

# Talib Kweli, Holy Moly

As a kid growing up in brooklyn, my pops was a DJ  
he had a bunch of records: Funk, jazz, rhythm & blues, soul  
know what I'm sayin

there was this one gospel record i liked, like, like  
like Holy Molly, I might get some religion and leave ya holy holy, ya this rhyme so fat its rolly polly  
ill give intimate details so you can get to know me,  
these corporate rappers like why this dude pickin on me  
you rap your way to the top but now its gettin lonely,  
kids is hungry and you lookin like steak from nick and tony's  
but don't nobody want your jewels cause ya shit is phony  
say word yo shit is real, yo shit is corny,  
rhymes turn a new page like mark foley  
and touch kids like when larry clark gave the part to chloe,  
rest in peace to Harold Hunter, the greatest from New York  
who started out skating for Zoo York, word  
hangin out at the gavin, i was very lucky  
the talk to rash once i got past Darren Dudley,  
got him on respiration that's pre-Badu  
bet you Garnett Reid got a Matt Doo tattoo,  
some times it feels like im drowning i gotta tread water  
head above the water i always remember headquarters  
heads up eyes open i got my mind focused  
i find hope inside a line, my rhymes defines opus

sometimes hopeless people fill my soul with evil  
my record so hard it broke the needle,  
at the mixtape awards niggas act like they don't give a f\*\*k though  
disrespect the legacy of Justo  
what the blood clot? no, let the blood flow  
you aint come to pay your respect then what you come fo,  
too many good niggas die, it's like a stop loss  
good niggas ghetto like fried wings and hot sauce,  
how you hard the cops lettin 50 shots off  
baby jay-z's with the knock off Scott Storch  
beat you are not Short you are not Katt  
you not a playa or a pimp money stop that,  
learn to masta your speech and be eloquent  
rappers keep peddlin sweets the beats weaker than gelatin,  
we used to kick em dust and now we settling  
rest to peace to Dilla, Weldon we can't forget you  
professor x and proof we miss you word,  
rest in peace to Shakka, 21 gun salute in the air like  
Bloc! Bloc! Bloc!  
Still here cause your livin through me  
your like a gift god give it to me.  
uh uh uh what!