

# Talib Kweli, Raise The Bar

(woman: just give me a try!)

[Verse 1]

(what we gon' do? yeah)

We gon' work, we gon' play

We gon' lead the way

We gon' say everything that we need to say

Then get ghost in the breeze to blow the leaves away

MCs today, it's like they throwin' our seeds away

But that ain't for me to say, right?

It ain't got to be this way

We gon' take charge, make gods out of men

We gon' raise bars, show y'all how to win

Hit the rally, hit the riot, get the party started

Respect the words you herbs, it's the Kwelity artist

I solemnly promised the knowledge will demolish your college

Admonishes scholars, you acknowledge the dollars (yeah)

Want me to payola? Man I don't even know that boy, I'm takin' over

Keepin' it fresh like bakin' soda in your fridge

I keep Brooklyn like Jamaica so ???

[Hook]

That's how it is, "say la wi, ooh la la wi wi"

Please, excuse my French, nigga ridin' the bench

Sayin' "Coach, let me in, yo I know we can win"

(woman: just give me a try!)

[Verse 2]

Yeah I see y'all flossin' like you got shit on your teeth

'Til I get up on the mixtape and I shit on your beat

Well ever since I came back niggas ain't gettin' no sleep

Why beef? NayNay shit on the street

Come on, my words man hit like pure 'caine/+Cane+, ask +Abel+

I got more lines than cokeheads on a glass table

Roll with a thorough crew, everybody follow through

Brooklyn where on the street we either swallow you or hollow you

You know how my borough do

Cats'll pull the ratchet out, start blackin' out off funny style

Cats nothin' to laugh about (ha)

It's hood politics, the hood economics

You get exploited, even your +Daddy-O+ like Stetsasonic

Kweli the best alive, my words spray like pestacide

You niggas keep on buggin' me

When they gonna exercise their right to exit right now

And keep it movin'?

I'm the solution, niggas shootin' to salute

[Hook]

That's how it is, "say la wi, ooh la la wi wi"

Please, excuse my French, nigga ridin' the bench

Sayin' "Coach, put me in, yo I know we can win"

(woman: just give me a try!)

[Interlude]

B.K. in the house, what you wan' do?

L.A. in the house, what you wan' do?

BaBOO in the house, what you wan' do?

West Coast throw your W

[Verse 3]

I'm comin' through like MCs are my students and I'm the sensai

You need to fuck with your boy, fuck what your friends say

It's like my shits are so tight, I need some Ben Gay

I like the energy right, they call me feng shui  
Men pray to their false gods and lost God a while ago  
And crack up like the ???  
No smile, know their inner-child can grow  
Go out strapped with the calico  
At a party ready to set it, wetted his throat  
Had him better to smoke  
His eyes red and he ready to let go  
Yo oh, and then the DJ threw it on  
A nigga like that's my shit, word is bond

[Hook]

That's how it is, "say la wi, ooh la la wi wi"  
Please, excuse my French, nigga ridin' the bench  
Sayin' "Coach, put me in, yo I know we can win"  
(woman: just give me a try!)

[Interlude]

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{\*DJ scratching\*}