# 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 Laters 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)

Yeah, we your rhyme sayers, who 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 underground 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

### (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, 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 grassrooted 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 stimulatin, 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

## (Talib Kweli + Bahamadia)

Yeah, we your rhyme sayers, who 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 underground 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

(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!