

Talib Kweli "Lunchroom Classics"

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[Talib Kweli]

Yo, fourth period, everybody meet me in the lunchroom
I'm saying, the Drum Society comin in there
You know I'm saying, Hi-Tek gonna be there
I think Makeeba gonna be there too (Yo Kwa!)
Know what I'm saying, ah man, ah man
Definitely, definitely-definitely-definitely
Yo, yo-yo-yo, yo... Reflection Eternal, Makeeba
Mooncycle

[Makeba Mooncycle]

Yo-yo, Yo-yo, I come before ya bearing skills
Get you off like cheap thrills
Some may deny me, because of lack of faith
I bring true lyrics, straight to your face
Here's a brand new testament, written by me
Co-written by Makeeba and Eternal Kweli (Kweli)
Constant meditation last longer than duration
Proper education is mind levitation
To stimulate quite simple
I clear all paths like Christ and the temple

[Talib Kweli]

Coming with the skills that's essential
To even mention Brooklyn as the residential
Ugh, the picions be graphic
Cause how we be livin is tragic
So I take your imagination and I stretch it like elastic
Ugh, some people treat oppurtunity like a blunt and
pass it
I see the mic as my oppurtunity and so I grab it (hold it)
Mentally I live lavishly I cherish the heredity
That's preparin me to be a revolutionary till they bury
me
Carry me in your thoughts forever
The way I put words together you treasure
Ay-yo, whatever the weather instead of clever I'm
better
Cause I seize the time with reason and rhyme

[Makeba Mooncycle]

Sometimes I flip the different flavors

This old school mama came ta save ya
Cause I'm to old to scold, better
I like, ya know, puttin hearts on hold
But pay ya hand for the fold
Waiting to be taught, here's a whiff of holy breath
I bring pain to your chest
LET'S CIVILIZE THE PEOPLE
Hang up your petty egos
I've got a shield on my back cause people carry blades
(true)
Getting caught off guard leaves you in a shallow grave
Now here comes the ruler of the night, better known as
the moon
Bobbin with J-Rawls animated like a 'toon

Chorus: Kweli and Mooncycle
[T.B.] This for the kids cuttin up in the lunchroom
[Both] I pulled your card like spades
and spit with major shit
The ill pitch you afraid to hit, it's like that
[M.M.] Here we go
[T.B.] Here we go
[M.M.] Come on
[T.B.] Uh, come on
repeat from here we go
repeat all

[Talib Kweli]
This song is like a baby being born (yes)
It'll stay in your head long after I'm physically gone
Then the rest of the flesh is left for the vulture
Makin me the anti-hero of the counter-culture
Do you remember what you was doin when you first
heard this?

[Makeba Mooncycle]
I was singin to my sis, that's deeper than abyss
It took the French to kiss, German demolish
Feed the world from my breasts, a written conquest
Lyrics are like permanent stains
Now you're usin' both sides of your brain
Cause you never should go against the grain
Acting like puppets, I own the string
Addictive like coke, is the real thing
Check out the wisdom, that I bring
Church bells are ringin
Its the truth I'm speakin
Freak it like Sodom and Gomorrah
Check my holy ora, the reflection in my order
Causes me to slaughter
Disect like biology, cover the Earth like water

[Talib Kweli]

It's like sometimes cats like wanna be all up in your
psychology
No stoppin me or my man Hi-Teknology
Follow me through global economies, start thinkin
logically
Be passionate you gotta be, your soul is your property
On that you could place a bet before I make you face
your death
Make you retrace your steps to exact place you
slipped
(Right there) To battle would be a waste of breath
But see you chasin rep and you got hit so hard
they had to replace your chest
You on the floor carrowing, turn your punk ass over
You see me towering, my mic grip tighter than the boa
You microscopic like protozoa or amoebas
Slower than molasses so they call you special
Makeba, yo, what they want, a medal?
Chasin crimes like Hantzel and Gretel when the dust
settle
Every one of these cats who got gas like pedals, got
deflated
J-Rawls, Makeba, Kweli anticipated
New shit cause your style's so old it depreciated
{*echoes*}
You lost your value, money

Chorus

[Both] I pulled your card like spades
and spit with major shit
The ill pitch you afraid to hit, it's like that
[M.M.] Here we go
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