

Talib Kweli, Soundbombing Freestyle

[DJ Evil Dee]

Uh, this is Side 2, Evil Dee in your area

Rawkus, every four minutes of dump flavored Now and Later

laughs and ass-crack Oreos

(ready, ready)

-interlude-

[Talib Kweli]

laughs

Throw your hands in the air, and wave em like you just don't care

And if you, love the truth, and you livin proof

Let me hear you say "oh yeah"

And you don't stop, and you don't quit, and you don't stop

And you don't quit, and you don't quit

It's Talib Kweli I'm the ultimate

Got my man Mos Def and he's freakin shit

Listen to the way the beat gets intricate

Anybody who is illiterate, probably will never even consider it

Yo, Evil Dee what up? my name is Talib Kweli

That's Mos Def on the "Wilson"

Yo, this is futuristic Soundbombing, welcome

Please do not hold onto the doors

(Ladies and gentlemen, we would like to introduce

A very interesting young man who's traveled from very far away

To be with us tonight)

[Mos Def]

(yes, yes) yo yo yo yo (yes) yo yo

Aiyyo Kweli I heard there's a function goin on at the D&D

Some things that I gotta see, heard that the Rawkus click

Was doin some ill shit wit my man Evil, and the rest of my people

Is you wit it?

[Kweli]

I'm always wit it, always forget it

If you a MC, you couldn't get wit it, you too dim-witted

MC's come to and try to diss this

Chicks want Kweli for Christmas, on they wish list

Here we come through, kick the lyrical swiftness

You missed this, again it's over your head

Now I send it, over to my friend Mos Def

MC's got no fuckin rhymes left

[Mos Def]

phone rings

Hello, yes I got the call, don't need no answering machine at all

I got a, Caller ID to screen my calls

So I can see who's tryin to speak to me cuz frequently

A lot of cats try to get in touch but I don't want to be in they clutch

I got my man Kweli who I love very much, and such and such

My man, Rawkus click, we on some ill shit

[Kweli]

I call 7-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh

Don't want to say his number, MC's is in slumber

Yo they wakin up they takin up too much time

Mos Def, I got to get in touch wit and get a Dutch

And then head over to his crib and say

"Yo look what these kids did, and I had my kids at my crib"

And I can't believe they tried to roll up on my like that

MC's come through because they always lookin wack

[Mos Def]

They always lookin wack cuz look at the way they dress
Thinkin you a Mister you must be a Miss
I'm watchin the slip underneath your skirt
Steppin to me like that kid you only get hurt
Son I stand five-ten wit the open palms, I'm droppin bombs
Wit the, urban songs and I never stay calm when I kick it
A matter of fact I get type wicked and very specific

[Kweli]

And exquisite wit the beat, MC's is incomplete
They ain't like whole wheat, I need to eat
More of that for my nutrition, MC's catchin conceptions
They readin the writin on the wall like an Egyptian
Comin through is my verbal mission, to try to track you down
It's the MC formerly known as Genesis
You will remember this, it's your verbal nemesis
Yo, Mos Def is

[Mos Def]

Yo my style is original like fingerprints
I been down ever since, make you Reminisce like Pete Rock
When the beat drop, kids stop to listen
Because they hear the verbs glisten
I'll play your opposition like a fullback, I got the full pack
Just like a convict on lock, the beat never stop
And we come on time like a clock, this is the real hip-hop

[Kweli]

The real hip-hop, try to test me, you get stomped
Why try, you get caught up in the paparazzi like Princess Di
Yo, come through we always lookin fly
MC's try to come up to me, they singin lullabyes
They on a plantation, I'll free you like Emancipation
>From that thought you have is makin your mind needin some sanatation
I'm fillin the schools up like asbestos
It's best that you leave my premissis

[Mos Def]

And what's better, is to make cheddar
And try to get yo shit together
I freak it wherever and whenever just like Maxwell
The style that I got will tax well
Yo that just bomb, but I don't spend my time
Focusin on mistakes, I feed breaks
This is the way that we make, and sound hype
When we stand on the mic

[Kweli]

We focus on true, we never dwell and hate

[DJ Evil Dee]

Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh UH!