

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 roly 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!