Talib Kweli, Brown Sugar (Raw)

[Mos Def (Talib Kweli)]
We here, we here, we here (yes yes yes yes)
Fire code (uh uh uh uh)
Yes, huh (hey)
We roll from uh- you know (hey)
You know what time it is (get your hand out my)
You know what time it, uh
Black Star, come on ma (yeah)
Now come on ma (yeah)
Come on ma (uh)
And, listen

[Mos Def]
Yo honeys check it out, she got me mesmerized
With your black hair and your fat ass WOW
Walks over, feel your feet tap on the ground
Make a *nigga* come back like "What's happenin now?"
Hear he really promising the platinum, get down
You'll be backin it out, straight backin 'em down
With your hand on your mouth
And damn baby girl, what's that all about?
You know the ave puttin curves in the brow
On your job, all workin it out
I like how you coordinate: purse, skirt, and the blouse
Around the way, comin straight out the house
You just laid on the couch
Make a cat just pause and be "Wow"

[Talib Kweli]
Baby's body was immaculate
Sweet like my first kiss in the back of the flick
I have to insist, miss, that we chat for a bit
But your ass wanna diss
Walkin all fast like you can't stop
I need somebody to get passionate with
You just assume that I be on that supermasculine *shit*
Crackin the whip just to shut you you and fasten your lip
I just be shinin my light and they be baskin in it
I go out casually dip trip on the tragically hit
Sippin Cosmopolitans on some fashionably *shit*
Black Star in the building and it hasta be sick
BK still smokin *nigga* pass me the *shit*, what

[Mos Def, Talib Kweli, and background singers]
Stop (what up)
You got it (come on ma)
Stop
You got it (come on ma)
Stop
You got it
Stop
Brown sugar let me see you shake it out
Stop (brown sugar baby)
Ha you got it (there you go)
(brown sugar baby) you got it (work it out)
(brown sugar baby) you got it (come on ma)
Brown sugar let me see you shake it out

[Talib Kweli]
Yeah, this go out to the cats
Be workin for weeks to purchase a piece
I'm with my people hurtin to cease, it's curtains for peace
Certain keeps spurs to their knees like I'm chirpin with Tweet
Rhymes sicker than the pervert that flirt with his niece

Stop, the track lay in a hearse deceased
We don't play, my man Kanye murdered the beat
Yo the rhymin's on me, coutesy of Kweli
It's +ludacris+ how I'm +disturbin the peace+

[Mos Def]
Yeah, you ain't burnin the street
Look at how we got 'em personally thiefed
Sipped on when I get open Henny
Pen strollin on the track like Bishop Don
Or filmed on the Real World
Smoke slow, no joke, one draw I kill y'all
How many times yo do I got to tell y'all?
My next album boy I get killed off, it's real y'all
We big merger, you act like you know the deal y'all
Brooklyn, stand up and let me hear y'all
Brown sugar babe

[Talib Kweli]
Chocolate
Nubian girls rock to this (whoo)
Black Star rock the whole metropolis
Brooklyn cats and you know we pocket it
Black Star got the whole world watchin it

[Mos Def]
Stop, from the Ivy League colleges
To the blocks where the drama is
And they keepin their (???) lit
Just shake it out and respond to this
And shake all of it

[Mos Def, Talib Kweli, and background singers)
Stop (uh come on)
You got it (I said come on)
Stop
You got it (yeah, yo, we said come on)
Stop
You got it (brown sugar lemme see you shake it out)
Stop (brown sugar baby)
You got it
Stop (I said come on)
You got it (look at you)
Stop
You got it (brown sugar lemme see you shake it out)
Stop (huh yeah)
Stop (come on ma)
Stop (come on ma)
Stop
Stop (come on ma) (Black Star start doin it)
Stop (come on ma) (02 y'all yeah)
Stop (come on ma) (uh yeah)
Stop (Black Star, shinin)
Stop (yeah)
Stop (haha yeah)
Stop (haha yeah)
Stop (Mos Kweli, come on)
Stop