

# 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[Verse 1]  
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 C 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]  
Of course I will "cause you know how I do  
Maybe you don't (All you have to do is call me... call me)  
I be going like two and two  
With some more hot shit ready to spit for you  
With the songs that you love just to get you through  
Ma[Verse 2]  
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 Glock (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]  
Let 'em know  
Of course I will "cause you know how I do  
Maybe you don't (All you have to do is call me... call me)  
I be going like two & two  
With some more hot shit ready to spit for you  
With the songs that you love to get you through  
Ma[Verse 3]  
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]  
They wanna know, tell them (All you have to do is call me)  
of course I will "cause you know how I do  
Maybe you don't (All you have to do is call me... call me)  
I be going like two and two  
With some more hot shit ready to spit for you  
With the songs that you love to get you through  
Ma

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>