

# Supreme Supreme

Talib Kweli

Whoo  
We on fire tonight  
Whoo  
Yeah, we on fire tonight  
Whoo  
Black Star in the house fo' sho' (Yeah)  
Yo, now everybody go... (C'mon)

Ghet-to p-pole it's time to ride (Supreme, Supreme)  
Bay-b get involved go side to side (Supreme, Supreme, Yeah, Yeah)  
Side to side...

'Bout to slap box with the beat  
The shit I spit is a snapshot of the street  
You can see the crack spot in the backdrop  
The heat in the stash box of the black drop  
You wonder why there's more crime  
Free food, or a check the only time niggaz on line  
Getting information from the nigga-net  
The trickle-down theory guess it ain't reached niggaz yet  
I make a bigger bet  
Kweli 'bout to be a bigger threat  
'Cuz there's hardly any real niggaz left  
What the fuck these niggaz talking 'bout  
Living a movie but the audience is walking out  
I fight the temptation to rip the heart from your chest  
'Til there's only five hard beats left  
It's like a dead man walking  
I turn on the radio and I hear dead men talking

Ghet-to p-pole it's time to ride (Supreme, Supreme)  
Bay-b get involved go side to side (Supreme, Supreme)

Yo'  
I got my headphones up like I'm listening close  
Face blank with expression it isn't a joke  
Start fire, sit back and spit its smoke  
To get it provoked, blow it back to get in your throat  
Mad problems...Take all the niggaz you know  
Add that number up with every nigga you don't  
Final number, some total of the niggaz that won't  
Break me down, shake me of my fame, my style  
What time it is, crew you can hate me now  
And ten minutes from then you gon' love me again  
Buck town republic again  
Writing on the wall trouble again  
Intensify struggle and such  
Killers, Sade lovers deluxe  
Sound garnered, for the wild hearted  
Downtrodden, up-starters  
Young violent, uprising  
Cocaine, and gunpowder  
Up north, or bus crowded  
Daily vibes to thug mountain  
Cold caves or peaks of high  
Think you present but unclear, and know how to hide  
If you wonder why you got so much on your mind

'Cuz your living in a troubling time, this is a puzzling time  
Fall back without recovering time, and time's up  
Brooklyn, put your dimes up

I put feeling inside of my rap  
Hold it down for my side of the map  
No matter what north, south east or west side of the mat  
Bend a needle on the mind and it's back  
Got a problem with that?  
The holler back and the stars is black  
We the New Era you just a Starter cap  
Find out what happens when the artist in tact  
Be sharp as a tack, fall back you smarter than that  
Or perhaps you just ain't as smart as you think  
Figure 8'n on the thin ice part of the rink  
You a vessel that's promised to sink  
Terra Firma ain't as hard as you think  
Stare down, and you starting to blink  
Like 182 this for fellas and the ladies who  
Don't need to be spoon fed like baby food  
I take a bite out the track like a Sabre-tooth  
And spit out the truth  
'Til the cops come and spray the booth

Its all right with you its all right with me  
Do the damn thing what you wanna be (Supreme, Supreme)  
That's right, that's right that's right that's right  
That's right, that's right that's right that's right (Supreme, Supreme)

[Talking]