

# Talib Kweli, Say Something

Intro:

The year is 1975 (yeah, hahaha!)  
Brooklyn, New York City (stand up)  
A child destined for greatness is born (we goin' in)  
Let's go!

Get your hands in the air (get em up!)  
Put your hands in the air (put em up!)  
Get your hands in the air (get em up!)  
Put your hands in the air (put em up!)

Chorus:

Talk shit now (nownownow) What? What?  
Talk shit now (nownownow) What?  
Talk shit now (nownownow) What?  
Talk shit now (nownownow) What?  
Talk shit now (nownownow)

Say something, say something (what was that?)  
Say something (I dare you), say something

Verse 1: Talib Kweli

The lord chief rocker, I'm colder than meatlockers  
My people keep throwin' it up like cheap vodka  
I smack internet emcees and beat bloggers  
You can see my black thought like Riq Trotter  
It's deep go ahead and sleep  
They know in the street Kwe' gon flow on the beat proper  
Composin' complete operas  
Longer than a cigar thats godfather,  
Tap into heart chakras im harder than gobstoppers  
People comin' for the throne not knowin' the seat hotter  
Than fish grease, criminal names on police blotters  
You convinced me, I hit targets like top shottas  
Out in the mideast like Muslims takin' Shahada  
I'm sayin' makin' a profit a product of Reaganomics  
Awake and I'm stayin' conscious to radio playin' garbage, yeah  
Blacksmith Music, if you don't pay homage,  
I'ma show you how we break an artist  
That's a threat, I'm not makin' a promise  
Speak to the people like Barak Obama  
They worship like a black Madonna, c'mon  
Niggas talk shit, but they ain't got skills  
I'm the type of nigga to put lead in your grill  
Number two pencil is sharper to bruise mentals, and  
Beatin' in my chest is the heart of a true gentleman  
Still spit right in your face  
Fuck a Top 8, back up, gimme my space, you're not safe

Yeah, they say I'm back, but I ain't go nowhere though  
Been here the whole time  
Where you been? You back  
Matter fact, apologize

Chorus:

Talk shit now (nownownow) What? What?  
Talk shit now (nownownow) What?  
Talk shit now (nownownow) What?  
Talk shit now (nownownow) What?  
Talk shit now (nownownow) C'mon

Say something (g'head), say something (uh huh)  
Say something (what?) (who is it?) say something (Jean Grae!)

Verse 2: Jean Grae

Yeah, open your mouth, say something, I fuckin' dare you  
Chokin' you out till you can't suck any air through  
Fuck with your man too, thinkin' I can't do what I plan to  
Vet vandal, niggas are brand new  
Ain't knew I was bad news? Look at the tattoos  
Get ran through like you was fingers through Sassoon  
Horror chick in the bathroom, off the backstage room  
Shit you couldn't imagine, nigga I'll harass you  
I'll Ras Kass you, soul on ice and body cast dude  
Past due, Jean and Kwe the last two action heroes  
Actually had the capacity to be the ones in a class of zeroes  
Hip hop's not dead, it was on vacation  
We back, we bask in the confrontation  
You can ask me, have any conversation  
You talk shit, Blacksmith, Jean, I'm waitin', nigga

Chorus:

Talk shit now (nownownow) What? What?  
Talk shit now (nownownow) What?  
Talk shit now (nownownow) What?  
Talk shit now (nownownow) What?  
Talk shit now (nownownow)

Say something (g'head), say something (what was that?)  
Say something (I dare you), say something

Verse 3: Talib Kweli

We not fallin' for your trick cause your image is like a gimmick  
Forget it, every rhyme is bitten, you like a mimic  
I'm talkin' to the lord and I'm askin' him for forgiveness  
Just for kickin' niggas out the club like Michael Richards  
Yeah, I admit, I'm guilty, the way I spit is filthy  
I keep it gritty, so they get it, they feel me, the flow  
Is known for touchin' the soul of street hustlers  
I speak in the language - you know I keep customers  
The writing therapeutic, it's due to the pain and sufferin'  
While these dudes get it confused and abuse the creative substance  
I'm givin' you a contact high, my name buzzin'  
And I came in the game with nothin', stop frontin' nigga, talk shit now!

Outro:

The year of the Blacksmith is not defined by any calendar  
Just thought I'd remind all you challengers  
Get the name right, Talib Kweli, BKMC, stand up!

Get your hands in the air (get em up!)  
Put your hands in the air (put em up!)  
Get your hands in the air (get em up!)  
Put your hands in the air (put em up!)