

# Rush

## Talib Kweli

Feel the rush  
They come to me for the lyrical, spiritual, raw shit I spit at you  
Original, and I see collective, not individual  
Visual, on the mic I'm un-fuck-wit-able  
Invincible, official nigga who they come to  
For the hardcore, art of war, rhymes that I got in store  
Triple W in curo son dot org  
For education and culture, heads is waitin' for Mos to  
Do the album with Kweli, we do it like we suppose to  
Nobody come close to my crew, we wild nice  
You ain't tight, your rhymes is like what a child writes  
When he can't spell, you chase crumbs and get ate like Han-sel  
Can't hold your mic, like your liquor, your style like an Amstel  
Smack a nigga til my motherfuckin hands swell  
You ain't fly and you prolly guy can't sell  
y'all niggas shaky like handheld, amuteur camera work  
In walking this planet of earth  
I'm the illest emcee and a man of my word  
When I came out, niggaz didn't understand it at first  
I'm known to roll up my sleeves and put my hands in the dirt  
We at war and I got a battle plan that can work  
With the proper execution so I'm killin' the mic  
You get hit like a deer standin' still in the light  
I'm spillin' it like, I ain't never had a meal in my life  
Feed my family with my pen, it's so real what I write  
We fight, fuck, get buckwild  
Kill, chill, make love, have child  
Freestyle, b-boy, hit the block  
Build, destroy, get it hot  
Yo, I make the place go apeshit (c'mon)  
Ain't no other way to say it, ain't nuttin to play with  
I'm Langston Hughes, "Dreams Deferred" seen and heard in the flesh  
Cause so many people believe the word even when it seems absurd  
With keen observation I peep the game  
And got blood on his hands, I can see the stains  
My street slang spray like shots when heat bang out  
Niggas keep my name in they mouth, I put they flame out  
Where I'm from, action is first and talk is second  
I'm sharp like the blade in the logo of Rawkus Records  
New York's infected, niggaz beefin' on the mix-tape  
Got Nickelback niggaz thinkin' they can fuck with big weight  
Hell no, give it up, it's enough

We about to live it up, with ten of us  
We ride and you live with us  
Pick it up, party people, you about to get in touch  
Give it up, everybody, you about to get a rush  
You can find Kweli in the cut, with a Cohiba lit up bout to split a Dutch  
Get it up, everybody, you about to get in touch  
Give it up, everybody, you about to get a rush (woo!)Yeah, yeah  
Quality material  
Yo, check this out  
Yeah, you heard it  
Kweli  
You don't know how to say it by now, fuck you  
Broadcastin' live, from Brooklyn, New York City  
Yeah, turn this shit up  
It's Quality music  
You know how we use it  
Feel the rushFeel the rush

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