

Talib Kweli, RE:DEFinition

What what what, what what, what what, what what
Woaaaahhhhhh!

One two three, Mos Def and Talib Kweli

We came to rock it on to the tip-top

Best alliance in hip-hop, wayohh

I said, one two tree, Black Star shine eternally

We came to rock it on to the tip-top

And Hi-Tek make the beat drop, wayohh

[Talib Kweli]

RE:DEFinition, turning your play into a tragedy

Exhibit level degree on the mic, passionately

Niggaz is sweet so I bet if I bit I'd get a cavity

Livin to get high, you ain't flyer than gravity

We Die Hard like the battery done in the back of me by the mad MC

who think imitation is the highest form of flattery, actually

Don't be mad at me, I had to be the one to break it to you

You get kicked into obscurity like judo, no Menudo

cause you pseudo, tryin to compete with reality like Xerox

Towards destruction you spiraling like hairlocks, wipe them teardrops

Chasing stars in your eyes, playing games with your lives

Now the wives is widows soakin up pillows, weepin like willows

Still mo' blacks is dyin, kids ain't livin they tryin

"How to Make a Slave" by Willie Lynch is still applyin

Regardless, the Mos is one of my closest partners

Rockin ever since before Prince was called The Artist

Rocker before Funkmaster Flex was rockin Starter

When 'Pac and Biggie was still cool before they was martyrs

Life or death, if I'm choosin with every breath I'm enhancin

Stop, there comes a time when you can't run

[Mos Def]

What, lyrically handsome, call collect a king's ransom

Jams I write soon become the ghetto anthem

Way out like Bruce Wayne's mansion, move like a phantom

You'll talk about me to your grandsons

Cats who claimin they hard be mad fag

so I run through em like, flood water through sandbags

Competition is mad, what I got, they can't have

Sinkin they ship, like Moby Dick, did Ahab

Son I'm way past the minimum, it's a verb millenium

My rap's hold a gat to your back, like Palestinians

Ancient Abyssinia, sure to hold the Gideon

Official b-boy gentlemen, long term, never the interim

Born inside the winter wind, day after December 10

These simpletons they mentionin the synonym for feminine

Sweeter than some cinnamon from Danish rings by Entenmann's

Rush up on adrenaline, they get they asses sent to them

(Gentlemen) you got a tenement, well then assemble it!

Leave your unit tremblin like herds of movin elephant

Intelligent embellishment, follow for your element

from Flatbush settlement, skin posseses melanin

Hotter than tales of crack peddlin, makin em WOOP

like blue gelatin, swing like Duke Ellington

Broader than Barrington Levy, believe me

The hot oppresion rent who burn down your chief teepee

You see me?

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I said, one two tree, Black Star shine eternally

We came to rock it on to the tip-top

Because we rulin hip-hop, yes we is rulin hip-hop

Talib Kweli is rulin hip-hop

Say we Black Star we rule hip-hop-ah-ahh-ah-ahh-ahh

Whoahhhh!

