

Boomerang

Talib Kweli

"Boomerang"

(performed by K'Valentine featuring Cory Mo, NIKO IS & Talib Kweli) Count it up, never cease, keep it
movin' man

Roll it up, pass it round like a boomerang

Turn it up, real music'll never die

Quality over quantity, homie it's only right Been unimpressed with some of the best, but nonetheless

It's subjective, just maybe just my perspective

Colours is the collective, and wanna know somethin' son?

Under covers I could detective, hear me

A logical cool dude with a tropical pool view

The crew makin' it classic like the school flew

Shoot for the moon with a tool I shoot pool

Only fools follow rules, we make em', we create 'em

Makin' movies with music but [?] ain't Cuba man

I'm just movin' around like a boomerang

Try to look away, it's like a right from Sugar Ray

Dodgin' the [?]

It's magic like Earvin and [?]

I meet with big fish, boy surf and the turf

It's God and geometry, I'm observin' the Earth

Yo, I get it brewin' like I'm hot water

Surprise you like they brought you food that you did not order

Some of these people won't receive you or believe you

Til a nigga outta town come in a peep you, grab a spot for you

Listenin', I'm listenin, I'm listenin'

I'm getting they attention and got all these niggas whisperin'

And all [?] that they witnessin'

They judge me on my morals and my vows but still they missin' 'em

They missin' 'em

I'm sayin' what they sayin' I just speak it different

And fuckin' with the gift [?] in the instant

Little cutie from Chicago that's an understatement

I'm the definition of a female emcee underrated

Amazing with the storytellin'

Take a nigga and upgrade him like I'm Tori Spelling

Chicken watermelon

Cause I'm a black queen

I'm here to bring that real shit back to the rap scene

Vultures of the culture, I see them eating the strange fruit

It's brain food for zombies they wash it down with a strange brew
They'll bite until they change you, hopin' you grow some fangs too
Just to remain, you gotta find you an angel
What a quiet singer I wanna thank you
A young [?] kingdom'll save you
The God particle and the cord that come from the navel
Ferocious when defendin' the home, results is fatal
Approaching the gaze wrong facing off with a face on
Sex sure to keep this safety on with the lace on
Based on my experience you niggas straight [?]
Swelter in America, stay warm, let's pray for 'em
Need to bow your head in submission
Say it to your face, no sub-dissin'
Never sell out for the cash so my money good
If money talk, my shit be tellin' everyone they should
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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