

Talib Kweli, Niggas Lie Alot

[Talib Speaking:]

I ain't out to diss nobody
But we gone keep it real for a second
Can we keep it real for a second
Brooklyn stand up
If you doing ya grizzly I respect that
But a lot of rappers is saying things they don't mean
People see through that
Talib Kweli

[Chorus:]

Niggas lie a lot, niggas lie a lot
Niggas lie, niggas lie, niggas lie a lot
I know you think you nice,
You just nice on ya block
With these crabs in the bow
Tryin' to rise to the top

[Verse 1:]

This is why I'm hot
This is why I'm hot
I ain't scared to die
I ain't scared of gettin' shot
I got the fear of God
And from all that I been through
If you fuck with the family
Then I gotta put it in you
Pause, now continue
I love the competition
I ain't got no issue with the battles or dissin'
But I keep it straight with you
We shootin' from the hip
I can't stand these rappers that just shootin' off they lip
Every rapper is a clapper
Your producer is a shooter

Engineer gotta nine
Label goss gotta ruger
Yeah right we ain't stupid
We don't believe these losers
Gotta mac in the booth
Tell the truth, it's a computer
So let me guess you make it that impressin'
I seen you on MySpace, you just wanna be friends
So let's not pretend, I respected ya block
Until I put it all together, now let's connect the dots

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Ok, you say you rap
You know how I can tell you whack
It's 2007 and you still sellin' crack
Back in 1986 when we was shootin' over sneakers
Crack was king but now they slangin' and it's drastically cheaper
It ain't a real demand there ain't no short supply
Just the same old crackheads getting twice as high
These niggas like to lie on how they kill on corners
They still corny, they don't know what the real New York is
Faster than a rose in crime inner city drop
It wasn't cuz the mayor added 40,000 cops
You on the corner like, "Wow, my style is pretty hot"
But my style mile is equal to 20 city blocks

Most say New York is soft
It's softer with the beef shit
Niggas can't separate the music from the street shit
Man that's some weak shit
Them niggas never classic
Remember bastards
Talib Kweli forever blacksmithin