

Talib Kweli, Eternalists

Yeah
Now here we go
Here we go (come on come on)
Now here we go
Here we go (come on come on)
Yeah

[Talib Kweli]

Stay strong this ain't for the faint hearted
My name's honored cause my style is insane retarded
Remain hottest from St. Marks to St. Thomas
Take game farther than the put-put planes charted
The same artist who smoke rainforest and bang hardest
My brain smartest break a nigga like a lame promise
All city like train bombers
Check out the pictures we painted (yeah)
More colorful than Kelis naked
Your skills is least debated and your album least awaited
Even Big Tigger wouldn't let you in "The Basement"
Face it y'all niggas face down with your legs kicking
They call your momma Roy Jones cause she raise chicken
You're "Down for the Count" like Rah Digga I'm straight spittin
Make pigeons say, "Uh uh, no they didn't!"
Yes we did so god bless the kid yo
I got my own so I never stress his no

[Chorus]

In this journey you're the journal I'm the journalist
Am I eternal.. or an eternalist?
Soon as we showed up I sensed nervousness
As soon as we rolled up y'all niggas burn to this

Here we go
Come on
Yeah yeah (yeahhh)
Yeah yeah (yeah yeah come on)
Yeah yeah
Come on come on

[Talib Kweli]

Yo we send this bullet straight towards your brain
We taking over like Moors in Spain there's more to gain
Runaways get aboard the train (come on)
You can't ignore the pain (no)
When it come down like the pouring rain
Caught the Train of Thought it clanked across the raw terrain
The cold weather break your spirit like a water main
I looked in your eyes and I saw the shame
Y'all don't know that our greatness came before the chains
No you can't imagine a future where this all can change
If one of us ain't free then we all to blame
So we attack each other fighting project wars and thang
It's all the same across the board we fall for game
You wanna see through that shit then you can call my name
Kweli I chop it up like raw cocaine
I drop gems at top ten, I'm not for the fame
You wanna test and I bet you get wrecked like lost planes
Yo

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

And there it is (yeah)
Yeah yeah (yeah yeah)
Come on

Yeah yeah (yeah yeah)
Yeahh
Yeah yeah (yeah yeah)
Yo yo yo
Say whaaat? Say what, say what, say what

[Talib Kweli]

I rock for the purists and I rock for the players
I rock for the fellas and I rock for the ladies (come on)
I rock for the elders and I rock for the babies (yeah)
I rhyme to the sirens that cry in the night (yeah)
Live on the mic even though I've been dying to write (yeah)
Since the days of flying a kite and ridin my bike (come on)
Open my eyes and keep the prize within my line of sight (yeah)
Now cats drop out of school to get fiends high on a pipe (word)
Seem like that's the ghetto way of tryin to fight
The system thats based on trying to stop you from shinning your light
We dying in spite of getting rich
That's why I rhyme like a battle emcee
Battling the tragedies and fallacies
That be killing niggas quicker than infant mortality
They acting like whats going on now is distant reality
Behaving so casually that they become a casualty
Plus they don't wanna battle me anyway
They try to walk away but they stumble like Macy Gray
Cats hit the tunnel to rumble and say, "Hey DJ!"
Make me wonder why they call Sunday the lazy day

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

Check me out

yeah yeah
yeah yeah
yeah yeah (fades)