

Upper Echelon

Talib Kweli

Check it out baby
Check it out y'all

This that upper echelon shit
What is this?

Welcome to the prison of conscious
Brainiacs said I'm done, bust the scientific
You feel it all up in your soul, we getting spiritual
You heard I'm coming back, it's so scary I put the fear in you
I murder every track, cause the rhymers like to stare at you
Real shit back, it's a miracle, rap been laughable over the last year or two
Reflecting like a mirror through who is the real living proof
I'm back with the classical shit, I pack lyrical
Substance like a bowls of kush into a vaporizer
And then I vaporize ya', my paper may surprise ya'
No need to brag on my paper cause I'm a naturizer
I vibrate higher, the truth break liars
I chose who is like us, the lovers, the fighters, the writers, the excitors
Cut the grass we could see the vipers, we cut the glass cause we the diamond
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I be listening to real shit, real spit, like die hard feeling
Type of shit the fake niggas find hard to deal with'
I'm on a higher plane, I'm destroying em' while I build them
My threat can't be contained, so my name on Obama kill list
Kweli the artist that you wanna be, moving the through darkness,
The light is what's in front of me,
Front on me you posers exposing your insecurities
Supposedly it's wack, and replaces lack of maturity
The purity you need to get in the game is gone
Ain't no conspiracy, stop looking for someone to blame it on
Gotta pay a debt, took a stale style and I made it fresh
Wait a second, got your girl wetter than tomatoes flesh
Waiting on me with baited breath

Welcome to the
Walking through a double fist, and I'm lifted on something vicious
Everything is moving, I'm getting me a percentage
Vintage, nothing but the sky is my ascendant
My girl is ride or die, I'm avoiding the evil temptress
Ain't no question who the best is, you don't like the state then fuck it and
my mansions
Pimping down to the socks, and so is business
The all night workout like 24-Hour Fitness
Y'all niggas is adorable, incorrigible, the prayers that you get is barely a
udible
People is ignoring you why? the last place in the world that you belong is a
recording booth
Order suit, niggas is gassed up, petroleum a lab when these niggas get swept
up
Custodians a culture back to the future rap the delorean
A class looking joint to spit as valedictorian

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