

Talib Kweli "Game"

Visit "[Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro - Talib Kweli]

7-18 stand up (c'mon) Talib Kweli, BK MC

Turn it up (yeah)

We 'bout to drop it low

Baby I got the flow (yeah) to work your abdominal (I'm goin in)

It's the lava flow (yeah) strictly A game

Rock it fast, rock it slow (whoa)

You got to rock it fast, rock it slow (whoa, whoa)

Rock it fast, rock it slow (c'mon, yeah)

You gon' rock it fast, rock it slow (whoa, whoa, yeah, yeah!)

[Talib Kweli]

Black rock and roll, black hotter flow

At the end of the black brick road, lets get it goin yo

Geffen don't fuck the shit up, ship it gold

So I could sell like the whole Jigga back catalo'

Matta fact I'm tryin to sell out, concerts and merch' fam

Always get the story straight accounts first hand (yeah)

That nigger, the crack spitter, the black fitted low

Give you that bit of information so

You could know what you see when it's your time to go

The diamond flow cut glass, crack binary code

You're kinda slow, you need a new career (yeah)

You're kinda old, you need to hang the mic up on the wall like a souvenir

Don't blame the mangers, "Be All You Can Be"

Join the Army like Canibus, niggaz avoidin me

like the draft and run to Canada, flash like a camera

That's when his girl asked me to dance with her - so we gon'

[Chorus]

(Hop to the beat and then stop) Yeah, drop it low

Baby I got the flow to work your abdominal

(Ladies I know I get hot) Like lava flow

Strictly the A game, rock it fast, rock it slow

(Hop to the beat and then stop) Yeah, drop it low

Baby I got the flow to work your abdominal

(Ladies I know I get hot) Like lava flow

Strictly the A game, drop it fast

[Talib Kweli]

That's how we do it all the way live..

I put it down so hard that I developed a rep (c'mon)

From the punchlines to cave in your delicate chest

The fella can test, let's see how jealousy get

I smell the fear in the air and I could tell he was pet'

Kweli - look in my eyes and you could tell I'm a threat

I wet my throat and get bent like a pelican's neck

I make a gentleman's bet with my ghetto connect

And got a .9 in my mind you can't metal detect

I pull it out, put it to your head and shoot from the hip

I fired 13 shots and left 2 in the clip (yeah)

I spit the truth, that's it, I'm not confused one bit

(c'mon)

I'm so New York City streets that I'm abusin your whip

Cruisin the strip, sunny day sky blue like a Crip (c'mon)

For the rush hour Enuff threw this in the mix

Quarter to six, Amadeus is producin the hits (oh, oh,

oh)

To get a screw loose in your chick, son she losin her

shit (whoa)

[Chorus]

[Interlude - 4x]

Check me out, yeah, yeah, yeah

Get your ass up on the dance floor

No we don't stop, when we in the dance off

Baby girl whatchu wanna get into?

I wanna get in too, bring your friends too

[Chorus]

Visit [Talib Kweli](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.