

# Two & Two

Talib Kweli

[Chorus]

They wanna know (All you have to do)

Know how I do

Maybe you don't (All you have to do is call me, call me)

Why you playing, why you playing?

I be going like two and two

With some hot shit ready to spit for you

With the songs that you love just to get you through Back in effect

I'm back to collect

Got the respect

Which will turn into the cash or a check

You can, pay me in fear, you can pay me with love

You can, pay me in tears or you can pay me in blood

Spray me with slugs, and the revolution live, I never die in vain

The writer might be dead but the piece remain on the train (yea)

The music help you be true to yourself, accumulate wealth

So what I spit is the embodiment I do for self

As a teen it was kinda hard to find a job

I took over my writer's bloc and ran it like a spot

I'm Pimp see in this game nigga, I'm a hard

But I'm never feasting on it, keep speaking on it God

That's what they say when I'm building, I keep my dialogue street

But still spiritual like we deep inside a mosque

Or the sin of God that don't preach or go where the sinners are

And keep the fire burning like a slum lord in the Bronx [Chorus] Rhyme writer from nine to five

It's the 25 to lifers with the balance of the acrobatic high wires

The pain of the slave with his back feeling like fire

Cause the whip talking to his ass like Knight Rider

Most of these rappers now days be sounding like liars

Got visions of guns in they head like the Pied Piper

When I bust they start to disappear like my lighters

Cause they shit is faker than the dreads on Mikah Phifer

The industry is in trouble

Plus these industry niggaz is fake, so they tend to be in a bubble

So I hit the block where they're known to thicken the plot

Sticking up cops, kids be pocket-picking they Glocks (my man)

Balling outta control, don't be forgetting that niggaz is broker than dishes at a Greek wedding

They might try to run up on you, take your life quick

It's like this when you walk the strip up on the night shift [Chorus] This right here the bare essentials with no

extras y'all  
I kept it raw from the school of thought where less is more  
Brooklyn is cooking and I blessed it with the special sauce  
I got the soul of a prophet and never take a loss  
Fresher than kicks out the box, the kids on the block  
That is street hungry trying to get that sweet honey out the rock  
Crack in the socks when they click the row thicker than sour sop  
Listening to my black power rock  
Music, of this hip hop we be rock to it  
I'm a river, you a valley, watch me run right through it  
You wanna learn how to do it, tell the truth in your single first  
Lil' Kim went to jail for what you do in every single verse (free Lil' Kim)  
Lyrics is perjury, your beats is more plastic than surgery  
And we in the United States of emergency  
One of the main reasons none of you lames worry me  
Is I change lanes like I change planes and change currency[Chorus]

Songwriters

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