

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