

## Talib Kweli "Guerrilla Monsoon Rap"

Visit "[Guerrilla Monsoon Rap](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah

Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about

Let's do it

Kanye West, c'mon turn me up

And Black Thought, c'mon turn me up

And Pharoahe Monch, c'mon turn me up

And Talib Kweli in the house with

Guerrilla monsoon rap all the shorties like, who dat?

Got the whole crowd like, how ya do dat?

Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black

And ya crew, give me dap like true dat

We come through and all the shorties like, who dat?

Got the whole crowd like, how ya do dat?

Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black

And ya crew, give me dap like true dat

Yo, I hit these Rmcees with the grip of death like I was a  
Vulcan

Ain't a lot of ifs and ands, it's just straight talkin'

It's hard to swallow at times, so take portions

Bitin' off more than you can chew, create offense

Emcee species endangered like dolphins

Rappers is spittin' nails into they own coffins

Hear come the Dundee moves rocket launchin'

Black Thought, quit playin' him close and back up off  
him

Kweli, spruce to the tree, Bruce to the Lee

The real Emcee, that your favorite rapper used to be

One by one I knock 'em out like Schoolly D, my rhymes  
is eulogy

A flea could move a tree, before ya think ya movin' me

A black and blue emcees, actin' new to me, get  
smacked stupidly

That lack skills, like the black community lack unity

Still my rhymes heard like Ali De Phrase

Step off the stage to shouts of Kweli boomayyay

See these four Emcees came to get down  
Rearrange the rap game, change ya whole sound  
Nigga you , gotta, understand the plot ta  
Movin' and groovin' and always improvin' alot ta

I'll outfox the, average Porsche ya Boxster talk  
Break the bank on some old Frank Sinatra  
Slash Chi Town, slash Philly  
Check the blast from Geneva, you can get slapped silly

Guerrilla monsoon rap all the shorties like, who dat?  
Got the whole crowd like, how ya do dat?  
Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black  
And ya crew, give me dap like true dat

We come through and all the shorties like, who dat?  
Got the whole crowd like, how ya do dat?  
Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black  
And ya crew, give me dap like true dat

Okay, my sound drenches, each of the five senses  
And hold the shock value of electrified fences  
It's truth or consequences, ride wit us or against us  
Is you a dedicated soldier, or you a princess, dog?

I'm in it to win it and not for the wealth  
Got a crib with a Grammy and a gat on the shelf  
Nan nigga competition, gotta battle myself  
And me and Kweli on a mission, gettin' Pharoahe for help

From natives walkin' in traylor tears to players sippin'  
Belvedere  
We always comin' well prepared, and all my dogs'  
smellin' fear  
Plus, even my niggaz from the Bede say you hella  
scared  
Truth or consequences, and all senses be well aware

Your style under developed there, hell if I care  
What hardship you claim to see, but I can tell by your  
stare  
Nigga you fugazi, sayin' ya crew blazin'  
Like sayin' Miss Cleo is a true Jamaican, we makin'

Guerrilla monsoon rap, smell the fumes, get in tune wit  
it  
When I attack your city, y'all gon' think Dr. Doom did it  
Spit it like white trash in seed spittin' contests  
With a vendetta that sent a betta letter bomb to

Congress

I'm pissed, cumulus clouds of ominous  
Words of the Thor, the rawness that'll restore ya  
calmness  
Unless, you wanna be leg and armless  
That's parapaleg' for those who believe in bomb  
threats

Guerrilla monsoon rap all the shorties like, who dat?  
Got the whole crowd like, how ya do dat?  
Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black  
And ya crew, give me dap like true dat

We come through and all the shorties like, who dat?  
Got the whole crowd like, how ya do dat?  
Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black  
And ya crew, give me dap like true dat, nigga

That's what I'm talkin' about, that's what I'm talkin'  
about  
C'mon, that's what I'm talkin' about, yeah, that's what  
I'm talkin' about  
C'mon, that's what I'm talkin' about, yeah, that's what  
I'm talkin' about  
[Incomprehensible] Kanye West, Kweli  
Black Thought, Monch Pharoahe

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