

Say Something (Feat. Jean Grae)

Talib Kweli

[Intro:]

The year is 1975 (yeah, hahaha!)
Brooklyn, New York City (stand up)
A child destined for greatness is born (we goin' in)
Let's go! Get your hands in the air (get em up!)
Put your hands in the air (put em up!)
Get your hands in the air (get em up!)
Put your hands in the air (put em up!)[Chorus:]
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) What? What?
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) What?
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) What?
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) What?
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) Say something, say something (what was that?)
Say something (I dare you), say something [Verse 1: Talib Kweli]
The lord chief rocker, I'm colder than meat lockers
My people keep throwin' it up like cheap vodka
I smack internet emcees and beat bloggers
[Say Something Lyrics on <http://www.lyricsmania.com>]
You can see my black thought like 'Riq Trotter
It's deep ? go ahead and sleep
They know in the street Kwe' gon flow on the beat proper
Composin' complete operas
Longer than a cigar that's godfather,
Tap into heart chakras im harder than gobstoppers
People comin' for the throne not knowin' the seat hotter
Than fish grease, criminal names on police blotters
You convinced me, I hit targets like top shottas
Out in the mideast like Muslims takin' Shahada
I'm sayin' makin' a profit a product of Reaganomics
Awake and I'm stayin' conscious to radio playin' garbage, yeah
Blacksmith Music, if you don't pay homage,
I'ma show you how we break an artist
That's a threat, I'm not makin' a promise
Speak to the people like Barak Obama
They worship like a black Madonna, c'mon
Niggas talk shit, but they ain't got skills
I'm the type of nigga to put lead in your grill
Number two pencil is sharper to bruise mentals, and
Beatin' in my chest is the heart of a true gentleman

Still spit right in your face
Fuck a Top 8, back up, gimme my space, you're not safe Yeah, they say I'm back, but I ain't go nowhere though
Been here the whole time
Where you been? You back
Matter fact, apologize [Chorus:]
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) What? What?
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) What?
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) What?
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) What?
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) C'mon Say something (g'head), say something (uh huh)
Say something (what?) (who is it?) say something (Jean Grae!) [Verse 2: Jean Grae]
Yeah, open your mouth, say something, I fuckin' dare you
Chokin' you out till you can't suck any air through
Fuck with your man too, thinkin' I can't do what I plan to
Vet vandal, niggas are brand new
Ain't knew I was bad news? Look at the tattoos
Get ran through like you was fingers through Sassoon
Horror chick in the bathroom, off the backstage room
Shit you couldn't imagine, nigga I'll harass you
I'll Ras Kass you, soul on ice and body cast dude
Past due, Jean and Kwe the last two action heroes
Actually had the capacity to be the ones in a class of zeroes
Hip hop's not dead, it was on vacation
We back, we bask in the confrontation
You can ask me, have any conversation
You talk shit, Blacksmith, Jean, I'm waitin', nigga [Chorus:]
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) What? What?
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) What?
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) What?
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) What?
Talk shit now (now...now...now...) Say something (g'head), say something (what was that?)
Say something (I dare you), say something [Verse 3: Talib Kweli]
We not fallin' for your trick 'cause your image is like a gimmick
Forget it, every rhyme is bitten, you like a mimic
I'm talkin' to the lord and I'm askin' him for forgiveness
Just for kickin' niggas out the club like Michael Richards
Yeah, I admit, I'm guilty, the way I spit is filthy
I keep it gritty, so they get it, they feel me, the flow
Is known for touchin' the soul of street hustlers
I speak in the language - you know I keep customers
The writing therapeutic, it's due to the pain and sufferin'
While these dudes get it confused and abuse the creative substance
I'm givin' you a contact high, my name buzzin'
And I came in the game with nothin', stop frontin' nigga, talk shit now! [Outro:]
The year of the Blacksmith is not defined by any calendar

Just thought I'd remind all you challengers
Get the name right, BKMC, Talib Kweli, say it again! Get your hands in the air (get em up!)
Put your hands in the air (put em up!)
Get your hands in the air (get em up!)
Put your hands in the air (put em up!)

Songwriters

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