

Talib Kweli

"We Pullin' Out Tonite"

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Set it off, set it off, get it off now
Get out or you headed North now
Ain't comin at you like its soft now
We pullin out tonite
Rapapapapa pa
Rapapapapa pa
Rapapapapa pa
Rapapa pa

[Verse 1]

Y'all dudes be watchin T.V., see the MC, get the CD
Believin every word he's heard spit, you best believe
me
So when I get to spittin, this should be so excitin
You see your favorite rapper and you can't believe you
like him

Saw a tear comin from your eye now
Can't really pretend you fly now
So you still frontin but why now
Feel like you can't touch the sky now
What the people really feelin, let's find out
If you rockin with a nigga, let's ride out
We got no time to lie down
Young girls in the fuckin cryin out
Its the way that I walk and I talk like
I'm a real Brooklyn-New York type
You know the type to push niggaz off bikes
One summer only rock Air-Force Nikes
Gonna put it down answer the door right
Go hard to the paper with all night
Spit that murder rap, murder rap rap
Sounds like rapapa

[Interlude]

Rapapapapa pa
Rapapapapa pa
Rapapapapa
Rapapapapa pa
G-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah

G-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah
G-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah
G-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah
G-yeah, g-yeah
Here we go, here we go
Here we go, here we go c'mon

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

These niggaz screamin how they take your life ???
dreamin
They leave the proof so they can keep their man a cure
appointment
Say they be on the block and they got ammunity
They can't even scare white people and they pay their
community

And I know you got a wife and you not playing with your
kids
That's why I don't believe in half the shit you say you
did
Treat you like Craig, you ain't gotta lie
Like B.I. somebody gotta die
I keep these niggaz on their toes, fuck it, somebody
gotta try
I make the mystery DIE, I'm like Magnum P.I
Its just a fax when I RAP, I got 'em trapped like T.I
Niggaz get 24's and shit they ain't got money for
And put on some funny clothes to holla at some funny
hoes
And what you think that make you a man huh
That don't make you nothin but a bumma
Drop, pause and they ain't no cameras
Gangstas gotta cry your manner
You rockin a shook demeanor, probably scared to
throw some
joints
Ain't gonna bust a nina, nothin sweeter, what's the
point?

[Interlude]

[Chorus]

[ad-libs]

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