

Talib Kweli

"Rush"

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Feel the rush
Feel the rush
Feel the rush

Yeah, I do this shit for real
(You get Chuck D'd, 'Shut the Fuck down')
Ain't no games being played
(Remember that, remember that)

It might be the career
(Yo)
It might be on the stage
(Yo)

It might be in the street
(Yo)
But the people come to me
(Why?)

They come to me for the lyrical, spiritual, raw shit, I spit
at you
Original, and I see collective, not individual
Visual, in the mic I'm un-fuck-wit-able
Invincible, official nigga who they come to

For the hardcore, art of war, rhymes that I got in store
Triple W in curo son or die or or education and culture
Heads is waitin' for Mos to do the album with Kweli
We do it like we suppose to

Nobody come close to my crew, we wild nice
You ain't tight, your rhymes is like what a child writes
When he can't spell, you chase crumbs and get ate like
Hansel
Can't hold your mic, like your liquor, your style like an
Amstel

Smack a nigga 'til my motherfuckin' hands swell
You ain't fly and you prolly got cancel
Y'all niggas shaky like handheld, amateur camera work
In walking this planet of earth

I'm the illest emcee and a man of my word
When I came out, niggaz didn't understand it at first
I'm known to roll up my sleeves and put my hands in
the dirt
We at war and I got a battle plan that can work

With the proper execution so I'm killin' 'em right
You get hit like a deer standin' still in the light
I'm spillin' it like, I ain't never had a meal in my life
Feed my family with my pen, it's so real what I write

We fight, fuck, get buck wild
Kill, chill, make love, have child
Freestyle, B-boy, hit the block
Build, destroy, get it hot

Yo, I make the place go apeshit
(C'mon)
Ain't no other way to say it, ain't nuttin' to play with

I'm Langston Hughes, 'Dreams Deferred' seen and
heard in the flesh
'Cause so many people believe the word even when it
seems absurd
With keen observation I peep the game
And got blood on his hands, I can see the stains

My street slang spray like shots when heat bang out
Niggas keep my name in they mouth, I put they flame
out
Where I'm from, action is first and talk is second
I'm sharp like the blade in the logo of Rawkus Records

New York's infected, niggaz beefin' on the mix-tape
Got Nickelback niggaz thinkin' they can fuck with big
weight
Hell no, give it up, it's enough
We about to live it up, with ten of us

We ride and you live with us
Pick it up, party people, you about to get in touch
Give it up, everybody, you about to get a rush
You can find Kweli in the cut, with a Cohiba lit up 'bout
to split a Dutch

Get it up, everybody, you about to get in touch
Give it up, everybody, you about to get a rush
(Whoo!)

Yeah, yeah, quality material
Yo, check this out

Yeah, you heard it
Kweli

You don't know how to say it by now, fuck you
Broadcastin' live, from Brooklyn, New York City
Yeah, turn this shit up
It's Quality music, you know how we use it
Feel the rush

Feel the rush
Feel the rush
Feel the rush

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