

# 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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