

# Talib Kweli, Touch You

(Intro)

Oh what's up everybody this is Rick James  
Talib Kweli, DJ Hi Tek, Reflection Eternal

(Chorus)

[Supa Dav West]

We Make the Music That Change your life  
'Bout to touch you just right  
All night we gonna to shine the light  
'Bout to touch you just right

[Piakhan]

Piakhan floating on the mighty clouds of joy  
Building a future, yo, for my baby boy (uh huh)  
I moved form the hood yet the shit still in me  
And your opinion is nothing to me  
I have plenty like bein' out of prison  
With a roof over my dome  
And possessing the gift such as sparking the microphone  
Accumulate the provolone makin' it happen with Talib  
A Nattian cat we got em' snappin' Roberta Flackin' the track and  
Killin' em softly with out flossin'  
But yet the shine is glossy and  
the run the lyrical train through your brain shit  
Strategy pain, I'm on some Clubber Lane shit  
With the iron, ain't no use in you trying "I ain't lyin'"  
Through your ears mesmerize em'  
It's about time we started risin'  
Once again replace bullets with words, try to make it fun again

(Chorus) w/ minor variations

[Talib Kweli]

if the put my life on the screen then its got to Be the IMAX  
I live large stroke your mind, till you reach climax  
Terrorist hijack on Hi Tek fly tracks front don't try that  
My niggas got my back, you gotta relax, ease back  
What's that all about with the feedback?  
All up in my mouth we don't need that,  
the asphalt is the place to be at  
Where the people fire burn so bright you can see that believe that  
It ain't light music (no)  
We make the right music (true)  
Keep it tight music (yes)  
Affirmin' life music (come on)

(Chorus) w/ minor variations

[Talib Kweli]

It's like girls got the bass all up in they hips  
My favorite part on the face is the shape of the lips  
Yeah I wanna touch you there (right there)  
Your mind is my concubine, when I deliver shivers up your spine  
Like the bread and wine, my brains embedded with rhymes  
That's ahead of they time, I rock the better design  
You cats ain't got the touch  
You all suck, like getting head from a dime  
I run up in em and, clutch em' if they tremblin'  
It's a rush like adrenaline, at a point break the joint shake  
When you play this (yeah), your crew is haters when they come  
Through with the newest/latest (like that)  
Reflection Eternal  
Shine light bright like the day till the sky turn purple  
And the moon arrive, reflection through the night

That touch you just right

(Bridge)

[Talib Kweli]

With the rhythm, the rhythm, God bless the rhythm

It's the rhythm, rhythm; yes ya'll the rhythm

Shorty on the dance floor giving me rhythm

Hi Tek make ya'll nod ya'll neck to the rhythm

And

(Chorus) w/ minor variations (x2)

[Talib Kweli]

Uh yeah yeah yeah

Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh uh (x2)

Clap your hands everybody (x4)