

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 ‘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 Sciencz of Life, don't confuse it
Ayyo 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.