)

Work it up (work it up)  
Sweat it out

[Hook]  
I don't know  
If you know  
My history I do it big

Like Notorious did  
Get all the play like this accordin' the kid  
Gangster like knock out never little \*?\* all in his \*?\*  
Crazy like the little hand on the seven, the big hand on  
the six  
JayLo, yo  
Whether you all in the mix or if you stay low  
Everybody say hoooo hoooo hoooo hoooo

[Hook]  
I don't know  
If you know  
My history you don't know me

Choke the game till it's blue like a varicose vein  
And I can't remember the last time I felt this terrible  
pain  
And the whole shit blew up  
Was it for vain ?  
They'll be lookin' through the rubble like they searchin'  
for Hussein  
I'm lookin through the club I'm really searchin for who's  
sane  
The music got everyone crazy and who to blame  
Be prepared there gon' be some ugliness up in here  
End up in intensive care with a vegetable stare, you  
know?

[Chorus]  
Grabbin' the black steel, bowh  
In the hour of chaos  
We ain't rapper till they pay us, is that real?  
We got babies  
We got bills  
Put your hands up in the air if you know how I feel (feel  
it)  
And let it out (let it out)  
Get it out (get it out)  
Work it up (work it up)  
Sweat it out

[Hook]  
I don't know

If you know  
My history you don't know me

It's the black hand bustin' the tek (bowh)  
Gettin' it wet without bustin' a sweat  
Swingin' for the upper deck  
It's the black man cuttin' the check  
The nigger's the boss  
The niggers want to test if they addicted to laws  
I spit on the floor  
The right hook will get at ya jaw  
Make to track my baby mama when I'm hittin' it raw  
I rap through:  
Wars and tours and whores and applause I did it for  
force  
so I spit at all the shit that I saw  
I party with supermodels who wanna take off they  
clothes  
The ones who smokin' cocaine so they don't fuck up  
they nose  
I walked the slums of Soweto and the streets of  
Havanna  
Takin' pictures with kids who never seen a camera  
From the land of the alabama since the night in the Cali  
Bumpin' gangster music like a freedom song at a rally  
Out the back of yo' Denali give you the skinny like Ally  
McBeal  
It's the black steel, Brooklyn know the deal, what?!

[Chorus]

Grabbin' the black steel, bowh  
In the hour of chaos  
We ain't rapper till they pay us, is that real?  
We got babies (yeah)  
We got bills (yeah)  
Put your hands up in the air if you know how I feel  
(come on)  
And let it out (let it out)  
Get it out (get it out)  
Work it up (work it up)  
Sweat it out

[Hook] - repeat 4X with various adlibs

I don't know  
If you know  
My history you don't know me

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