

# Talib Kweli, We Pullin' Out Tonite

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Set it off, set it off, get it off now  
Get out or you headed North now  
Ain't comin at you like its soft now  
We pullin out tonite  
Rapapapapa pa  
Rapapapapa pa  
Rapapapapa pa  
Rapapa pa

[Verse 1]

Y'all dudes be watchin T.V., see the MC, get the CD  
Believin every word he's heard spit, you best believe me  
So when I get to spittin, this should be so excitin  
You see your favorite rapper and you can't believe you like him  
Saw a tear comin from your eye now  
Can't really pretend you fly now  
So you still frontin but why now  
Feel like you can't touch the sky now  
What the people really feelin, let's find out  
If you rockin with a nigga, let's ride out  
We got no time to lie down  
Young girls in the fuckin cryin out  
Its the way that I walk and I talk like  
I'm a real Brooklyn-New York type  
You know the type to push niggaz off bikes  
One summer only rock Air-Force Nikes  
Gonna put it down answer the door right  
Go hard to the paper with all night  
Spit that murder rap, murder rap rap  
Sounds like rapapa

[Interlude]

Rapapapapa pa  
Rapapapapa pa  
Rapapapapa  
Rapapapapa pa  
G-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah  
G-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah  
G-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah  
G-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah  
G-yeah, g-yeah  
Here we go, here we go  
Here we go, here we go c'mon

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

These niggaz screamin how they take your life ??? dreamin  
They leave the proof so they can keep their man a cure appointment  
Say they be on the block and they got ammuny  
They can't even scare white people and they pay their community  
And I know you got a wife and you not playing with your kids  
That's why I don't believe in half the shit you say you did  
Treat you like Craig, you ain't gotta lie  
Like B.I. somebody gotta die  
I keep these niggaz on their toes, fuck it, somebody gotta try  
I make the mystery DIE, I'm like Magnum P.I  
Its just a fax when I RAP, I got 'em trapped like T.I  
Niggaz get 24's and shit they ain't got money for  
And put on some funny clothes to holla at some funny hoes  
And what you think that make you a man huh  
That don't make you nothin but a bumma  
Drop, pause and they ain't no cameras

Gangstas gotta cry your manner  
You rockin a shook demeanor, probably scared to throw some joints  
Ain't gonna bust a nina, nothin sweeter, what's the point?

[Interlude]

[Chorus]

[ad-libs]