

Talib Kweli % Hi Tek F/ Mos Def, Jane Doe, Punch, "Cowboy"

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[Verse 1]

Uh, c'mon, uh, yo, yo
Niggas they drug her up like liquid
How she dish shit
Man, woman, boy and girl got addicted
Damn she flipped it, when gone they missed it
Been on cuz, they can't stop her climb
Nigga you digs it?
Want that, Well you can keep that
Cuz other bitches out there wack but you can't see that
E-V is top notch, I had to spot watch
To make sure I made it mine
Cuz you can't cock block, came up
Fucked the game up
Now your record sales is weak but you can't blame us
Cuz none can tame us, the game'll never drain us
Cuz we gon' stop your shine
And it remains us
It's all good, you takin everything sweet
But it's the problems and the pressure that they can't
see
I'm tryin to make a quick flip
Nigga can you dig this?
Shit is real, make a mil forever be that rich bitch

CHORUS:

Where my niggas at? [WHAT]
Where my thugs at? [WHAT]
Where my niggas gettin stacks?
You know where we at
Now where my bitches at? [WHAT]
Where my hoes at? [WHAT]
Where my bitches chasin stacks?
You know where we at

[Verse 2]

Uh, yo
They callin me a savage
Cuz I gotta have it
I aint work this hard not to ball and live lavish
And let some clown take my shine like I aint workin

overtime
I refuse to fuck up, and lose my place I got in line, huh
Bitch please
Erased your name with ease
And it was nothin, caught you stuntin got no room to
breathe
Only into big things
All day spit game
Tryin to put my people up on paper before shit change
I be up, late night
Tryin to get my papes right
After every show, I gotta go, I got a late flight
Thought they had us figure out
Cuz we pullin figures out
Not that bitch, who is she and what's that nigga Swizz
about?
Questions start to come about
Thought my time was runnin out
But never cuz I'm better under pressure, guess you
figured out
Stop all the dumb shit
I came to run shit
Think I'm leaving, not at all I'm havin to much fun shee-
it

CHORUS

[Verse 3]

Uh, yo
Y'all niggas must be buggin out
The industry we dug it out
We always keep it gangsta we change what y'all be
talkin' bout
Some get away with bullshit
But they the ones who drown quick
Back on the block, hustlin, scrapin money up to buy a
brick
Too late, cuz it's over now
I done shut this whole shit down
Yeah it's me again, you outta touch bitch, fix your frown
C'mon! C'mon! Uh! Uh! What! What! C'mon!
BOUNCE [30X]

CHORUS

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