

Talib Kweli "It's Like That"

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yea
ludacris in this mutha fucka
what up talib disturbin tha peace god damnit we just
gettin started
mix tape style goes like this
look here
now ludacris out the gate and damnit its huntin season
when you shot remember everything happens for a
reason
and you never hit it right
thats why i'm snatchin your girl
she calls me mr. drummin
cuz different strokes rule the world
i got a thirst for knowledge and an appetite for drama
or appetite for destruction and a thirst for your mama
either way I keep it goin til that thing is empty
been nice since mike tyson punched soda popinsky
chicks keep gettin stung cuz they all in my swarm
plus I step in they dorm they get more tears than norm
its 2004 the world needs more lesbians
and more drunk drivers to hit drunk pedestrians
they walk around here with two left feet
a warm milk and a cold gat'll put your ass to sleep
how many streets steal no matter how ugly it seems
long as I got on my bullet proof buddy lee jeans
nigga

yea, its like that
its like that
its like that
its like that
mutha fucka!

kweli and crips niggas never heard no shit like this
i got your chick feelin moist
you comin softer than the ad in the back of the village
voice
you still a toy, the cops is still a boy
they tryin to get me to vote by sayin the lesser of two
evils is still a choice
well maybe and maybe not
niggas rhymin like the guy 80 glock

im home watching i love the 80s
stop
picture the ocean with the panoramic view
my flow the iceberg that the titanic ran into
ooahh
rock like suicide vicitims with red flannel
why your rhymes sound like they was written for clear
channel
we used to drive to 50 states and hear 50 flows
now every city knows sames songs its just again pimps
and hos
and the kids think the key to gettin down in the game
is to copy the hot nigga and start soundin the same
now you tryin to be heard but your shouts in vain
cuz you drowned out by the buzz thats surroundin my
name
kweli
it might be somethin that you can't pry from me
shut out the eye 20s see my rhymes good money
we're rollin with akmed and durba swervin the streets
we're shaka zoolo shana and luda disturbin tha peace
i murdered the beat
im the nightmare that recur in your sleep
a word in the flesh like the wafer that the nun got
converted to eat
takin the lamb of god herded the sheep
a whole flock of __ nigga do you believe

yo wats poppin its the kid kain
ya my nigga ludacris
my homeboy my dawg my brother from another
mother
talib kweli
and this is how we do man
hate it or love it
guess who fresher than i
d dies red and black lumber jack 45 in his levis
he has his knees highs
i watch eazy e rise
put LA on nomatic but they ain't beleive nas
that was 96 in the g __
told me they gon believe start writin rhymes after BIG
died
eyes puffy some niggas sayin fuck me
cuz im from the west im fresh and i idolize dougie
now NY love me still niggas wanna hate
im embraced by 50 states and the westside love me
benz told dre im the nigga to chase
and it been that way since the beef with jigga and
mase
in my chuck taylors red ones with the fat laces

ten khakis desert eagle with the hollow tip laces
fresh white tee yellow rocks in my necklace
real gangsters drink 40 ounces for breakfast
i eat fat burgers three times a day
so fuck you if you dont like the red paint on my 6
straight
i was born in the hood, i be who i be
and me and kweli is like mack 10 and dub c

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