

Talib Kweli

"Say Something"

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(feat. Jean Grae)

[opening the same as the break from Lords of the Underground's "Funky Child"]

[Talib Kweli]

The year is 1975 (yeah, hahaha!)
Brooklyn, New York City (stand up)
A child destined for greatness is born (we goin in)
Let's go!

Get your hands in the air (get 'em up~!)
Put your hands in the air (put 'em up~!)
Get your hands in the air (get 'em up~!)
Put your hands in the air (put 'em up~!)

[Chorus]

Talk shit now (now... now... now...) What? What?
Talk shit now (now... now... now...) What?
Talk shit now (now... now... now...) What?
Talk shit now (now... now... now...) What?
Talk shit now (now... now... now...)
Say something, say something (what was that?)
Say something (I dare you), say something

[Talib Kweli]

(The Lord Chief Rocka) I'm colder than meatlockers
My people keep throwin it up like cheap vodka
I smack internet MC's and beat bloggers
You can see my (Black Thought) like 'Riq Trotter
It's deep, go ahead and sleep, they know in the street
Kwe' gon flow on the beat proper composin complete
operas
Longer than a cigar that's Godfather
Tappin two heart chakras I'm harder than gobstoppers
People comin for the throne not knowin the seat hotter
than fish grease, criminal names on police blotters
You convinced me, I hit targets like top shotters
Out in the mideast like Muslims takin Shahada
I'm sayin makin a profit a product of Reaganomics
Awake and I'm stayin conscious to radio playin
garbage (yeh!)

Blacksmith Music, if you don't pay homage
I'ma show you how we break an artist
That's a threat, I'm not makin a promise
Speak to the people like Barack Obama
They worship like the black Madonna, c'mon
Niggaz talk shit, but they ain't got skills
I'm the type of nigga to put lead in your grill
Number two pencil is sharper to bruise mentals, and
beatin in my chest is the heart of a true gentleman
Still spit right in your face
Fuck a Top 8, back up, gimme (MySpace) you're not
safe

[Lords of the Underground horn break again]

Hahahaha
Yeah, they say I'm back, but I ain't go nowhere though
Been here the whole time
Where you been? You back
Matter fact, apologize

[Chorus]

[Jean Grae]

Yeah, open your mouth, say somethin, I fuckin dare
you
Chokin you out 'til you can't suck any air through
Fuck with your man too, thinkin I can't do what I plan to
Vet vandal, niggaz are brand new
Ain't knew I was bad news? Look at the tattoos
Get ran through like you was fingers through Sassoon
Horror chick in the bathroom, off the backstage room
Shit you couldn't imagine, nigga I'll harass you
I'll Ras Kass you, (Soul on Ice) and body cast dude
Past due, Jean and Kwe' the last two action heroes
Actually had the capacity, to be the ones in a class of
zeroes
Hip-Hop's not dead, it was on vacation
We back, we bask in the confrontation
You can ask me, have any conversation
You talk shit, Blacksmith, Jean, I'm waitin nigga

[Chorus]

[Talib Kweli]

We not fallin for your trick cause your image is like a
gimmick
Forget it every rhyme is bitten, you like a mimic
I'm talkin to the lord and I'm askin him for forgiveness
Just for kickin niggaz out the club like Michael Richards
Yeah I admit, I'm guilty, the way I spit is filthy

I keep it gritty so they get it they feel me, the flow
is known for touchin the soul of street hustlers
I speak in the language they know I keep customers
The writin therapeutic, it's due to the pain and sufferin
While these dudes get it confused and abuse the
creative substance
I'm givin you a contact high, my name buzzin
And I came in the game with nothin, stop frontin nigga
Talk shit now!

[Outro - over LOTUG break again]

The year of the Blacksmith is not defined by any
calendar
Just thought I'd remind all you challengers
Get the name right, Talib Kweli, BKMC, say it again

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Put your hands in the air (put 'em up~!)
Get your hands in the air (get 'em up~!)
Put your hands in the air (put 'em up~!)

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