

Talib Kweli "Re:definition"

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What what what, what what, what what, what what
Woaaaaahhhhhhh!

One two three, Mos Def and Talib Kweli

We came to rock it on to the tip-top

Best alliance in hip-hop, wayohh

I said, one two tree, Black Star shine eternally

We came to rock it on to the tip-top

And Hi-Tek make the beat drop, wayohh

[Talib Kweli]

RE:DEFinition, turning your play into a tragedy

Exhibit level degree on the mic, passionately

Niggaz is sweet so I bet if I bit I'd get a cavity

Livin to get high, you ain't flyer than gravity

We Die Hard like the battery done in the back of me by
the mad MC

who think imitation is the highest form of flattery,
actually

Don't be mad at me, I had to be the one to break it to
you

You get kicked into obscurity like judo, no Menudo
cause you pseudo, tryin to compete with reality like
Xerox

Towards destruction you spiraling like hairlocks, wipe
them teardrops

Chasing stars in your eyes, playing games with your
lives

Now the wives is widows soakin up pillows, weepin like
willows

Still mo' blacks is dyin, kids ain't livin they tryin

How to Make a Slave by Willie Lynch is still applyin

Regardless, the Mos is one of my closest partners

Rockin ever since before Prince was called The Artist

Rocker before Funkmaster Flex was rockin Starter

When 'Pac and Biggie was still cool before they was
martyrs

Life or death, if I'm choosin with every breath I'm
enhancin

Stop, there comes a time when you can't run

[Mos Def]

What, lyrically handsome, call collect a king's ransom

Jams I write soon become the ghetto anthem
Way out like Bruce Wayne's mansion, move like a
phantom

You'll talk about me to your grandsons
Cats who claimin they hard be mad fag
so I run through em like, flood water through sandbags
Competition is mad, what I got, they can't have
Sinkin they ship, like Moby Dick, did Ahab
Son I'm way past the minimum, it's a verb millenium
My rap's the holy gas in your bag, like Palestinians
Ancient Abyssinia, sure to hold the Gideon
Official b-boy gentlemen, long term, never the interim
Born inside the winter wind, day after December 10
These simpletons they mentionin the synonym for
feminine
Sweeter than some cinnamon from Danish rings by
Entenmann's
Rush up on adrenaline, they get they asses sent to
them
(Gentlemen) you got a tenement, well then assemble
it!
Leave your unit tremblin like herds of movin elephant
Intelligent embellishment, follow for your element
from Flatbush settlement, kid posseses melanin
Hotter than tales of crack peddlin, makin em WOOP
like blue gelatin, swing like Duke Ellington
Broader than Barrington Levy, believe me
The hot oppresion rent who burn down your chief
teepee
You see me?

One two three, Mos Def and Talib Kweli
We came to rock it on to the tip-top
Best alliance in hip-hop, wayohh
I said, one two tree, Black Star shine eternally
We came to rock it on to the tip-top
Because we rulin hip-hop, yes we is rulin hip-hop
Talib Kweli is rulin hip-hop
Say we Black Star we rule hip-hop-ah-ahh-ah-ahh-ahh
Whoahhhh!

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