

# Talib Kweli, Rhymes And Ammo

SOUND (sound) BOMBING (bombing)

[Light faded voice of Black Thought]  
Cause when I put rhymes in they minds yo  
For all y'all folks who were hopin and wishin  
and I can assault, tryin'a take my position  
Stop wishin, and sit yourself back and listen to  
A'yo, cause when I put rhymes in they minds yo  
For all y'all folks who were hopin and wishin  
and I can assault, tryin'a take my position  
Stop wishin, and sit your ass back

[Chorus: Black Thought]  
A'yo when I say pump that, y'all say shit up  
Pump that! (Shit up)  
Pump that! (Shit up)  
When I say stand up, y'all say get up  
Stand up! (Get Up)  
Stand up! (Get Up)  
When I say rise up, y'all say now  
Rise up! (Now)  
Rise up! (Now)  
When I say lick a shot, say blaow  
Lick a shot! (blaow)  
Lick a shot! (blaow)

[Verse 1: Black Thought]  
A'yo everybody on they jaws  
Cartoons is hardcore porn  
It ain't no afterschool paper routes and mowin lawns  
Kids got backpacks full of yayo and heron  
Coming to school shootin up the auditorium  
Yo its anthrax maniacs on the TV  
The least of y'all worries should be Thought's cd  
The chairman of the board coppin twice weekly  
They done caught the minister with a pork b.l.t.  
If my shit ain't hot, it probly try to drive me  
Psyhce, its somethin I can never let myself see  
Can't see, I'm thorough-bread, nothin fancy  
The maker, no matter what the circumstance be  
Its the principle, pillowcase full of nickel  
Smacked like I'm (??), leave him crippled  
Keep talkin greasey I'ma big lip you  
A'yo your man'll can get slid with you  
You and the squad takin to galoshes  
I hold the engineer for hostage  
and spit from a dirty cartridge  
Its L for whoever try to front on Thought's shit  
I'm sendin them goons to your mom's apartment

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Dice Raw]  
A'yo I'm dancin, on the edge of insanity  
and rhymin like its the end of humanity  
Still people from the old neighborhood can't stand to see me  
Turn around and tell girls we like family  
What up with all that, jokin, and collamity  
Behind the laughter they thinkin about jammin me  
But they don't know, I got somethin for them  
But I ain't with that negative vibe, so fuck all that  
I've earned alot from this game, and sacrificed more  
Stand here a new man, but I'm still the old boy  
They claimin they sell but I'm still the old boss

Sometimes wings get clipped, we all hit the floor  
But today though, its Black Thought, Kweli and Raw  
You can be sure that we got our eyes on y'all  
Watchin different artists rise and fall  
Mother fuckers jumpin ship like we came to rob at y'all

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Talib Kweli]

Kweli, sittin back in the cut like Reese  
In a constant peace, call me fantastic like I cut the grease  
Baracudas movin and canoein sippin amaretto  
I'm a ruler of my temple, what I do to instrumentals  
Instrumentals is the development of these niggas mentals  
Tears in your eyes like this moment is sentimental  
Your fundamentally floored, philosophically bored  
Disturbed like the eighth floor of your hospital ward  
You've GOT to appoint niggas to raise the bar  
Muslims praise Allah, Christians praise the God  
Rastas, they say Jah  
They find a way to rhyme with the pallet like fine wine  
and make you say ahhh  
Guess who's back?  
The game needed improvement  
Can't fit the bullshit no more, you sound stupid  
I'm a shark in the water with constant movement  
influenced by music since a truant yo  
This is how we do it yo

[Chorus x2]