

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