

Talib Kweli "Perfect Beat"

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KRS, Talib Kweli

What ya doin'? Throw your hands up, c'mon
BK to BX and every place in between, it's all 7-18 like
Grand Concourse, whassup?

We got beats to the rhyme and the rhyme is so fresh,
yo
So what'chu got? 9's and teecs, you no threat
It's the beat, how you get your cake don't matter
It takes heart, the lyrics been replaced with the
swagger

I stay sharp enough to slash your face like a dagger
The actors been replaced with the rappers
The rappers been replaced with the actors
See how they try to stay on the beat
The pig route when he walkin' down the street to the
beat

Sound of da police
What is the life of a true hip hopper, the beats
Peace love unity livin' proper with the beats
In any endeavor whatever, we will prosper with our
beats

Some cats are real, other are impostors with beats
We the realest, livest, the rawest
Crack cocaine, heroin survivors with beats
We avoided the cops, we focused on beefs

Spittin' all we saw was stacks of rhymes written
Elite, way too smart for the system of course
We know a smart free black man just pisses 'em off

What they like is when we glisten and gloss
Flashin' millions but still takin' a loss
Bump the beat all in the street
Talib yo, I think it's 'bout time to speak

Word, watch me take it there, life ain't no Christmas
there
Hell yeah, it's crystal clear when Kweli and Kris is here

Searching for the perfect beat, I went to East Dayt'
It's crazy and fugazi how they slaves to they release
date

They try to look away, they're scared to look inside
Askin' why like a guy who look for God up in the sky
Searchin' high and low, behind the do', inside the
drawer
Little did he know that the beat was tryin' to find a flow

Stuck in limbo, how low can you go?
A punched hole through your stomach lining like
Tylenol
Spill all kinda roll, metaphors and similies
That'll have you doubtin' my competitor's abilities

My whole body is a spiritual facility
Rock a vest after a lyrical killing spree
The illest delivery, later for the talk we need action
Silence is golden but the violence is platinum

When you rappin 'to the beat
Boom, bap, who's, that? KRS-One bring the beat back
The perfect beat we seek that, knowledge of mind we
speak that
We don't speak weak crap over weak tracks

Move that, we speak boom bap live in the club
We can show and prove that
It ain't old school or new school, it's true school rap
Beat you 'til you're blue and black, true dat

It's beat win again, work the street
Movin' again, insert the heat
Lookin again for the perfect beat
Don't look in the book to learn to eat

Write up a hook, learn to speak
Never be shook, follow the heat
Forever they look weak
TK you must speak

Teachin' 'em how to eat to live
They cheap and their pimp is pleadin' the Fifth
Bleedin' as if they goin' to war
Every time they leavin' the crib

Sneakers and whips, police be peepin' the strip
You see 'em walkin' the beat
Hoes believin' the pimps who eatin' the shrimps
So John's walkin' the street

Lookin' for a sweet face, in each case
Tryin' to get they heartbeat racin' and the dark meat be
tastin'
So delicious, my description so good to the beat
It's lifted right from the sounds
That you hear in the hood when you sleep

Bring the beat back
All that whackness, we don't need that
You gotta bring the beat back
All that whack garbage, we don't need that

Bring the beat back
All that weakness we don't need that
Selector, bring the beat back
Bring the beat back, selector, listen

Yeah, DJ Rhettmatic
Talib Kweli, hip hop

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