

Hi-Tek, Theme From Hi-Tek

Talib Kweli:

Attention players

The rules of the game have now changed

People are no longer afraid of the truth

You call yourself an MC ? Hi-Tek, hit 'em with the..

Hi-Tek on the boards, Kweli in the booth

Make 'em feel it in they bones with the..

Come down yo..

Like, oh my God, what do we have here ?

My man is on fire like the Ohio Players

Throw yo' hands in the air, keep 'em there if you with me

The MPC-60 is rare, but it still sound crispy

Kicks and snares take 'em from elsewhere, samples is hard to find

We don't just act divine, we are

We walkin' upright, you lack spine

I don't just write rhymes

I send force through pipelines to like minds

My light shine so bright it do be, vital like lifesigns

The night time is the right time for a battle so it's special

when cats don't just say your joint is hot, cats say "Yo I respect you"

Put yo' fist in the air when you hear the manifesto

You had any prior doubts to my skills? Time to let go

Hi-Tek, the beats is right beside the sound garden

Tracks get in the vein like heroin the way heads be noddin'

Officially, people love our company like they was misery

I'm known to blast MC's with the cannon of history

Specifically the ones who forgot where they come from

So it's the light that they run from like roaches

whenever the truth approaches

I attack the track ferocious, never lose my focus

Hold this true hip-hop, closest to my heart, and you know this

Nowadays it's hopeless and my diagnosis

is to grab the microphone and be the dopest, you can quote this

Niggaz sound like they injected with collagen

You followin' these hollow men no honor when

you bite off more than you could chew or could be swallowin'

Sorry man I ain't got no pity for you to wallow in

Quit hollerin' before you get stomped out with my Solomon's

All the way from Lynn Street, to (?)

Always bringin' you hot shit, ayyo we promisin'

--"Dissect it on more high-tech shit computers wanna bite";--