

# Talib Kweli, Fly That Knot

(feat. MF Doom)

[Intro: Talib Kweli]

Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' 'bout  
Yeah, we on fire  
We gotta call the fire department  
Let's go  
Yo, yo, yo

[Hook]

I don't know why people try to be live when they not  
I gotta blow up they spot so I fly that knot

[Talib Kweli]

Yo, I know you like that  
You like that!  
Yeah, yeah

[Verse 1: Talib Kweli]

There's an E! True Hollywood Story for the pluckin' it's ripe  
How cats is stuck in purgatory for life  
Tryin' to fight the enemy without sight  
They in the dark swingin' right to left  
Clingin' to the little bit of light that's left  
And can't escape the room, you can't escape the tomb  
You all wear a mask sometimes, I can relate to Doom  
That make the whole world earthquake, shake, and move  
The beat create a mood or eat your whole plate of food  
You can't come close like an order of protection  
That this is myself in the pack was sort of my intention  
Slaughter anybody testin' my callin', my profession  
Anymore questions will born 'em a lesson  
A demonstration of takin' it all the way home  
While you stuck at first base and  
It's like havin' relations without the penetration  
Basically doin' nathin'  
You a waste of space and time  
Always chasin' mine is how you lost your place in line

[Hook]

I don't know why people try to be live when they not  
I gotta blow up they spot so I fly that knot

[Talib Kweli]

We got that uncut flow that bring the cops out  
Pay and groan like young Mike and get knocked out

[Hook]

I don't know why people try to be live when they not  
I gotta blow up they spot so I fly that knot

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah, free the radio population  
Kweli and Doom the 1-2, the combination  
Let's go

[Verse 2: MF Doom]

About time you heard a rhyme flow with Doom and Kweli  
To catch you with the combo, boom boom, Muhammad Ali  
Versus Potsy cursin' Yahtzee at the crap table  
Burstin' caps at a Nazi rap label  
Oops, a pot of hot tea spilt on the cable  
Evaporate an ice grill, read the seeds of Aesop fable  
Children, come sit, gather

Face the rapid fire of the super slap shit outta liar  
The end  
Villain, the champ tramp  
Flowin' since they had him holdin' ???  
He cleaned his mask with a shoe mitt  
And a little bit of her blue spit  
She told him you so stupid  
Wiped it off, got dressed and left  
Everybody instigatin', not just the ref  
We can shoot the fire on the dirt ground  
Rocks out live with the worst sound  
First round knock out

[Hook]  
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I gotta blow up they spot so I fly that knot

[Talib Kweli]  
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[Hook]  
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[Talib Kweli]  
Yeah, free the radio population  
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{\*DJ cuts Talib Kweli samples\*}