

## Talib Kweli "Supreme, Supreme"

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Woo, we on fire tonight  
Woo, yeah, we on fire tonight  
Woo, Black Star in the house fo' sho'  
Yo, now everybody go

Ghetto people it's time to ride  
(Supreme, supreme)  
Baby get involved go side to side  
(Supreme, supreme)  
Side to side

'Bout to slap box with the beat  
The shit I spit is a snapshot of the street  
You can see the crack spot in the backdrop  
The heat in the stash box of the black drop

You wonder why there's more crime  
Free food, or a check the only time niggaz on line  
Getting information from the nigga net  
The trickle down theory guess it ain't reached niggaz  
yet

I make a bigger bet  
Kweli 'bout to be a bigger threat  
'Cuz there's hardly any real niggaz left  
What the fuck these niggaz talking 'bout?

Living a movie but the audience is walking out  
I fight the temptation to rip the heart from your chest  
'Til there's only five hard beats left, it's like a dead man  
walking  
I turn on the radio and I hear dead men talking

Ghetto people it's time to ride  
(Supreme, supreme)  
Baby get involved go side to side  
(Supreme, supreme)

Yo', I got my headphones up like I'm listening close  
Face blank with expression it isn't a joke  
Start fire, sit back and spit it's smoke  
To get it provoked, blow it back to get in your throat

Mad problems take all the niggaz you know  
Add that number up with every nigga you don't  
Final number, some total of the niggaz that won't  
Break me down, shake me of my fame, my style

What time it is? Crew you can hate me now  
And ten minutes from then you gon' love me again  
Buck town republic again writing on the wall trouble  
again  
Intensify struggle and such Killers

Sade lovers deluxe sound garnered, for the wild  
hearted  
Downtrodden, up-starters young violent, uprising  
Cocaine, and gunpowder up North, or bus crowded  
Daily vibes to thug mountain cold caves or peaks of  
high

Think you present but unclear, and know how to hide  
If you wonder why you got so much on your mind  
'Cuz your living in a troubling time, this is a puzzling  
time  
Fall back without recovering time, and time's up  
Brooklyn, put your dimes up

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I put feeling inside of my rap  
Hold it down for my side of the map  
No matter what North, South East or West side of the  
mat  
Bend a needle on the mind and it's back

Got a problem with that? The holler back and the stars  
is black  
We the New Era you just a Starter cap  
Find out what happens when the artist in tact  
Be sharp as a tack, fall back you smarter than that

Or perhaps you just ain't as smart as you think  
Figure 8'n on the thin ice part of the rink  
You a vessel that's promised to sink

Terra Firma ain't as hard as you think  
Stare down, and you starting to blink

Like 182 this for fellas and the ladies who  
Don't need to be spoon fed like baby food  
I take a bite out the track like a Sabre-tooth  
And spit out the truth 'til the cops come and spray the  
booth

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(Supreme, supreme)

Ghetto people it's time to ride  
(Supreme, supreme)  
Baby get involved go side to side  
(Supreme, supreme)

It's all right with you it's all right with me  
Do the damn thing what you wanna be  
(Supreme, supreme)  
That's right, that's right that's right that's right  
That's right, that's right that's right that's right  
(Supreme, supreme)

It's all right with you it's all right with me  
Do the damn thing what you wanna be  
(Supreme, supreme)  
That's right, that's right that's right that's right  
That's right, that's right that's right that's right  
(Supreme, supreme)

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