

# Talib Kweli, The Blast (Video Version)

\* has an extra verse not on the album

[Talib Kweli] (Vinia Mojica)

Yeah, you pronounce my name (Kweli), any questions?  
I bring many blessings with my man Hi-Tek and he from the Natti (Natti)  
We make the sky crack, feel the fly track,  
get your hands up like a hijack  
Fist in the air for (Kweli), keep 'em there like  
Natural mystic or smoke when they spliffs lit  
It's a revolutionary (party), they ask me what I'm writing for  
I'm writing to show you what we fightin for  
Say Taleeb or Talib (Kweli), if it's hard try spelling it phonetically  
If not then just let it be like Nina Simone  
you probably (ably) don't listen B  
Even when we suffer loses I account the victory  
Sometimes it's far and between I'm sad to say  
it got my brain crowded like sunset on a Saturday  
I know my son wept 'cause his dad's away  
Stop crying be strong is what I had to say  
to my little man named Amani (mani)

Chorus: repeat 2X

Start the party, my crew hot feel these two shots  
Like the blast from a double barrel shottie (shottie)  
It's got to be, your man Hi-Tek and Kweli  
Who make you rock your body (body)

[Hi-Tek]

I remember when it all started  
Back in the day when me and moms first parted  
Hi-Tek from the beginning I stayed advanced  
A young chameleon -- adapt to any circumstance  
Peep game nigga, never been a lazy nigga  
Stayed on my hustle, concentrate to get the paper bigger  
Stay focused while other cats stay hopeless  
While niggas stay high I stay lower,  
Stacking my chips to get a foreclosure, this shit ain't over  
Going for the gusto, keep getting that provo,  
It's Hi-Tek (and Kweli) on the track like Flow Jo,  
bet you ain't even know I had flow though

Chorus

[repeat 3x]

Keep on dancing, ya gotta keep on dancing  
{Overlapping} oh oh ohhhhhh, yeah yeahhhhhhh

Keep on dancing, ya gotta keep on dancing

[Talib Kweli] (Vinia Mojica)

Say my name, say my name (Kweli), like Destiny's Child  
Shine bright like my girl's heavnly smile or a suit on Steve Harvey (Harvey)  
Or tighter than them jeans that be huggin black hips  
'70 style like Chaka Khan ain't nobody (body)  
Set the stage, blazed like my crew we burn it down like sages  
Smokin, clubs is where we party (party)  
Holla at my spit kickin niggas  
Pharoahe Monch, De La Soul, Common Sense, and my man Biz Markie (Markie)

Chorus

[repeat 3x]

Keep on dancing, ya gotta keep on dancing

{Overlapping} oh oh ohhhhhh, yeah yeahhhhhh

Keep on dancing, ya gotta keep on dancing