Say Something

SucrÃ©

The year is 1975, Brooklyn, New York City
A child destined for greatness is born, let's go
Get your hands in the air, get 'em up
Put your hands in the air, put 'em up
Get your hands in the air, get 'em up
Put your hands in the air, put 'em up
Talk shit now, talk shit now
Talk shit now, talk shit now, talk shit, hey
Say something, say something
Say something, say something
The Lord Chief Rocka, I'm colder than meat lockers
My people keep throwin' it up like cheap vodka
I smack Internet MC's and beat bloggers
You can see my Black Thought like 'Riq Trotter
Deep, go ahead and sleep, they know in the street
Kwe' gon' flow on the beat proper, composin' complete operas
Longer than a cigar that's Godfather
Tappin' two heart choppers, I'm harder than gob stoppers
People comin' for the throne not knowin' the seat hotter than
Fish grease, criminal names on police blotters
You convinced me, I hit targets like top shotters
Out in the Mideast like Muslims takin' Shahada
I'm sayin' makin' a profit, a product of Reaganomics
Awake and I'm stayin' conscious to radio playin' garbage, yeah
Blacksmith Music, if you don't pay homage
I'ma show you how we break an artist
That's a threat, I'm not makin' a promise
Speak to the people like Barack Obama
They worship like the black Madonna, c'mon
Niggaz talk shit, but they ain't got skills
I'm the type of nigga to put lead in your grill
Number two pencil is sharper to bruise mentals, and
Beatin' in my chest is the heart of a true gentleman
Still spit right in your face
Fuck a Top 8, back up, gimme MySpace, you're not safe
Yeah, they say I'm back
But I ain't go nowhere though
Been here the whole time
Where you been? You back

Matter 'fact, apologize
Talk shit now, talk shit now
Talk shit now, talk shit now, talk shit, hey
Say something, say something
Say something, say something
Open your mouth, say somethin', I fuckin' dare you
Chokin' you out 'til you can't suck any air through
Fuck with your man too, thinkin' I can't do what I plan to
Vet vandal, niggaz are brand new
Ain't knew I was bad news? Look at the tattoos
Get ran through like you was fingers through Sassoon
Horror chick in the bathroom, off the backstage room
Shit you couldn't imagine, nigga, I'll harass you
I'll Ras Kass you, 'Soul On Ice' and body cast dude
Past due, Jean and Kwe' the last two action heroes
Actually had the capacity to be the ones in a class of zeros
Hip hop's not dead, it was on vacation
We back, we bask in the confrontation
You can ask me, have any conversation
You talk shit, Blacksmith, Jean, I'm waitin', nigga
Talk shit now, talk shit now
Talk shit now, talk shit now, talk shit, hey
Say something, say something
Say something, say something
We not fallin' for your trick 'cause your image is like a gimmick
Forget it, every rhyme is bitten, you like a mimic
I'm talkin' to the Lord and I'm askin' Him for forgiveness
Just for kickin' niggaz out the club like Michael Richards
Yeah, I admit it, I'm guilty, the way I spit it is filthy
I keep it gritty so they get it, they feel me, the flow
Is known for touchin' the soul of street hustlers
I speak in the language they know I keep customers
The writin' therapeutic, it's due to the pain and sufferin'
While these dudes get it confused and abuse the creative substance
I'm givin' you a contact high, my name buzzin'
And I came in the game with nothin', stop frontin', nigga
Talk shit now, the year of Blacksmith
Is not defined by any calendar
Just thought I'd remind all you challengers
Get the name right, BKMC, Talib Kweli, say it again
Get your hands in the air, get 'em up
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