

# Talib Kweli, Guerrilla Monsoon Rap

(Kweli talking)

Yeah...

Yeah! That's what I'm talkin about!

Let's do it... Kanye West, c'mon turn me up and  
Black Thought, c'mon turn me up and  
Pharoahe Monch, c'mon turn me up and  
Talib Kweli in the house with

(Hook: Kanye West)

Guerrilla monsoon rap - all the shorties like "who dat?"  
Got the whole crowd like "how ya do dat?"  
Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black  
And ya crew, give me dap like true dat  
We come through and all the shorties like "who dat?"  
Got the whole crowd like "how ya do dat?"  
Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black  
And ya crew, give me dap like true dat

(Black Thought)

Yo, I hit these emcees with the grip of death like I was a Vulcan  
Ain't a lot of "ifs" and "ands", it's just straight talkin  
It's hard to swallow at times, so take portions  
Bitin off more than you can chew, create offense  
Emcee species endangered like dolphins  
Rappers is spittin nails into they own coffins (c'mon)  
Hear come the Dundee moves rocket-launchin (yeah)  
Black Thought, quit playin him close and back up off him

(Talib Kweli)

Kweli -- spruce to the tree, Bruce to the Lee  
Favorite emcee, that your favorite rapper used to be  
One by one I knock 'em out like Schoolly D - my rhymes is eulogy  
A flea could move a tree, before ya think ya movin me  
I black and blue emcees - actin new to me, get smacked stupidly  
That lack skills, like the black community lack unity (uh)  
Still my rhymes heard like Ali DePhrase  
Step off the stage to shouts of "Kweli boomayyay!!"

(Pharoahe Monch)

See these four emcees came to get down  
Rearrange the rap game, change ya whole sound  
Nigga YOU, got ta, understand the plot ta  
Movin and groovin and always improvin alot-ta  
I'll outfox the, average Porsche ya Boxster talk  
Break the bank on some old Frank Sinatra (New York...)  
Slash Chi-Town, slash Philly  
Check the blast from Genevo, you can get slapped silly

(Hook)

(Black Thought)

Okay... my sound drenches, each of the five senses  
And hold the shock value of electrified fences  
It's truth or consequences, ride wit us or against us  
Is you a dedicated soldier, or you a princess, dog?  
I'm in it to win it and not for the wealth  
Got a crib with a Grammy and a gat on the shelf  
Nan nigga competition, gotta battle myself  
And me and Kweli on a mission, gettin Pharoahe for help

(Talib Kweli)

From natives walkin in traylor tears to players sippin Belvedere  
We always comin well prepared, and all my dogs' smellin fear  
PLUS, even my niggaz from the Bede say you hell-a-scared

Truth or consequences, and all senses be well-aware  
Your style - under-developed there, hell if I care  
What hardship you claim to see, but I can tell by your stare  
Nigga you fugazi, sayin ya crew blazin  
like sayin Miss Cleo is a true Jamaican, we makin...

(Pharoahe Monch)

Guerrilla monsoon rap, smell the fumes, get in tune wit it  
When I attack your city, y'all gon' think Dr. Doom did it  
Spit it like white trash in seed-spittin contests  
With a vendetta that sent a betta letter bomb to Congress  
I'm pissed - cumulus clouds of ominous  
Words of the Thor, the rawness that'll restore ya calmness  
Unless, you wanna be leg and armless  
That's parapaleg' for those who believe in bomb threats

(Hook)

(various ad-libs til fade)