

## Talib Kweli "Jackin 4 Beats"

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(Text break where the beat changes)

-Talib Kweli-

We got the Eternalists Talib Kweli on the microphone

DJ Cipa Sounds on the turntables

This is some real hip-hop shit right here

Here I am, come on, R-A-W

Always down to keep the shit up like a ?bubble goose?

Brother who, bring trouble to the industry

With colorful metaphors and similes

I'm sunnin you, what you wanna do

Get rid of me, Cuz I take you back to history

Like when Niggas hung from a Noose

Yo I'm sucker-proof, plus I never do what others do

Thugs running loose, kickin nursery rhymes like Mother  
Goose

Which one of you(s) want it first

Yo I'm running through your front line

While you still tannin in my sunshine

I got pistol-whip, smack, kick and punchlines

Represent your block, muscle-shot one time

I got rhymes like the Bronx got ?Bohequa?

Soundbombing in your speakers

Rock for the mama citas

Hate to see the party looking like the Promise-keepers

Niggas sword-fighting and shit and wanna cock the  
heaters

We get retarded like we on the short school bus

Let the legacies of past emcees live through us

Big Pun, Big L, Big and Pac just to name a few

I'm sure there's niggas in your crew too

Shout they name out right here true

But then we always bang out

Slang Ton, Freaky Tye, I never got a chance to hang out  
with these niggas

But I feel 'em in the spirit, they still here

So my death, I'm a never fear it

Even though I can't stop it

Even though I can't stop it

Even though I can't stop it

Brooklyn where y'all at

See I'm from Flatbush  
Where cats rush dancehalls and blacks bust  
Shots in the air for the phat cuts and black dust  
Burned on the street, I-TAL is how we eat  
And we ride dollar vans smoke tree from ?fantaleaf?  
Whether crown height, the park slope, the nineties  
The fourth green, the Bedstuy  
I used to cut Tec when I was fourteen to get high at ???  
party  
Leavin no evidence for ma dukes  
?Ilashkee? kid from off the President  
Niggas settling in the residence  
That make the ghetto mentality have relevance  
Pack metal shit but never for the hell of it  
Searching for heaven until we find the truth  
The kind I never got from no reverend  
And the truth is the Cipha Sounds get nuff props  
These other DJ cats is sweet like gum drops  
Some got the fly shit that keep the slums hot  
Catch a fire like Bob Marley this is just one drop  
In a bucket of treats, whether the club or the streets  
From cats with the bucket of seeds  
To the cats that got nothing to eat  
We up in this piece  
Fuck the Police and tuck in the heat  
Niggas bucking at beast  
Really fighting for love and peace  
But don't know where to aim at  
Mental slaves can't see where the chains at  
Ignorance is pop without no entertainer  
The nations economy is a situation comedy  
Corporations are making money while  
The people are facing poverty  
I rep for the spiritual rich, lyrically rich  
Y'all niggas stand for nothing and fall for anything  
Cuz you really be bitch  
You feeling me kid, than turn it up a bit  
You think you hot I'll shut your heat down like New York  
Knicks  
Word is Bond

Yo, I'd like to take this opportunity right now to big up  
my man hi-tek  
Kweli and hi-tek, reflection eternal for real  
But I got one more  
'Bout to let this rhyme out on probation  
You like a fresh fish thrown to population  
Don't give a fuck if I get rocked on your station  
I got many ways to spread information  
From the Black Star tour I rock nations  
My moms runs the whole book store operation

Even underground niggas sell they soul to satan  
And I've met commercial niggas who be hating  
So I don't fall for the separation  
These people are gonna grow up, I got patience  
When you're ready to be free, I'll be waiting  
Then every hand can go up in celebration  
Get 'em up, what?!  
Get 'em up, what?!  
Get 'em up, what?!  
Get 'em up, what?!  
Yeah

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