

Guerrilla Monsoon Rap

Talib Kweli

Yeah

Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about

Let's do it Kanye West, c'mon turn me up

And Black Thought, c'mon turn me up

And Pharoahe Monch, c'mon turn me up

And Talib Kweli in the house with Guerrilla monsoon rap all the shorties like, who dat?

Got the whole crowd like, how ya do dat?

Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black

And ya crew, give me dap like true dat We come through and all the shorties like, who dat?

Got the whole crowd like, how ya do dat?

Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black

And ya crew, give me dap like true dat Yo, I hit these Rmcees with the grip of death like I was a Vulcan

Ain't a lot of ifs and ands, it's just straight talkin'

It's hard to swallow at times, so take portions

Bitin' off more than you can chew, create offense Emcee species endangered like dolphins

Rappers is spittin' nails into they own coffins

Hear come the Dundee moves rocket launchin'

Black Thought, quit playin' him close and back up off him Kweli, spruce to the tree, Bruce to the Lee

The real Emcee, that your favorite rapper used to be

One by one I knock 'em out like Schoolly D, my rhymes is eulogy

A flea could move a tree, before ya think ya movin' me A black and blue emcees, actin' new to me, get smacked
stupidly

That lack skills, like the black community lack unity

Still my rhymes heard like Ali De Phrase

Step off the stage to shouts of Kweli boomayyay See these four Emcees came to get down

Rearrange the rap game, change ya whole sound

Nigga you, gotta, understand the plot ta

Movin' and groovin' and always improvin' alot ta'll outfox the, average Porsche ya Boxster talk

Break the bank on some old Frank Sinatra

Slash Chi Town, slash Philly

Check the blast from Geneva, you can get slapped silly Guerrilla monsoon rap all the shorties like, who dat?

Got the whole crowd like, how ya do dat?

Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black

And ya crew, give me dap like true dat We come through and all the shorties like, who dat?

Got the whole crowd like, how ya do dat?

Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black

And ya crew, give me dap like true dat Okay, my sound drenches, each of the five senses

And hold the shock value of electrified fences

It's truth or consequences, ride wit us or against us

Is you a dedicated soldier, or you a princess, dog? I'm in it to win it and not for the wealth
Got a crib with a Grammy and a gat on the shelf
Nan nigga competition, gotta battle myself
And me and Kweli on a mission, gettin' Pharoahe for help
From natives walkin' in trailer tears to players sippin'
Belvedere
We always comin' well prepared, and all my dogs' smellin' fear
Plus, even my niggaz from the Bede say you hella scared
Truth or consequences, and all senses be well aware
Your style under developed there, hell if I care
What hardship you claim to see, but I can tell by your stare
Nigga you fugazi, sayin' ya crew blazin'
Like sayin' Miss Cleo is a true Jamaican, we makin' Guerrilla monsoon rap, smell the fumes, get in tune wit it
When I attack your city, y'all gon' think Dr. Doom did it
Spit it like white trash in seed spittin' contests
With a vendetta that sent a betta letter bomb to Congress
I'm pissed, cumulus clouds of ominous
Words of the Thor, the rawness that'll restore ya calmness
Unless, you wanna be leg and armless
That's parapaleg' for those who believe in bomb threats
Guerrilla monsoon rap all the shorties like, who dat?
Got the whole crowd like, how ya do dat?
Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black
And ya crew, give me dap like true dat
We come through and all the shorties like, who dat?
Got the whole crowd like, how ya do dat?
Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black
And ya crew, give me dap like true dat, nigga
That's what I'm talkin' about, that's what I'm talkin' about
C'mon, that's what I'm talkin' about, yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about
C'mon, that's what I'm talkin' about, yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about
[Incomprehensible] Kanye West, Kweli
Black Thought, Monch Pharoahe

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