

Talib Kweli % Hi Tek F/ Mos Def, Jane Doe, Punch, "Twice Inna Lifetime"

Visit "[Twice Inna Lifetime](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

1b50

[Talib Kweli]

Yo, we been through this before right? (Word, word...)

So we

figurin', if we gonna do it, we gotta freak it, y'know
what I'm sayin'?

(True, true, true...) Cuz everything gotta go up from
here, right?

So Hi-Tek, turn it up a notch...

[Jane Doe]

Hail Mary, 'matta fact hail Jane

Niggaz take my name in vain/vein like I was cocaine

My affirmations kill emcees like assasination

Bringin' you pain until you wish you had a vaccination

Or vaccine, I shine like Vaseline

Gas plays like petroleum, walk over them like linoleum

My vocab expand like a rubber band

Walkin' nekkid through the motherland, give the finger
to my brotherman

Niggaz just don't understand my reasons, I transcend
like season

And scar these rappers like legion

It's treason, my suspension attract attention

I'm ventin', givin' these chickenheads detention

Did I mention my name, yo, go by the Jane Doe

Drenched in Polo, chill downtown in Soho

You don't know, this is just half my potential

Check my credentials, come harder than sequential

It's essential, you listen, I drive, you a pedestrian

They bless me on the track cuz I attack wit' the
estrogen

Rhyme against the best a men, Jane burn it up

When you hear it in the whip, tell your man to turn it up!

[Wordsworth]

Yo...get it...yo

Yo, we fortified live, supportin' allies

The wack is tryin' to shorten our lives, it sorta waters
my eyes

But here is some'n the cryin' talk about

The verse on that cassette you and cousin fought about
That led to God and Satan's fallin' out
Encourage the liquor for those who ain't here that you
pourin' out
On 3-way, your parents, preacher and spouse called
my house
Revive or ruin, my theories of mics
Sony or Aiwa, black or white, I fit in all stereotypes
Search for a cast to plot, I make you a laughin' stock
So shook, I could walk a half a block and feel the
aftershocks
Rain of acid drops, seek some help
Now don't rewind, get it the first time,
Shouldn't have to repeat myself
Eternally verbally, I have numbers, succumb to time
outs
In rhyme bouts you'll dial 9, just to get a line out
Known fact or factors and non-rappers fractured
Results in more cast appearances than a hundred
actors
Emcees I'm testin' like diseases injected in gerbils
Wordsworth, Kweli, Hi-Tek, Reflection Eternal..what...

[Talib Kweli]

My style high life like Fonz when I burn heads like a
conk
Cuz niggaz front, when their chances get slim like
Pharoahe Monch
Thinkin' they shits is heavy when they light like
illumination
Intellectual masturbation with premature ejaculation
I'm comin' cleaner than vaccinations
My fascination with character assassination,
Got these niggaz burnin' like sensation
We keep it hot like matches and on lock like latches
Wack emcees get they microphones snatched like Lee
patches
So YOU GO! To every wack muthafucka that you know
(Scram...)
My lyrics they get up in your genes/jeans like Parasucos
So there's no mystery about the father, niggaz is hot
and bothered
Like the bitches that they are, takin' pictures with stars
And got 'em open, but after they little hopes and
dreams get broken
Me and Hi-Tek, we live long and prosper like Vulcans
Think I'm jokin'? We both got sons, we make cream and
break dreams
See through the fake schemes, wipin' your slate clean
Like a squeegee, we be lightin' shit up like phosphorus
Turnin' flamboyant niggaz anonymous, depressin' to

optimus

You stoppin' us is preposterous, like an androgenous
masochanist

You pickin' the wrong time, steppin' to me when I'm in
my prime like Optimus

Transformin', from rookie of the year to veteran
Hip-hop is big business like Con Edison or medicine
But fuck it, they gonna let us in, or else we rush the
door

I got to many reasons, save your 'whys' and 'what fors'

CHORUS:

[Kweli] This is twice inna lifetime so I'm lettin' you know
(let 'em know,
yo!)

Blackstar, Wordsorth, Punchline and Jane Doe (yo!)

[Mos] Lyrical com-pete and WE emcee

We got the fortified five, exhibit level degree

[Punchline]

Check it...

I keep dough in my pocket while you follow the false
prophet

Get deep like Islamics wrapped in a white garment

I touch topics that try to open up your optics

Vacate in the Tropics, you dodgin' bullets in the
projects

Cut the nonsense, I'm hotter than alot a men

Start honorin', got more wifey's than Solomon

Fuck the squad you in, a-yo we be the biddomb

Regardless what I spit on, you worse with the tracks I
shit on

Once you get on, it's fair you can't trust (Yes!)

Words & Punch, make rappers march like the third
month

I build with friends, lyrically spit gems

Call me diamond, cuz I'm your girl's best friend

Emcees are born losers, alcoholic abusers

I'll go on the radio and start a gay rumor

And then I'll talk about how the crowd tried to boo ya

Label shoot ya, stressed out with brain tumors

My gat claps, 50% of the wack

Take it back to real rap, Krylons wit' the fat cap

Get robbed for your ASCAP, leave you inside

Fortified live, reppin' NY 'til I die!

[Mos Def]

Black body radiation situation that we workin' wit'

My verb exists enlisted by the bogeys campin' services

The purpose is, make you go and purchase this, no
nervousness

We are, hot like black tar, Black Star with emergence
Superlative, you fabricated like the word absurditive
I'm rockin this from here to where the purges live
To Brooklyn where the merchants live
Next door to the murderers
And bourbon is a elder man's medicinal alternative
My memory is furnished with, back streets to back
seats to fat Jeeps
Legendary athletes who play by the trash heap
My crew wasn't that deep, but beef we didn't act sweet
Treadin' on these stompin grounds you better catch
some black feet
Flashy, it was between DeKalb and Pulasky
Off the meter like an out of borough taxi
They run your pockets fastly, black and nasty, nappy
and crafty
And SWAT are either sittin' in Clinton or Kaksaki
Man Rudolph can screw off! You too soft to stop us
You and your coppers should see some foot doctors
Got your burnt chest popped up, but keep your guns
cocked up
Cuz all them cats that you knocked up and always gon'
be locked up
Hide yaself like Donna Summer, another number one
And comin' from the underground, this is how it's
comin' down
Baby let me run it down,
Mos Def, Talib Kweli, Jane Doe, Punch, Wor.. umm..E!
Excuse me! Just ate another emcee!
Sometimes that's just how it be
Partner wash you down with green tea and some lime
We like the five on the fist, fortified organized like DIS!

Visit [Talib Kweli % Hi Tek F/ Mos Def, Jane Doe, Punch](#), page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.