

Down For The Count (Feat. Rah Digga & Xzibit)

Talib Kweli

Yeah, check it out now (uhh uhh uhh)
Rah Digga y'all, Dirty Harriet (uhh!)
Kweli, Xzibit, new millenium! (C'mon, check it)One, two, three, four
Grimy bitch stomp the bogey outside your front door (yeah)
Puffin on Goodie, eatin tuna and rye
Blow the spot with some old school shit from junior high (HEYYYY!)
One, two, three, four
Jersey's finest in the house, punchlines and metaphors
Make your foul ice grill, thug grimy on the real
Puttin heads to bed like Hennessey and NyQuilConvertible style, still had the heat knockin
Bumpin shit from way back with my man beatboxin
Shootin the breeze, see I'm nice with these
You'll be suckin it down like fast food high C's
Type of rap bitch that love underground classics
Gettin more green than that nigga St. Patrick
Makin wack rappers go and merc the set
Better off behind a desk tryin to surf the net
Cause I be adamant, kill 'em when my joints get added in
Worse than boric acid in your project cabinet
Dirty Harriet, increase the fanbases
Leavin non writin cats stuck on the plantations
Mini-skirts with tights, eatin lunch with whites
Leave the party over here like they Israelites
Got Cali Brooks critics, Ta' Kweli, Xzibit
Gonna rock shit down like he can't get no visitsOne, two, three, four
Rock the whole world like the Rolling Stone tour (AH-AHHH!)
Raw your wack set is faker than a bomb threat
By a nervous terrorist who's so scared that his palms wet
One, two, three, four
The stuff legends are made of, urban folklore
Like Jim Morrison we break on through
Before I care about your take on me, we take on youYo, yo, yo
We bring it straight to your face from the start, yo
Rage Against the Machine, break it apart
Might be over your head, but it's straight from the heart
I show my love in the light while y'all hate in the dark
Straight to apocalypse is where I'm takin the art
Givin niggaz battle scars, always makin' my mark
You fakin the part of gangster, til niggaz break in your spot

You straight bitch whether I say it or not
 Shit is hot, spittin flames on the track
 Put our town's names on the map
 From now until we fadin to black
 Where we at? Thug rebels love metal clubs ghetto
 When the slugs let go like Frankie Beverly
 Forever we stack notes like the treasury, flow heavenly
 Get you high on speech laced with obscenity
 Niggaz be gassed like Cipher Sounds, and need rescue remedy
 Then fall the fuck off like limbs affected with leprosy
 One, two, three, four
 Why the fuck can't MC's MC no more?
 Hardcore til somebody put me under the ground
 With a dick in your ear, still couldn't fuck with my sound
 All
 One, two, three, four
 Takin me straight to the weed spot, then to the liquor sto'
 "Gimme Some Mo'" like Busta Bus', who do you trust?
 Swingin through, your favorite neighborhood lush
 I'm irrate, usin your body for live bait
 Xzibit rockin them heavy gems you can't take
 Dilate, cock back the weight, spread hate
 Heavy metal we settle and set shit straight
 Hit gates in my younger days, from the policeman
 Me and my clan used to dance thicker than quicksand
 Supply and demand the hand is quicker than the eye
 Find some chickens to fry, while you find it hard to stick to your lie
 I see through the tricks, destroy the facade
 Your little lungs is too weak to hotbox with God
 Rah Digga, First Lady of the Flipmode Squad
 Gotta be hard like a young nigga walkin the yard
 For the first time, we ain't the niggaz you let shine
 Expect mines to blow lines like coke everytime
 I'm an Alkaholik nigga so I finish the fifth
 You at the front door bitchin because you ain't on the list
 It's like One, two, three, four
 Yeah (ohhhhhhhh) hehehe (aight y'all, aight y'all)
 Yeah (here we go)
 One, two, three, four

Songwriters

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