

Talib Kweli, Great Expectations

My nigga Punchline want his money

Yo, this is a capitalist society

Yo!

Hello world, how y'all doin'?

Don't be shy, y'all can wave back, man

I know y'all can't see me

Oh you got it?

[VERSE 1: Talib Kweli]

Talib Kweli ichiban in Japan is mush-mush
Yo, I'm able to keep it fresh like veggie tables and couscous
Got my comp in a catch deuce-deuce
Livin' proof, you want the truth?
Nah, you can't handle the truth
I flip it like any Angelo, be it Michael- or D'
Paint the ceiling with my sounds, smoke trees with melodies
I enter the palace with no malice intended
If I's make you cough a chalice is recommended
Particularly filled with sticky that I got from Manny
I'm breakin' mics like Amy Fisher breakin' a family
It can be, all so simple if you let it
If you don't want to, fuck it, forget it, yo, don't sweat it
You feel little
When you let the power of the rhythm hit you
White Widow got my eyes Chinese
But sharp as leaves
Of paper cuttin' your skin
Whenever I write with my pen
And make a point
Y'all be like, "Yeah, that's the joint"
Yo Matt, got the track on they DAT
That make it easy to complete
Cause I write shit with or without a beat
See you on the hook like a fish
We knock it out, no doubt, the shit fixed
Like carols at Christmas
So bounce, come on, bounce, come on
I lock you in my sentence and the shit's a run-on

Tokyo, where you at?

Brooklyn, where you at?

[CHORUS]

Kweli next to be up, so I suggest you re-up
Or freeze up like you hear a shot
Now I can trace the tracks of all the teardrops
Of every single MC in earshot
I fear not or none, number one
Ichiban, none, number one, ichiban

[VERSE 2: Talib Kweli]

I get my camouflage from Weiss/Mahoney
My rhymes are worth the price of Sony
Your light like last for one minute like Rice-A-Roni
Son, I'm nice, you're phoney
It seems all you want in life's to know me
I'm colder than when the ground's covered with ice and it's snowy
One and only Talib Kweli from Eternal Reflect

Yo, I come to Tokyo where everything is Hi-Tek
So I feel right at home, rightin poems, fightin clones
Who bite my own style cause they ain't got one
I got drive while you ride shotgun
Please stop, son
I watch _Get on the Bus_ a lot
And all this shabuya has got to stop
I'm just playin, Japanese culture is like amazin
Animation is like hair-raisin
Kick selection got no limit
Eatin seaweed, maybe one day I get with it
But when I see weed I'm smokin
Heh, I'm just jokin
Really not though
My homie Common told me, "Arigato"
My art got no
Boundaries like Pablo Picasso
Who? You don't know, you never knew
Big up to Ru
See you in the show on the Avenue
Of the Americas
Etcetera, etcetera
You get the point, you want hot shit, I got a plethora
Classics, it's the best of
Brooklyn, New York City
So we're never comin shitty
I get more love in Japan than _Hello Kitty_
Such a pity, these MC's think they hangin with me
Catch me on Japanese MTV with Mos Diddy

[CHORUS]

Kweli is next to be up, so I suggest you re-up
Or freeze up like you hear shots
Now I can trace the tracks of all the teardrops
Of every single MC in earshot
I fear not or none, number one
Ichiban, none, number one, ichiban
None, number one, ichbinan, no-no-no-no-no...

Here we go, one, two, come on
Here we go, one, two, come on
Yo, I'm out
Peace