

Xzibit, Chaos

(Talib Kweli)

We your rhyme sayers, we lead you like a beacon
of light, out of the chaos, cuttin down overzealous
players who stare, when the winners of the game
walk in well prepared, climbin the stairways
to heaven while you scared of the people livin under-
ground heard the sound of the clap, made you wonder
If it was a gun, the crowd, or some thunder
All of that was out my window when I was younger
Now I'm much older, lyrically clap MC's
If you don't know by now, let me acquaint you with my steez
(C'mon) I don't get on stage and waste your time
Niggaz got a lot to say but they just can't rhyme
They just babies, I snatch em out they incubators
Attach them to respirators, they breathin hard like Darth Vader
Hard as candy and suck like Now or Later
After a while your style's tasteless and it GOT NO FLAVOR

(Bahamadia)

Projects my eyesights to the heavens like dead or wise sages
Release what I hold sacred through my book of rhyme pages
Scripts be ageless, like scrolls from dead sea
The cadence off and on like the motion of Tai Chi
Ba-ha-ma-D, wor-dy, to Reflect, Eternally
Science to a remedy to help and get my people free, but
little support, got my thesis on freeze
My only option's doin bootlegs for the Japanese
Get about eight G's, a heavy buzz overseas
Sacrifice a pill to mainstream and do what I believe, cause
down to the chromosomes I'm a purist to this artform
Enlighten who I touch and let the world catch on

(Talib Kweli + Bahamadia)

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(Bahamadia)

Oppose for the nine, how no content sections of the earth
Walkin vexed, out of my sticks, laced on every verse
My cells begin to peak at least a hundred thousand hertz
Meanin my joint's prevalent in Fat Beats and Footworks
I cater to these markets first, cause they gravitate to me
And appreciate the vision of what I do musically

(Talib Kweli)

Mmm, mmmm, mmmm, mmm!!
I walked in and they stared, see how they screwin me
Break you down, til you ain't the man you used to be
Domination of my jurisdiction, people's addiction to lies
It blurs the lines between the fact and fiction
Now we back omission, I fix your face for you, keep yappin
You start to hate the man in the mirror like Michael Jackson

(Bahamadia)

Majors they try to hold me captive but mine are figure factions
But the foundation of hip-hop hold my braincells for ransom
I chance none, fuck them spots on charts and number one
If it's meant, then I'll accept it gracious when the time comes

This grassroots curriculum, got me sprung like twisted ankles
Experience is missable, so I approach it from all angles and
inject some substance deep inside of rap's core
Takin emceein back to where it was before

(Talib Kweli)

Call us Liberty like the Bell of Philadelphia scenery
Me and Bahama-D, style free like Mumia need to be
Seein me, feelin me, we right here on the level
Turnin hardrocks to pebbles, exposin the devil
Lyrical olympian like John Carlos winnin gold medal
Take that bass out yyour voice you talk to me in treble
I'm "Serious" as Steady B so you know I ain't playin
I'm stimulatn, makin crowds MOVE like organizations in Philly
Keep it positive, my prerogative is exercise
See through the chaos with my third eye
Word I exhibit the exquitiness, since a child I was vivid
Throw your hands in the air if you with it, dig it

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(Talib Kweli)

Seven-eighteen, to five-one-three
We meet at two-one-five
Reflection Eternal, Bahamadia, yes yes

(Xzibit)

Yo listen the fuck up y'all
It's Mr. X to the Z Xzibit
Broadcastin with the home grown
That's right, they straight out of my backyard
The Beat Junkies, on Rawkus Records understand me?
It's Soundbombing 2!