

Talib Kweli & Hi Tek "Name Of The Game"

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The name of the game is

Persistence, dedication
Consistent, motivation, resistance to stagnation
Of information, distribute it free to the entire
population
No hesitation, makin' it public, no privatization from
corporations

Today in order to be sane you gotta go crazy so remain
On top of the game, and master your universe like you
was He-Man
See me and Hi Tek knock you out de frame
While I'm stimulat'in' de brain in de "Train of Thought"

That's the name of the Reflection Eternal LP man
Ain't nuttin' new except organic produce that means
that's free range
You might see me on MTV, BET, or still up on the D-train
It's just everybody else be seemin' strange in they
approach

I see these guys and read they eyes
Need to disguise and so I cloak
Into a cloud of smoke, I brown a roach
To keep myself from soundin' loc'

Destroy they hopes of hatin'
Don't move aboard before they rock the boat
Yo it's not the dope,
These snakes will come in peace to slit your throat

Give you compliments, with a promise yet
To get me heated and provoke me
To be rockin' shit, shove apocalypse
Down your esophagus so swallow that

Guess what you could be coppin' that
N'kiru Books for fifteen dollars flat
Cats who spit knowledge on tracks
And get bumped out the back of Impalas and Cadillacs

All my live Cincinnati Bearcats holla back
Tomorrow they gonna wanna borrow raps like
"C'mon black, I'll pay you back"
I ain't no lyrical ATM even though I'm nice and I'm a
mack

Better believe that, leave that crack alone
And you see that there microphone
Ain't no place to work your self-esteem issues
Do that shit when you alone

Nigga you is grown, why is you still suckin' on that
pacifier
Quickly call that ass a liar, exposin' you's my last desire
Olympic skills so pass the fire, I roll with niggaz that
match attire
Black aware, that's filled with gas but rollin' on, flat ass
tires

Yeah he, he, yo he, he, he, yo yo, yo yo
Yo, I got a special guest, lil' Baby Tone Tone, tell 'em
what's up
[Incomprehensible] yo, true
Yo we 'bout to be, tell 'em peace out Tone
Peace out, yeah word, word Baby Tone, what?
Yeah what?

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