# Eternalists

## Talib Kweli & Hi-Tek

Yeah
Now here we go
Here we go (come on come on)
Now here we go
Here we go (come on come on)
YeahStay strong this ain't for the plain hearted
My name's honored cause my style is insane retarded
Remain hottest from St. Marks to St. Thomas
Take game farther than the Putt-Putt planes chartered
The same artist who smoke rain forest will bang hardest
My brain smartest break a nigga like a lame promise
All city like train bombers check out the pictures we painted (yeah)
More colorful than Kelis naked
Your skills is least debated and your album least awaited
Even Big Tiger wouldn't let you in the basement
Face it y'all niggas face down with your legs kicking
They call your momma Roy Jones cause she raised chicken
Your down for the count like Rah Digga I'm straight spitting
Make pidgins say, "uh uh no they didn't"
Yes we did so god bless the kid yo
I got my own so I never stress his no
Chorus (repeat 1x)
[first 2 lines quoted from Eric B. & Rakim: Follow The Leader]
In this journey you're the journal I'm the journalist
Am I eternal or an eternalist?
As soon as we showed up I sensed nervousness
As soon as we rolled up y'all niggas burn to thisHere we go
Come on
Yeah yeah (yeahhh)
Yeah yeah (yeah yeah come on)
Yeah yeah
Come on come on
Yo we send this bullet straight towards your brain
We taking over like the Moors in Spain there's more to gain
Runaways get aboard the train (come on) You can't ignore the pain (no)
When it come down like the pouring rain
Caught the train of thought and claim to cross the broad terrain
The cold weather break your spirit like a water main
I looked in your eyes and I saw the shame

Y'all don't know that a greatness came before the chain
Till you can't imagine a future where this all could change
If one of us ain't free then we all to blame
So we attack each other fighting project wars and thang
It's all the same across the board we off again
You wanna sieve through that shit then you can call my name
Kweli I chopped it up like raw cocaine
I drop jams in top ten I'm not for the fame
You wanna test and I bet you get wrecked like lost planes
YoChorus (repeat 2x)Ya niggas shook
And there it is (yeah)
Yeah yeah (yeah yeah)
Come on
Yeah yeah (yeah yeah)
Yeahh
Yeah yeah (yeah yeah)
Yo yo yoSay whaaat? Say what, say what, say what
I rock for the purest and I rock for the players
I rock for the fellas and I rock for the ladies (come on)
I rock for the elders and I rock for the babies (yeah)
I rhyme to the sirens that cry in the night (yeah)
Live on the mic even though I've been dying to write (yeah)
Since the day of flying a kite and ridding my bike (come on)
Open my eyes and keep the prize within my line of sight (yeah)
Cats dropped out of school to keep fiends high on the pipe (word)
Seem like that's the get away of trying to fight
The system thats based on trying to stop you from shinning your light
Dying in spite of getting rich That's why I rhyme like
a battle emcee Battling the tragedies and fallacies
That be killing niggas quicker than infant mortality
They acting like whats going on now is distant reality
Behaving so casually that they become a casualty
Plus they don't wanna battle me anyway
They try to walk away but they stumble like Macy Gray
Cats hit the tunnel to rumble and say, "Hey DJ!"
Make me wonder why they call Sunday the lazy dayChorus (repeat 2x)Check me outyeah yeah
yeah yeah
yeah yeah (fades)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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