

Talib Kweli & Hi Tek "Some Kind Of Wonderful"

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What's next?

These chicken neck MCs get me vexed
My rhymes be blowin' up chat rooms all over the
Internet
And causin' collisions on the highway of information

And then I head back to my prior engagement
In the nation of Brooklyn
Land of Trinis, Haitians, Jamaicans and Bejans
It's amazin' how lickin' shots is the proper
representation

Soon they gonna need wack MC reservations
'Cause I endanger the motherfuckers, they needin'
preservation
'Carry 'em home on the top of a truck like a trophy
Niggas still sleepin' like I'm Jay Z in the video for
Hawaiian Sophie

It's cool, I stay low key, keep a low pro
Come out crushin' shit just for fun like, Co Flow
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, here we go
Ridin' on the sound waves out your stereo

In the procession to your burial
Callin' Hi Tek, Little Leon, the professional
I got the special flow listenin' to estero
Puffin' vegetables and now I'm red to go

The illest rhyme animal like Chuck
Burn leech niggas like salt when I lay in the cut
Think you about to blow when you continue to suck
The shit I've been through

Make me run up in your venue like, what
I snatch the mic and ask the crowd what are y'all waitin'
for?
They say nothin' but that fat shit
I got you, say no more I laid the law and all them

Crab rappers played the floor I called them out
A couple of them steeped up and I ate 'em raw

Some more wack, niggas tried to spray the door but
had no aim
Later for them corn balls

On the way out smacked them in they face with a
methaphor
For better or for worse you better call the nurse
Before I send a cleaner
And he get to your hospital room first

What you wanna do? I'm runnin' through your front line
Your whole plan is catcha tan in my sunshine
One time 'cause it's some kinda wonderful
Don't stand there lookin' stupid, what you wanna do?

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I'll take your style and embarras it with
Words beautifully written like, Arabic
Got niggas on the run 'cause the fire like chariot
Introduce pen skills to ill deliveries and married it

Put it in your face like big gats and carried it like Harriet
Various crews tried to bury us
But we shut 'em down like Sagiterious with
That wack shit money you can't be serious

You niggas is hilarious actresses
Runnin' around the club pissy like ghetto mattresses
That's why I smack these kids back to reality
And how it be in actuality

With ready to battle MCs who skip the fuckin'
formalities
We spark it in any club or meat market
Sweet artists don't come on the block they become
street targets
If you want it I got it, come get it I'm with it

Your career will be shorter than a midget
And the world will know who did it
I smack up these ho ass MCs like a gorilla pimp
You comin' out the box like a gimp, money you still a
wimp

My shit blow out filaments and light fixtures
With the right mixture of words used as colors
To paint the right picture

Graphic masterpieces your whole shit is smashed to pieces

Make you look at your man who rhyme
And be like, "you not nasty like he is"
Believe this when you see this, and don't fuck with
Me either, 'cuz you'll be down where my feet is

Curled up in the fetus
Cryin' from the kicks, watch when I flip
People gonna be buyin' my shit
Like fiends dyin' for a hit, so

What you wanna do? I'm runnin' through your front line
Your whole plan is catcha tan in my sunshine
One time 'cause it's some kinda wonderful
Don't stand there lookin' stupid, what you wanna do?

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