

# Talib Kweli, Outside The Lounge

[Lilscienz]

Yo, freestyles, reside to the e-ventually  
You might see me, kick the spree  
Get the tape in the Benzi box  
Up in club spots  
On a regular base  
Anytime and place  
What? Like Janet, I slam kids  
Harder than Sha-quille O'neal down to the masses  
I take crews back to, um, hiphop classes  
Because they didn't surpass this  
We reside actually, acrobatically, yo...

[???

Came and burn me if you spit words in flame from your brain  
(What?) Rugged terrain, style insane, you's the lame  
(Huh) Freestyle or written strictly shittin on emcees  
Drop these, mad degrees on emcees  
Everyday, everynight  
You fight for the mic, but you can't handle it  
I dismantle it, bust you in your head with it  
You know you can't spit it like I spit it  
Yeah you shit it in the toilet bowl  
You know I got nuff soul  
Y'all control the core cipher  
You know we drop this, and got emcees following like the Pied Piper  
You know we hyper, so...

[Wiseguy]

Yo, yo, yo; can I get a chance to drop in the cipher?  
Set the shit on fire  
Yo why the, beats stop?  
I don't know the beat-box is coming in  
Got you counting from on to ten  
And by the time you get up to nine, your ass is left behind  
Cause you can't mess with the lyrical master rhymes  
Send niggaz to pass the time, coming off the mind or the brain  
Can't maintain I'm type strange  
And ill, in the mind of Wiseguy, that's right  
I'm the baddest on the mic, I'm average height  
Got a huge appetite, sorda like Iron Mike  
Cept I don't bite, I just fight, with raps all right  
Use the left and the right, recite styles is hype off the top  
Pardon me but stop the beat-box  
Cause yo I got beats son  
(Aw word?) (Aight) My bad, I didn't mean to kill that shit. (That's alright, man, y'know what'm sayin?)

[Talib Kweli]

The beats is always love, y'know what'm sayin?  
niggaz always show love with the beats.  
(My little yellow box, always come in handy) Y'know what'm sayin?  
Yo, this is like a whack emcees nightmare, y'know what'm sayin?  
Thats why I'm right here, y'know what'm sayin?  
\*beat comes in\*  
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo; My name is Kweli, from the Eternally  
Reflection, spruce to the tree, Bruce to the Lee  
\*aside\* Yo, wassup y'all, wassup y'all, Im doin this  
I love the rush that I get seein a whack emcee's bottom lip quiver  
He know he gettin smacked for every whack rhyme he deliver  
Whether in allies or back streets, or the stairwell to Fat Beats  
I come off like the ink that be staining my hands in rap sheets  
With lyrics stronger than Samson, to send Marilyn Manson  
back to Hell, the resurrection of Fred Hampton

You can tell by the way your shit swelled and lump up  
Whenever punks jump up  
They get down, for thinking they Bone creeping on a come up  
Now I got one up, but we much more than crabs in apparel  
Or fags who rap about apparel with an outlook that's mad narrow  
We civilized, so on the microphone we vilify  
For proving that the niggaz with skills is still alive  
(Still alive) (Still alive) (Still alive)

[Shabaam Shadeeq]

Aiyyo, freak that, I'm leavin rappers hangin like kiddybacks  
Or hats on coat racks, I'm rough like porcupine backs  
Smack the emcees that lack, but, yo, they knew that  
Like the flute blew through that, with nothing but facts  
Deejays cut the wax, snare sharp like ax  
Mic acrobatics and writing the star static  
From basement to attic, get smacked, act dramatic  
I had it with some of these fake rhyming ass faggots  
Who Shabaam Shadeeq they ass, make it blast  
Stone for cast, whiplash like car crash, black flag  
For emcees that multiply, act bad, make you thinkin your rhyme bad  
Got all the skills you wish you had, dreams you had  
Scorch that ass and make you take the words back  
To the foundation of that whack verse creation  
Double S, who wan' test? smash your face in

[Building Block]

Yeah, yo, yo; my shops cop ?more &#145;neath?  
Things in caster rock  
And get you open with the combination, like master lock  
Let it be known, that none could ever pass the Block  
and when the spot get blown, I hit you with the ?yeah, first shot?  
Traffic stop when I'm jammin, cause I got more back than gammon  
Slammin those that oppose my flow like salmon  
Foes be standing clear, cause, yo, they can't compare  
The only thing that could hang in hear is a chandelier  
This man could care less what them say, kick it like sensai  
Then stay, on your mind like Ash on a Wednesday  
He at a loss style, got no cause to smile  
I toss that ass all across, kinda like a foster child

[Mr. Metaphor]

It's Mr. Metaphor, everybody gather round  
Live in stereo sound and very profound  
Deeper than a burial ground, I'm aerial bound and shuttin  
Comped down as I rock like Charles Dutton  
From Gangster Putnam I cut em from every angle  
Far from a square cause I wreck when I tangle  
Minds I mangle, mic's I strangle in advance  
In every circumstance I leave you shook like turbulence  
You'll never get this, I'm up in that ass like a tetanus  
?Master these? rhymes and drop more lines than Tetris  
I'm sicker than asbestos, spraying rhymes like aspesticides  
Best to step aside, realize who the best is

[Lilscienz]

One two, one two  
The Scienz of Life, we ?X? to New Jeru  
One two, one two  
Yeah, the Scienz of Life, we ?X? to New Jeru  
Yo, let's go back like ?Gilda Masheviks?  
With phat challenging methods  
The rhythm stays energetic  
The pen's motions kinetic  
See Heaven sent styles, bless the ears of my peers

Even older heads get contacted  
From bomb tactic  
Exploding in your nearest tabernacle, Holy like Kadesh  
HTM, bow lyricists  
You feel it in your chest son, like that Nine Ether  
Sound right, reasin em, pleasin em through the speaker  
For years and years mad heads doubted me  
Then I changed hiphop, into new-op, its best described as alchemy  
The scientist, applying this throughout the global  
I stays universal with the vocal  
Attracting your focal points with each joint performed at live shows  
While Lilsci' verbally fly with dime flows  
My mind grows, being divine, strolls, by the Master  
One verse could cause cataclysmic disaster  
But the truth hurts to be murder with spoken words  
Profound sound all in your section  
No question  
The Scienz of Life, don't confuse it  
Aiyyo if it don't sound right than it ain't music

\*indistinct chatter by emcees overlapped by security guard saying:\*

Alright, alright fellas, fellas, fellas, hold on, hold on,  
hold up a second  
You guys, you guys can't be making this noise  
with the music and everything. (Aw, come on!)  
You gotta leave this area. I gotta clear this spot.  
(We gotta go inside right now) So get on line. (We got tickets)  
So get on line (We got tickets)  
Alright, alright, you gonna get, you got tickets  
so get on line, and get out of this area.  
The line is over there. (We were just doing our thing)  
Its all good, its all good. Get on line, alright.  
(Whatever, whatever) Little youngsters.