

# Talib Kweli, Comin From The Lower Level

[Phil Da Agony]

Hard way o' livin  
Take it one day at a time  
Combine all the thoughts from the mind  
See through y'all like a Australian hundred  
People still buzzin off the first single blunted  
Lyrics like a maze  
The beat'll just keep you enroute  
So y'all can just party ya way out  
Developin at the house  
So when it comes time for me to put it out  
I get my point off what I'm about  
Family first  
Depictin every word on my verse  
To be the best weapon on earth  
I'm steppin on turf  
Symbolizin makin it work  
Network, the date on my shirt  
Prayin it works  
If I die my lyrics are legible  
Somebody read 'em  
Cuz somebody in this world need 'em  
Feed 'em to the hungry  
Educate all the people amongst me  
Spread 'em all across the whole country

[Hook]

[Ras Kass]

Yeah  
Ras gladiate fowla  
Imma die through valhalla  
Slappin sixteen pimps like baguettes with baby powder  
How high is elevation?  
Depends on the mind  
How much is too much?  
Depends on the crime  
Nine to the ten, (and) eight to the nine  
My ho's rate like television networks prime time  
My whole state asks me to stand on my shoulders  
Tell ya soldiers we be bold like yo shanoya  
Hold ya damn phone  
They puttin bb, jay, shyne, and biggie on the same song  
With p diddy, lil zane, ja rule, and tupac  
If this truth fits, wear it biter, and through the socks (nigga)  
Phil the agony, ras kass, kweli  
I fuck with hos from videos not then again I read  
Respect ya for not me I be superficial  
Money, hos, and clothes, then let death kiss you

[Hook]

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah  
I write rhymes on backpedals of dusted cars  
Trust these bars to get high enough to touch the stars  
My dreams far to big for a box  
I rock harder than fiends leanin on ya block  
Steamin on some chocolate paper filled with the greatest  
And got the latest devices on my head  
It's all here as far as this rap shit  
I let y'all niggaz argue about who the nicest  
Set my watch to crisis  
Fundraise stack papers like isis

Twice as much you wanted first is what you get  
Ya boy kwa about to let you forget  
Don't hold ya breath  
This the whole enchilada  
My flow's hotta  
And blows spotsa (sssssss)  
Like soldiers lookin for osama  
Go harder to the paint of stained glass artists  
Lacin the chapel with bitches and papel saints  
Yall ain't natural, y'all sweet like snapple drinks  
This battle see what the big apple think  
We hotter than bein on the beat  
To cali with minx  
You on a brink