

# Talib Kweli, Too Late

Yo, when the bass thump, the place jump  
Like it's way crunk, yeah,  
Fake punks get they face lumped  
Sent to the most high, by the most fit  
You gotta do, fuck that almost shit  
The fam is close knit  
You diggin', know the clock don't stop tickin'  
Glocks still spittin', the whole block politickin'  
Lik epresidents with they minds dead on arrival  
Leaving no evidence of a struggle for survival  
Songs relevant to the times like the psalms read in the Bible  
Stepping to this leaves thoughts in your head 'it's suicidal'  
It's the T to the A-L-I-B the deep rooter  
Rolling with my wanna battle cats who chief buddha  
And see through the overspecialized, underpressurized  
No lie texturized, emcees who got the masses mesmerized  
with empty rhetoric, they better quit  
Niggas so hollow that they echo like sentiments

Nowadays rap artists coming half-hearted  
Commercial like pop, or underground like black markets  
Where were you the day hip-hop died?  
Is it too early to mourn? Is it too late to ride? (6x)

Kwa is chillin', Tone is chillin'  
What more can I say, we stay building  
And make killings  
Take children through the wilderness, by the hand  
It's a great feeling, show 'em how to be a man  
Exactly, pack trees in my khakis  
My sound fat like a Neve while you thin like a Mackey  
C'mon, shine so bright when I walk by  
You got ta squint like the motherfucking sun in your eye  
What! Say somethin, you stay frontin  
It ain't nothing, let off like I'm big game hunting  
Me and Tek stay way blunted  
Wave running on beaches with white sand  
With a slight tan  
Smack the mic stand with my right hand  
When I'm excited  
Leave you so far in the dust that you forced to bite it  
On fire like property lost to riots  
Yo, ain't no stopping us when we all united

Chorus