

Rock On

Talib Kweli

C'mon let's go! Yeah
It's beautiful, c'mon, keep marchin
Everybody say HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY (HEY, HEY!)

Now if you got toast, you keep your shots low
You hug the block close, we rock on and on
Now if you got dough, your shit is not low
You duck the five-oh, we rock on and on (ladies!)
Now if you real fly, fuck with a real guy
Give them your real eye, we rock on and on
You keep yo' heels high, keep it real tight
Who gettin real high? We rock on and on

Yeah, I flow beautiful like a Zab Judah blow
(Traffic) like Benecio, (Suspect) is (Usual)
Cut checks like cuticles, bust tecs at funerals
My sound freak you out like rough sex in the studio
I blow the back out the track when I black out
Got the spot maxed out, people in the front pass out
Security carry that ass out
Get in the zone when I'm stoned like I live in a glass house
Last bout I was in started to get real serious
Homeboy got dropped and spazzed out like mysterious
The boy in the hood with the furious style
We in the age of Aquarius now, yo
I show pain in the manner of Coltrane's "Alabama"
Niggaz wanna blaze a hammer
"Real girls get down on the flo'" like David Banner when I handle my shit
I go banana clips you walkin where the animals live

Now everybody say (HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY!)

Yo, the way I spit is ghetto
Like when niggaz pray over beef like Khalil and get the metal 'til the shit
is settled
I pull strings like Geppetto did Pinocchio
Y'all niggaz sing to po-po like, K-Ci and JoJo or Sisqo and Nokio
LeLe and Coco y'all, Sisters With Voices
Y'all, lyrics are pointless
My lyrics annoint like, oils and ointments
I had a big death but I missed my appointment
Y'all walkin through the valley while I run through it
Every party we come through makin the "Gun Music"
Practice the (Art of War), don't make me Sun Tzu it
I put them knots in yo' head 'til you can't undo it
You can't unscrew it, ladies wanna take it off
All they want is piece of mind so I break 'em off
I grab the game by the balls until I made it cough
And made these bitch ass niggaz take they make-up off

Everybody say (HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY!)
Yeah, get it right, Talib Kweli