

# Talib Kweli, Buck 'Em Down

[Verse One: Styles]

You should take the cross off your neck and pray to Jesus  
I'm breakin' every rapper up like eighty pieces  
I done sat in the cell and stared at the wall  
And I'm swearin' to God I air all y'all  
I live by the sword or the pistols  
Summertime I'm outside with niggaz with pitbulls  
I don't smoke the haze if it ain't got the crystals  
Look in my eyes you can tell I would lift you  
I'm in the DB nine when I'm comin' to get you  
I'm with my Arab man and he holdin' the missiles  
I'm sayin' fuck all y'all  
If you don't understand let me make it real clear I'm sayin' what to all y'all  
No more videos or them silly hos ridin' on y'all dick when I cut all y'all  
The game too pussy I think it need change  
I wanna see the barrel flame 'til they brains get mushy  
East Coast Ghost  
Ain't no other rapper in the game that you know that plays the streets so close  
Still bring pain  
Fire more shots than y'all motherfuckers do in that Max Payne game  
Anybody front I'm knockin' 'em out D blockin' 'em out  
That mean I'ma snatch his chain

[Verse Two: Talib Kweli]

Ain't nobody fuckin' with Kweli  
And the rock with a real name like a Styles P  
Represent the L.O.X  
Big up to all the massive rude boy on deck  
Niggaz yellin' out what the blood clot, lick enough shots  
Finna bust a flow like buckshot  
What's up Franklin Avenue?  
These Brooklyn niggaz runnin' wild through the jungle like caribou  
Rap immaculate  
I spit fire that will get tobacco lit faster than the rider on the chariot  
Old school and cooler than the river watered downstream  
Hit the block hotter than them grits poured in Al Green  
The cops flashin' the lights, passin' them bikes  
Ask for ya rights and they beat you like The Passion Of Christ  
They got a sicker fetish for violence than Mel Gibson  
We inject it in our system through direct television  
The way I'm spittin' Heaven through the Hell we living  
It's like fate is a fakery style you can tell it's written  
It's like a jail when you're sittin' in a cell or prison  
With destiny comin' in the form of some mail or a visit  
Yea opportunity's knockin'  
Like the beat, cuz I got Pete Rock and Beatminerz in my hemoglobin  
Premier Show and Diamond D  
Listen here we about to flip it on the track like nine to three