A Game

En Stereo (Mane Rok & Es Nine)

[Intro - Talib Kweli]7-18 stand up (c'mon) Talib Kweli, BK MC
Turn it up (yeah)
We 'bout to drop it low
Baby I got the flow (yeah) to work your abdominal (I'm goin in)
It's the lava flow (yeah) strictly A game
Rock it fast, rock it slow (whoa)
You got to rock it fast, rock it slow (whoa, whoa)
Rock it fast, rock it slow (c'mon, yeah)
You gon' rock it fast, rock it slow (whoa, whoa, yeah, yeah!)
[Talib Kweli]Black rock and roll, black hotter flow
At the end of the black brick road, lets get it goin yo
Geffen don't fuck the shit up, ship it gold
So I could sell like the whole Jigga back catalo'
Matta fact I'm tryin to sell out, concerts and merch' fam
Always get the story straight accounts first hand (yeah)
That nigga, the crack spitter, the black fitted low
Give you that bit of information so
You could know what you see when it's your time to go
The diamond flow cut glass, crack binary code
You're kinda slow, you need a new career (yeah)
You're kinda old, you need to hang the mic up on the wall like a souvenir
Don't blame the mangers, "Be All You Can Be"
Join the Army like Canibus, niggaz avoidin me
like the draft and run to Canada, flash like a camera
That's when his girl asked me to dance with her - so we gon'
[Chorus](Hop to the beat and then stop) Yeah, drop it low
Baby I got the flow to work your abdominal
(Ladies I know I get hot) Like lava flow
Strictly the A game, rock it fast, rock it slow

(Hop to the beat and then stop) Yeah, drop it low
Baby I got the flow to work your abdominal
(Ladies I know I get hot) Like lava flow
Strictly the A game, drop it fast
[Talib Kweli]That's how we do it all the way live..
I put it down so hard that I developed a rep (c'mon)
From the punchlines to cave in your delicate chest
The fella can test, let's see how jealousy get
I smell the fear in the air and I could tell he was pet'

Kweli - look in my eyes and you could tell I'm a threat
I wet my throat and get bent like a pelican's neck
I make a gentleman's bet with my ghetto connect
And got a .9 in my mind you can't metal detect
I pull it out, put it to your head and shoot from the hip
I fired 13 shots and left 2 in the clip (yeah)
I spit the truth, that's it, I'm not confused one bit (c'mon)
I'm so New York City streets that I'm abusin your whip
Cruisin the strip, sunny day sky blue like a Crip (c'mon)
For the rush hour Enuff threw this in the mix
Quarter to six, Amadeus is producin the hits (oh, oh, oh)
To get a screw loose in your chick, son she losin her shit (whoa)
[Chorus][Interlude - 4x]Check me out, yeah, yeah, yeah
Get your ass up on the dance floor
No we don't stop, when we in the dance off
Baby girl whatchu wanna get into?
I wanna get in too, bring your friends too
[Chorus]

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