

## Talib Kweli

### "Upper Echelon"

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Okay  
What is this?

Check it out yâ'all, check it out baby,  
Check it out yâ'all, check it out baby,  
Check it out yâ'all, check it out baby,  
Check it out yâ'all, check it out baby,

This that upper echelon shit  
What is this?  
This that upper echelon shit  
What is this?  
This that upper echelon shit

Welcome to the prison of conscious  
Brainiacs said Iâ'm done, bust the scientific  
You feel it all up in your soul, we getting spiritual  
You heard Iâ'm coming back, this is scary I put the fear  
in you  
I murder every track, cause the rhymers like to stare at  
you  
Real shit back, itâ's a miracle,  
Rap and laughable over the last year or two  
Reflecting like a mirror through who is the real living  
proof  
Iâ'm back with the classical shit, a back lyrical  
Substance like a bowls of kush into a vaporizer  
And then I vaporize yaâ', my paper may surprise yaâ'  
No need to brag on my paper cause Iâ'm a naturizer  
I vibrate higher, the truth break liars  
I chose who else to know is like us,  
The lovers, the fighters, the writers, the excitors  
Cut the grass we could see the vipers,  
We cut the glass cause we the diamonds.

[Hook:]  
Check it out yâ'all, check it out baby,  
Check it out yâ'all, check it out baby,  
Check it out yâ'all, check it out baby,  
Check it out yâ'all, uh.  
This that upper echelon shit

What is this?  
This that upper echelon shit  
What is this?  
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Welcome to the...  
See I've been listening the real shit, real spit, my die  
hard feeling  
Type of shit that fake niggas find hard to deal with  
I'm on a higher plane, I'm destroying em while I  
build them  
My threat can't be contained, so my name on Obama  
kill list  
Kweli the artist that you wanna be, moving through  
darkness,  
The light is what's in front of me,  
Front on me you posers exposing your insecurities  
Supposedly it's wack, and replaces lack of maturity  
The purity you need to get in the game is gone  
Ain't no conspiracy, stop looking for someone to  
blame it on  
Gotta pay a debt, took a stale style and I made it fresh  
Wait a second, got your girl wetter than tomatoes flesh  
Waiting on me with baited breath

[Hook:]  
Check it out y'all, check it out baby,  
Check it out y'all, check it out baby,  
Check it out y'all, check it out baby,  
Check it out y'all, uh.  
This that upper echelon shit  
What is this?  
This that upper echelon shit  
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Welcome to the...  
Walking through a double fist, and I'm lifted on  
something vicious  
Everything is moving, I'm getting me a percentage  
Vintage, nothing but the sky is my ascendant  
My girl is ride or die, I'm avoiding the evil temptress  
Ain't no question who the best is,  
You don't like the state then fuck it and my mansions  
Pimping down to the socks, and so is business  
The all night workout like 24-Hour Fitness  
Y'all niggas is adorable, incorrigible,  
The prayers that you get is barely audible  
People is ignoring you why?  
The last place in the world that you belong is a  
recording booth

Order suit, niggas is gassed up,  
Petroleum a lab when these niggas get swept up  
Custodians a culture, back to the future rap the  
delorean  
A class looking joint to spit as valedictorian

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