

Hush, Let It Breathe

Verse 1: Hush

I was born with the rhythm before Ra had hit 'em
Before Pac had spit 'em with shots full of venom
And glocks was to kill him Big Poppa was the villian
Jay Roc-A-Fella'd 'em Dre split with Suge and them
Way before any before had ever taken it
Look at where we shook it before there was a hook in it
(Yeah) Cops threw the book at it
Crooks was in the kitchen and b-boys was cookin' it
Hot flame on a track who got game?
A lot came after the wack had got play
Shots rang out on a night then cops came
And locked hip-hop in a cell & stopped play
And Radio (Raheem) said 'D muthafucka!? with Love & Hate
Fists of full fury like The Roots said (You Got Me)
I loved you death ever since Eric B. For President (uh)

CHORUS

You have given me everything I need to see
What I need to be somehow you have set me free
Been right by my side everyday throughout my life
Now I know this time I can really blow your mind

So catch your breath & let it breathe x 2

Verse 2: Hush

I gotta bring it back for the street with a track for rap listeners
Back with a beat and a clap for that sinister rap
That ministers yap about it's evil in fact
What you're singing is wack I can't listen to it
It's all crap it's sad what you're doing to it
So sad so there's no sense in grooving to it
(Yeah right) Rock Steady's moving it
Ain't No Half Steppin' and Kane's out there proving it (uh)
Hip-Hop on the screen we Krush Grooves
Beat Street's, Breakin' Electric Boogaloo
So fresh and def plus we're Top Billin'
In full effect you know we're cold chillin'

CHORUS

Verse 3: Talib Kweli

Send a salute to Masta Ace and Craig G the original Jay-Z
Style original flav the style take a bow
It feel good that's my word like the 1st time I heard Illmatic
The feeling I still have it and like 2nd verse from Stop, Look & Listen
Like Pac bustin' shots at cops who tried to hit him and not
Going to prison at least for that
Fuck Tha Police was that shit! STREET CLASSIC (yeah!)
We're so creative when we speakin' in a native tongue
The Tribe, De La Soul, Jungle Brothers were my favorite ones
I seen Run DMC at The Palladium
And KRS rock the projects like a stadium
It gave me chills like when Amir played the drums
'Til we started making sums now it's fuck you pay me
Carry on the family name, still my mama baby
Cuz they laid the foundation and let hip-hop raise me

CHORUS

OUTRO

(Talib Kweli)

C'mon admit it this shit is too fly
The rhymes that I say you just can't deny
Because 100% is what I give it)
I haunt the house with the hip-hop spirit

(Hush)
Emcee's masters of creativity
Rappin' is the activity
Rhyme is a sport, let it be taught that
Hush & Kweli is taking no shorts