

# Talib Kweli, What They May Seem

[Talib Kweli]

Turn the music up a little bit

Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo

Uh, yeah

Come on everybody 5x

Hide your crops, here come the lyrical locusts, hurry!

If your vision's blurry, now focus is necessary

Son, you hopeless like an ex-Christian

We On the next Mission, to knock it out the park like Scott Brosius

Me and Tony Toc is the bravest and the boldest

Breathin for them kids who catchin asthma from livin wit the roaches

From youngest to oldest, I'm the coldest

Ask 'the trees?', I'm kickin rhymes like chronic hamatosis

[Tony Touch]

Yo, this is our shit, we puttin it down as my perrara

I'm all up on you wack MC's like troopa cabra

If you thought that was fresh, you ain't seen nada

From New York to Nicaragua, it's the rap Kimosabe

Infiltratin Illuminatti, poly

Me, De La, Talib Kweli

From BK, buckwild MC's and DJ's

Fuck the he-say she-say bullchiche

[Talib Kweli]

Yo my heart be beatin to the rhythm

Blood be flowin through my vein like words explodin in my brain

Ya'll niggas numb like novacaine

I know the game, and I got all my people in a huddle

Our rebuttal is far from subtle

We leave the other team standin in they own puddle

Then we take off like a space shuttle

We scope everything out like the Hubble

Drop my rhymes in the ocean, make the sea level double

I always keep it poppin cuz I ain't in your bubble

[Tony Touch]

Aiyyo we kick that, shit that make you wanna spit back

But na, we ain't wit that chitchat

Talkin 'bout you blast tecs and cash checks

I'ma ask Flex if I can put it on your ass next

Patrol freaks, scandalous when I hold heat

I boldly let off and watch your soul leak

Got the yerro, here to bring the thunder

Eighth wonder, comin straight out the under

[Chorus]

[TK] Live from 7-18, we prone to make cream, Kweli

[TT] Tony Touch, and we make a great team

[TK] Givin niggas nightmares

[TT] Makin ladies daydream

[Both] Yo things ain't always what they may seem

[TT] It's the 7-18 and we always make cream, Tony Touch

[TK] Kweli, we make a great team

[TT] Givin niggas nightmares

[TK] And make the ladies daydream

[Both] Aiyyo things ain't always what they may seem (knamean?)

[Talib Kweli]

Yes indeedy, I wrote graffiti on the bus

50 MC's in my Walkman courtesy of Tone Touch

Thank you very much (No doubt)

Yo grab the microphone, show them what Brooklyn's all about

[Tony Touch]

Aiyyo, raw shit, unexpected, off the wall shit  
Tony Touch, the rest of ya'll need to forfeit  
It ain't the same, kid the game went corporate  
I gotta floss it in case you thought I lost it  
I'm still here, hittin you in the cavesa  
Never the less while I'm drinkin my silvesa  
A gordanita wit a chica named Vanessa  
No pressure when I come to bless ya  
Stop billin, name hold weight like Bob Dylan  
I cach ya'll on the rebound if God's willing

[Talib Kweli]

Everybody within the sound of my voice, let's start buildin  
Too many wack-ass MC's, I'm not feelin  
That's why I'm keeppin it tight when I'm speakin through mics  
Radiate like a beacon of light to seek in the night  
I got Soul like the De La, African like Fela  
My occupation is professional rhyme sayer  
Seen in the magazine, they used to have some love for me  
Till my rhyme fucked up the editor, they never ran the story  
When cats bore me, let's break out, I say to my man Corey  
Infiltrate the fam, you receive candles ambulatory  
It's mandatory I put that out there, so ya'll respect it  
Follow this, if you can't, here's your chance to exit  
Out the procession, now you not stopped in my progession  
You ain't hip hop, I embrace the whole essence

Chorus with slight variations