

Upper Echelon

Talib Kweli

Check it out baby, check it out y'all

This that upper echelon shit, what is this? Welcome to the Prisoner of Conscious Brainiac dum-dum, 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 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 grass cause we the diamonds
Check it out baby, check it out y'all
This that upper echelon shit, what is this? I be listening to real shit, real spit, like die hard feeling

Type of shit the fake niggas find hard to deal wit'
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 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 tomato flesh
Waiting on me with baited breath
Check it out baby, check it out y'all
This that upper echelon shit, what is this? Welcome to the
Walking through double fisted, 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 it stay the fuck out of 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 praise that you get is barely audible
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 of culture, back to the future rap, DeLorean
I class up the joint the spit is valedictorian

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