

Talib Kweli "On Mission"

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chanting in background

[Talib Kweli]

Blaze one for the Brooklyn crew what
Blaze one for the Cincinnati crew, yes
And for the whole world, and for the whole world

Chorus

Yo Hi-Tek they still sleepin
As a right we still peakin
They still weakin, we adventurous thrill-seekin
We will begin, new ways of freakin it
It's the dawn of the MC who think before he spit
On Mission, we intercept your transmission
Bringin exactly what the fans missin
You, bare witness to, the transition like
GIVE ME THAT MICROPHONE, man listen

Yo, I literally

Obliterate MC's who rhymin pitifully
Let's get it straight like degrees of longitude and
latitude
Adjust your position like your attitude
Even cats frontin had to move
Now let's begin, while you testin these better men
You get fucked up like it's your first Friday as freshman
Letter man on the varsity team, I pipe dream
Make they cream freeze like reindeer caught up in high
beams
Yo it seems that they sedative like open wounds and
I'm lyrically salty
All your shit is faulty, watch me turn jams into
revolutionary parties
Stoppin your heart piece, while we write soliloquies wit
Sharpies
We stay in the air like aerosol to carry y'all
Old decrepit MC's like Geritol
We men in the mirror y'all, your career is like a
metaphor for suffering
When we rush in, beat these niggas like percussion
You ain't touchin nuttin
I give instructions and move on your weak production

Drop that African king shit and the royal flushing
Respect the queen, from straight from BK
Stick like girls' legs when they run the Penn Relay

Chorus

"Talib Kweli it's the Reflection" "Hi-Tek"
"When we livin this shit" "Out of the 7-18 we meet the
51-3"

[Talib Kweli]

I blast through your illusions
Shatterin your shadow as I snatch the light from you
When I want to, confusion is the conclusion you come
to
That's the best you could come up wit
When your brain pattern is scattered and that's why
you dropped that dumb shit
Click first when we hit next when I'm dispersing
Cursing me like ham cuz I'm original when you're like
the King James version
You need a surgeon to put you back together
When your parts is missin like aquarian gospels
We can get more hostile without PEACE
Believe we balance positivity wit negative
Legal and illegal cuz it's relative
If the law prevent me from being a man, then what's
the deal?
In the Hour of Chaos, my microphone's my Black Steel
I grip it wit that sure shot feel
Drivin through your mind, Hi-Tek be on the wheels
We ride up on your heels, talkin back now
You pop more junk than a ?thane or bird?
Fallin flat on your face, you got caught trippin off your
words
Explain that ?simuncy?
You oxy-moron, pimped faced dummy goin through
puberty
Flippin late night through cable channels lookin for
nudity
You're junior-high, what could you do to me
Nuttin is new to me but I'm still learnin, what

Hip-hop is in our hearts and we On Mission from the
start
To leave our mark up on this rock
Too many people is just livin *repeat*

Chorus

[Talib Kweli]

Listen listen, huh man listen
We intercept the transmission
Bringin exactly what you fans missin
Hi-Tek *echoes*
Uh uh, Talib Kweli yo
Exactly what it's supposed to be yo
None of y'all niggas is close to me, yo
Step back before you get your head cracked
Yo steppin in through set back, I never sweat that
Aiyyo my man C Smith is jet-black
That's okay though, aiyyo
I build these niggas up and then I smash em to the
ground like Play-Dough
And then I lay low

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