

Talib Kweli "Holy Moly"

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[Talib Kweli]

Yeah, as a kid growin up in Brooklyn, my pops was a DJ
He had a bunch of records - funk, jazz, rhythm and
blues, soul
There was this one gospel record I liked like, like

Like holy moly, I might get some religion and leave you
holy holy

Yeah, this rhyme is so fat it's roly poly
I give you intimate details so you can get to know me
These corporate rappers like "Why this dude pickin on
me?"

You rap your way to the top, but now it's gettin lonely
Kids is hungry and you lookin like a steak from Nick &
Tony's

But don't nobody want your jewels, cause your shit is
phony

Say word? Your shit is real~?! Damn, your shit is corny
My rhymes turn a new page like Mark Foley
And touch kids like when Larry Clark gave the part to
Chloe

Rest in peace to Harold Hunter, the greatest from
NEWWW YAWK

Started out skatin for Zoo York

Word hangin out at The Gavin, I was very lucky

To talk to Rash' once I got past Derek Dudley

Got him on "Respiration", that's pre-Badu

Bet you Garnett Reid got a Matt Doo tattoo

Sometimes I feel like I'm drownin I gotta tread water

Head above the water I always remember

Headquarters

Heads up, eyes open, I got my mind focused

I find hope inside a line, my rhymes define opus

Sometimes hopeless people, fill my thoughts with evil

My record so hard it broke the needle

At the Mixtape Awards niggaz act like they don't give a
fuck though

And disrespect the legacy of Justo

What the blood claat? No, let the blood flow

You ain't come to pay your respect, then what you
come fo'?

Too many good niggaz die, it's like a stop loss
Hood niggaz ghetto like fried wings and hot sauce
How you hard? The cops lettin 50 shots off
Baby Jay-Z's with the knockoff Scott Storch beat
You are not Short, you are not Katt
You're not a player or a pimp, money stop that
Learn to master your speech and be eloquent
Rappers keep peddlin sweets, the beats weaker than
gelatin
We used to kick up dust, now we settlin
Rest in peace to Dilla, Weldon, we can't forget you
Professor X and, Proof we miss you, word
Rest in peace to Shaka, twenty one gun salute
In the air like "BLAKA BLAKA BLAKA"
You're still here cause you're livin through me
You're like a gift God has given to me
Uh, uh, uh, what?

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