

Talib Kweli "Great Expectations"

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Kweli:

My nigga Punchline want his money
Yo, this is a capitalist society
Yo! Hello world, how y'all doin?
Don't be shy, y'all can wave back, man I know y'all can't
see me
Oh you got it?

Verse 1: Talib Kweli

Talib Kweli Ichiban in Japan is mush-mush
Yo, I'm able to keep it fresh like veggie tables and
couscous
Got my comp in a catch deuce-deuce
Livin proof, you want the truth? Nah, you can't handle
the truth
I flip it like any Angelo, be it Michael- or D'
Paint the ceiling with my sounds, smoke trees with
melodies
I enter the palace with no malice intended
If L's make you cough a chalice is recommended
Particularly filled with sticky that I got from Manny
I'm breakin mics like Amy Fisher breakin' a family
It can be, all so simple if you let it
If you don't want to, fuck it, forget it, yo, don't sweat it
You feel little when you let the power of the rhythm hit
you
White widow got my eyes Chinese
But sharp as leaves of paper cuttin' your skin
Whenever I write with my pen and make a point
Y'all be like, "Yeah, that's the joint"
Yo Matt, got the track on they DAT
That make it easy to complete 'cause I write shit with or
without a beat
See you on the hook like a fish we knock it out, no
doubt,
The shit fixed like carols at Christmas
So bounce, come on, bounce, come on
I lock you in my sentence and the shit's a run-on
Tokyo, where you at?
Brooklyn, where you at?

CHORUS:

Kweli next to be up, so I suggest you re-up
 Or freeze up like you hear a shot
 Now I can trace the tracks of all the teardrops of every
 single MC in earshot
 I fear not or none, number one, Ichiban, none, number
 one, Ichiban
 VERSE 2: Talib Kweli
 I get my camouflage from Weiss/Mahoney
 My rhymes are worth the price of Sony
 Your light like last for one minute like Rice-A-Roni
 Son, I'm nice, you're phoney It seems all you want in
 life's to know me
 I'm colder than when the ground's covered with ice and
 it's snowy
 One and only Talib Kweli from Eternal Reflect
 Yo, I come to Tokyo where everything is Hi-Tek
 So I feel right at home, rightin' poems, fightin' clones
 Who bite my own style cause they ain't got one, I got
 drive while you ride shotgun
 Please stop, son I watch Æf&ç&â, Æ... "Get on the
 Bus&f&ç&â, Æ, & a lot
 And all this shabuya has got to stop I'm just playin'
 Japanese culture is like amazin', animation is like hair-
 raisin
 Kick selection got no limit eatin' seaweed, maybe one
 day I get with it
 But when I see weed I'm smokin', heh, I'm just jokin',
 really not though
 My homie Common told me,
 Æf&ç&â, Æ... "Arigato&f&ç&â, Æ, &
 My art got no Boundaries like Pablo Picasso
 Who? You don't know, you never knew Big up to Ru
 See you in the show on the Avenue Of the Americas
 etcetera, etcetera
 You get the point, you want hot shit, I got a plethora
 Classics, it's the best of Brooklyn, New York City, so
 we're never comin' shitty
 I get more love in Japan than Æf&ç&â, Æ... "Hello
 Kitty&f&ç&â, Æ, &
 Such a pity, these MC's think they hangin' with me
 Catch me on Japanese MTV with Mos Diddy

CHORUS:

Kweli is next to be up, so I suggest you re-up
 Or freeze up like you hear shots
 Now I can trace the tracks of all the teardrops of every
 single MC in earshot
 I fear not or none, number one, Ichiban, none, number
 one, Ichiban
 None, number one, Ichiban, no-no-no-no-no...
 Here we go, one, two, come on Here we go, one, two,

come on
Yo, I'm out.....peace

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