

# Talib Kweli, Good To You

[Kweli + (woman's Voice)]

Yea (yeaaaah)

Come on

Uhh

Yeah

Kweli

[Bridge]

Yo Yo

Ayo my silent moments, loud as the crack of thunder  
My hunger is like the crocodile that attacks the hunter  
It ain't commercial or underground, its true cause I  
(wanna be good to you)

[Chorus]

Call it skill, call it game, call it glow, call my name  
Like the lord, all in vein, screaming like you all in pain  
Treat it like a drug, all up in ya vain cause (wanna be good to you)

[Verse 1]

We make the squares dance, and get the do like dotsey  
Y'all niggaz roll with pussy-cats like Josey  
All spoiled rotten like ghetto groceries yo  
I clutch the mic like ya grandma clutch her rosary yo  
Swooping the industry, like a bird to prey  
My stance has got stamina, ya verses lack vertebrae  
I heard them say I was a conscious rapper  
But I'm a monster when I hafta smack the shit out of a nonsense actor  
Using my 'hands solo' and I don't need chewy  
Over your head like Yamakas and Koofies yo  
Fuck the screen gems y'all niggaz act in B movies  
Type of niggaz proud to be groupies  
Followers in the herd running over the cliff  
I'm the +Buffalo Soldier+, smoke ya like a dread like rasta  
blowing the spliff, loading a clip to spit high  
Like you holding blow in a stolen whip, rolling the strip  
Looking to hit cops, now that's a 4 alarm  
Black queen falling on my arms, you could call it charm  
Mater fact call it what you want, its up to you bro  
(wanna be good to you)

Yea

Yea

Yea

[Chorus (1x)]

[Verse 2]

How many niggaz ever been in love'  
How many niggaz really think they thugs  
And can't think without the drink and drugs  
How many niggaz can't get in with hats and sneakers on  
Say 'fuck security' and get inside and keep them on  
How many niggaz think that gats make the weaker strong  
Can't do for self and wanna snatch the plate you eating on  
That don't take heart, slave, nigga play ya part  
I'd rather jump over board nigga, face the sharks  
We stay doing it, later for the conversation  
Hammers is cocked and waiting, niggaz is not debating  
We ain't got the patience You found popping shit  
Come in to town just to run you down like poppa ditch  
And dig a proper ditch, you lying like a politician  
Your proposition meets opposition like contradictions  
Get out my house, you ain't no real representative  
I make it happen, you ain't official, you tentative

Niggaz is sensitive, see how they catching feelings  
It's so hot, the sweat rise and it wet the ceiling  
Barracuda, Spitkicker nigga that's the crew (wanna be good to you)

[Breakdown]  
Whoo! (yeaahh)  
Come on  
Yeah  
Low ride  
Yo  
Yo  
Yo

[Verse 3]  
Niggaz be claiming shit, find a gangsta movie, put  
they name in it, biting like there ain't no shame in it  
You the hardest on the beat, I'm the fire that you playing with  
You a artist from the street, I'll give you the blood to paint it with  
So yeah I'm positive, I'm positive I'm the best  
Spit bullets to split ya vest and deposit them in ya chest  
Dark is the flesh on my bones, calling Brooklyn home  
Hang up on niggaz like 'I want you to meet my nigga tone, word  
Leave me alone like Michael Jackson  
Or there will be more than butterflies in your stomach  
waiting to see what happens  
You see me out, know that my crew is flawless  
So called gangstas need more security than the Rawkus office  
Yo, I thought you bust ya gun  
You just a big joke, thinking you a Big Pun  
Yo, Kayne this is the big one (wanna be good to you)  
me and my niggaz having big fun

[Bridge (1x)]

[Chorus (1x)]

Come on,  
BK and  
BX and  
Q boro and  
Manhattan and  
Harlem niggaz and  
Long Island  
Wanna be good to you you come on! (wanna be good to you)  
The whole world rocking  
Yo the whole world rocking  
Ayo uhh