

## Talib Kweli "What They May Seem"

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[Talib Kweli]

Turn the music up a little bit  
Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo  
Uh, yeah  
Come on everybody 5x  
Hide your crops, here come the lyrical locusts, hurry!  
If your vision's blurry, now focus is necessary  
Son, you hopeless like an ex-Christian  
We On the next Mission, to knock it out the park like  
Scott Brosius  
Me and Tony Toc is the bravest and the boldest  
Breathin for them kids who catchin asthma from livin  
wit the roaches  
From youngest to oldest, I'm the coldest  
Ask ?the trees?, I'm kickin rhymes like chronic  
hamatosis

[Tony Touch]

Yo, this is our shit, we puttin it down as my perrara  
I'm all up on you wack MC's like troopa cabra  
If you thought that was fresh, you ain't seen nada  
From New York to Nicaragua, it's the rap Kimosabe  
Infiltratin Illuminatti, poly  
Me, De La, Talib Kweli  
From BK, buckwild MC's and DJ's  
Fuck the he-say she-say bullchiche

[Talib Kweli]

Yo my heart be beatin to the rhythm  
Blood be flowin through my vein like words explodin in  
my brain  
Ya'll niggas numb like novacaine  
I know the game, and I got all my people in a huddle  
Our rebuttal is far from subtle  
We leave the other team standin in they own puddle  
Then we take off like a space shuttle  
We scope everything out like the Hubble  
Drop my rhymes in the ocean, make the sea level  
double  
I always keep it poppin cuz I ain't in your bubble

[Tony Touch]

Aiyyo we kick that, shit that make you wanna spit back  
But na, we ain't wit that chitchat  
Talkin 'bout you blast tecs and cash checks  
I'ma ask Flex if I can put it on your ass next  
Patrol freaks, scandalous when I hold heat  
I boldly let off and watch your soul leak  
Got the yerro, here to bring the thunder  
Eighth wonder, comin straight out the under

[Chorus]

[TK] Live from 7-18, we prone to make cream, Kweli  
[TT] Tony Touch, and we make a great team  
[TK] Givin niggas nightmares  
[TT] Makin ladies daydream  
[Both] Yo things ain't always what they may seem  
[TT] It's the 7-18 and we always make cream, Tony  
Touch  
[TK] Kweli, we make a great team  
[TT] Givin niggas nightmares  
[TK] And make the ladies daydream  
[Both] Aiyyo things ain't always what they may seem  
(knamean?)

[Talib Kweli]

Yes indeedy, I wrote graffiti on the bus  
50 MC's in my Walkman courtesy of Tone Touch  
Thank you very much (No doubt)  
Yo grab the microphone, show them what Brooklyn's all  
about

[Tony Touch]

Aiyyo, raw shit, unexpected, off the wall shit  
Tony Touch, the rest of ya'll need to forfeit  
It ain't the same, kid the game went corporate  
I gotta floss it in case you thought I lost it  
I'm still here, hittin you in the cavesa  
Never the less while I'm drinkin my silvesa  
A gordanita wit a chica named Vanessa  
No pressure when I come to bless ya  
Stop billin, name hold weight like Bob Dylan  
I cach ya'll on the rebound if God's willing

[Talib Kweli]

Everybody within the sound of my voice, let's start  
buildin  
Too many wack-ass MC's, I'm not feelin  
That's why I'm keepin it tight when I'm speakin  
through mics  
Radiate like a beacon of light to seek in the night  
I got Soul like the De La, African like Fela  
My occupation is professional rhyme sayer

Seen in the magazine, they used to have some love for  
me  
Till my rhyme fucked up the editor, they never ran the  
story  
When cats bore me, let's break out, I say to my man  
Corey  
Infiltrate the fam, you receive candles ambulatory  
It's mandatory I put that out there, so ya'll respect it  
Follow this, if you can't, here's your chance to exit  
Out the procession, now you not stopped in my  
progression  
You ain't hip hop, I embrace the whole essence

Chorus with slight variations

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