

Talib Kweli & Hi Tek "Down For The Count"

Visit "[Down For The Count](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, check it out now
Rah Digga y'all, Dirty Harriet
Kweli, Xzibit, New Millennium

One, two, three, four
Grimy bitch stomp the bogey outside your front door
Puffing on Goodie, eating tuna and rye
Blow the spot with some old school shit from junior
high

One, two, three, four
Jersey's finest in the house, punchlines and metaphors
Make your foul ice grill, thug grimy on the real
Putting heads to bed like Hennessey and NyQuil

Convertible style, still had the heat knocking
Bumping shit from way back with my man beatboxing
Shooting the breeze, see I'm nice with these
You'll be sucking it down like fast food high-C's

Type of rap bitch that love underground classics
Getting more green than that nigga St.Patrick
Making wack rappers go and merc the set
Better off behind a desk trying to surf the net

'Cause I be adamant, kill 'em when my joints get added
in
Worse than boric acid in your project cabinet
Dirty Harriet, increase the fan bases
Leaving non-writing cats stuck on the plantations

Mini-skirts with tights, eating lunch with whites
Leave the party over here like they Israelites
Got Cali Brooks critics, Rah, Kwe', Xzibit
Gonna rock shit down like he can't get no visits

One, two, three, four
Rock the whole world like the Rolling Stone tour
Raw your wack set is faker than a bomb threat
By a nervous terrorist who's so scared that his palm's
wet

One, two, three, four
The stuff legends are made of, urban folklore
Like Jim Morrison we break on through
Before I care about your take on me, we take on you

Yo, we bring it straight to your face from the start, yo
Rage Against the Machine, break it apart
Might be over your head but it's straight from the heart
I show my love in the light while y'all hate in the dark

Straight to apocalypse is where I'm taking the art
Giving niggaz battle scars, always making my mark
You faking the part of gangster, 'til niggaz break in
your spot
You straight bitch, whether I say it or not

Shit is hot, spitting flames on the track
Put our town's names on the map
From now until we fading to black
Where we at? Thug rebels love metal clubs ghetto

When the slugs let go like Frankie Beverly
Forever we stack notes like the treasury, flow heavenly
Get you high on speech, laced with obscenity
Niggaz be gassed like Cipher Sounds and need rescue
remedy
Then fall the fuck off like limbs affected with leprosy

One, two, three, four
Why the fuck can't MC's MC no more?
Hardcore 'til somebody put me under the ground
With a dick in your ear, still couldn't fuck with my sound

Say, one, two, three, four
Taking me straight to the weed spot, then to the liquor
store
'Gimme Some Mo' like Busta Bus', who do you trust?
Swinging through, your favorite neighborhood lush

I'm i-rate, using your body for live bait
Xzibit rocking them heavy gems you can't take
Dilate, cock back the weight, spread hate
Heavy metal, we settle and set shit straight

Hit gates in my younger days from the policeman
Me and my clan used to dance thicker than quicksand
Supply and demand the hand is quicker than the eye
Find some chickens to fry, while you find it hard to stick
to your lie

I see through the tricks, destroy the facade

Your little lungs is too weak to hotbox with God
Rah Digga, First Lady of the Flipmode Squad
Gotta be hard like a young nigga walking the yard

For the first time, we ain't the niggaz you let shine
Expect mines to blow lines like coke every time
I'm an Alkaholik nigga so I finish the fifth
You at the front door bitching because you ain't on the
list

It's like, one, two, three, four
Yeah, aight y'all, aight y'all
Yeah, here we go
Say, one, two, three, four

Visit [Talib Kweli & Hi Tek](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.