

# We Got the Beat

## Res

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah! Come on! What it is  
It's the P-l-a-n-e-t R-o-c-k  
Kweli, BK, se-la-vis  
You could tell I be hell-a-free like college radio  
WQHT gonna play me though  
this hot shit is to fly like the cockpit  
got spit like a french kiss chicks lock lips  
coming from the deep black like the Loch Ness  
now bring apocalypse like the heart of darkness  
it's like the heart of the artist become a target  
pop music is the black market  
recently we witness bizarre shit  
the war hit the same time as SARS hit  
terrorists send bombs at the concert  
the show must go on yo regardless  
I'm just some hip-hop kid to pop shit  
and get on some rock shit and start a mosh pit

[Hook]

Yeah

We got the beat to make the planet rooooooockkkk  
(Come on, Come on)  
Yeah, Come on  
We got the beat to make the planet rooooooockkkk  
(Come on, Come on)

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

We got the planet to rock, Kweli's standing on top  
I'm like a panther when I answer to cops  
and bust back before the man get a shot  
and the blood on their veins run cold like the cannibal lox  
and bring heat like the blood of the mammal that's hot  
and keep fighting like the boy with the mechanical heart  
and watch time count down on the hands of the clock  
till the hour when the pinnacle start  
wow, and go fast like the bullet that ran through the dark  
the hollow tip ripped a man apart, blaow

yo these soldiers die in petroleum wars  
think they fighting for the holliest cause  
it don't matter if you muslim, hebrew, or you a christian  
information is the newest religion, is a true way of living  
ain't no rule to a surpestitution stop me with going through with my mission  
come on man

[Hook with minor variations x2]

[Talib Kweli]

Come on get down, get down, get down, get down  
go ladies, go, go, go ladies, go, go  
Come on all my ghetto people stand strong  
we rocking on and on  
one for me, now rocking with the best and is Kweli  
you ain't no MC like me, you just a clone like KFC  
Come on, B-Boys, B-Girls, we rocking the world

[Hook]

[Talib rhyming over hook]

Don't belive niggaz running the place  
man everything is dangerous nothing is safe, nigga  
think you a man with a gun in your waist  
let the cops disrespect you right in front of your face  
take it out on your girl, punch her in the face  
you ain't a thug you a waste of space  
nigga get out the way, B-boys gonna rock till the break!  
how much can a planet take

[Repeat until end]

We got the beat...

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