

## Talib Kweli

### "Niggas Lie a Lot"

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{\*using the "This Is Why I'm Hot" beat\*} [Talib Kweli] I ain't out to diss nobody But we gon' keep it real for a second Can we keep it real for a second Brooklyn stand up If you doing ya grizzly I respect that But a lot of rappers is saying things they don't mean People see through dat Talib Kweli [Chorus] Niggas lie a lot, niggas lie a lot Niggas lie, niggas lie, niggas lie a lot I know you think you nice, You just nice on ya block With these crabs in the barrel Tryin' to rise to the top [Verse 1] This is why I'm hot This is why I'm hot I ain't scared to die I ain't scared of getting' shot I got the fear of God And from all that I been through If you fuck with the family Then I gotta put it in you Pause, now continue I love the competition I ain't got no issue with the battles or dissin' But I keep it straight with you We shootin' from the hip I can't stand these rappers that just shootin' off they lip Every rapper is a clapper Your producer is a shooter Engineer gotta nine Label boss gotta ruger Yeah right we ain't stupid We don't believe these losers Gotta Mac in the booth Tell the truth, it's a computer So let me guess you make it that impression I seen you on MySpace, you just wanna be friends So let's not pretend, I respected ya block Until I put it all together, now let's connect the dots [Chorus] [Verse 2] Ok, you say you rap You know how I can tell you whack It's 2007 and you still sellin' crack Back in 1986 when we was shootin' over sneakers Crack was king but now they slangin' and it's drastically cheaper It ain't a real demand there ain't no short supply Just the same old crackheads getting twice as high These niggas like to lie on how they kill on corners They still corny, they don't know what the real New York is Faster than a rose in crime inner city drop It wasn't cuz the mayor added 40,000 cops You on the corner like "Wow, my style is pretty hot" But my style mile is equal to 20 city blocks Most say New York is soft It's softer with the beef shit Niggas can't separate the music from the street shit Man that's some weak shit Them niggas never classic Remember bastards Talib Kweli forever Blacksmith

