

# Down For The Count

## Talib Kweli

Yeah, check it out now (uhh uhh uhh)  
Rah Digga y'all, Dirty Harriet (uhh!)  
Kweli, Xzibit, new millenium! (C'mon, check it)One, two, three, four  
Grimy bitch stomp the bogey outside your front door (yeah)  
Puffin on Goodie, eatin tuna and rye  
Blow the spot with some old school shit from junior high (HEYYYY!)  
One, two, three, four  
Jersey's finest in the house, punchlines and metaphors  
Make your foul ice grill, thug grimy on the real  
Puttin heads to bed like Hennessey and NyQuilConvertible style, still had the heat knockin  
Bumpin shit from way back with my man beatboxin  
Shootin the breeze, see I'm nice with these  
You'll be suckin it down like fast food high C's  
Type of rap bitch that love underground classics  
Gettin more green than that nigga St. Patrick  
Makin wack rappers go and merc the set  
Better off behind a desk tryin to surf the net  
Cause I be adamant, kill 'em when my joints get added in  
Worse than boric acid in your project cabinet  
Dirty Harriet, increase the fanbases  
Leavin non writin cats stuck on the plantations  
Mini-skirts with tights, eatin lunch with whites  
Leave the party over here like they Israelites  
Got Cali Brooks critics, Ta' Kweli, Xzibit  
Gonna rock shit down like he can't get no visitsOne, two, three, four  
Rock the whole world like the Rolling Stone tour (AH-AHHH!)  
Raw your wack set is faker than a bomb threat  
By a nervous terrorist who's so scared that his palms wet  
One, two, three, four  
The stuff legends are made of, urban folklore  
Like Jim Morrison we break on through  
Before I care about your take on me, we take on youYo, yo, yo  
We bring it straight to your face from the start, yo  
Rage Against the Machine, break it apart  
Might be over your head, but it's straight from the heart  
I show my love in the light while y'all hate in the dark  
Straight to apocalypse is where I'm takin the art  
Givin niggaz battle scars, always makin' my mark  
You fakin the part of gangster, til niggaz break in your spot

You straight bitch whether I say it or not  
Shit is hot, spittin flames on the track  
Put our town's names on the map  
From now until we fadin to black  
Where we at? Thug rebels love metal clubs ghetto  
When the slugs let go like Frankie Beverly  
Forever we stack notes like the treasury, flow heavenly  
Get you high on speech laced with obscenity  
Niggaz be gassed like Cipher Sounds, and need rescue remedy  
Then fall the fuck off like limbs affected with leprosy  
One, two, three, four  
Why the fuck can't MC's MC no more?  
Hardcore til somebody put me under the ground  
With a dick in your ear, still couldn't fuck with my sound  
All  
One, two, three, four  
Takin me straight to the weed spot, then to the liquor sto'  
"Gimme Some Mo'" like Busta Bus', who do you trust?  
Swingin through, your favorite neighborhood lush  
I'm irrate, usin your body for live bait  
Xzibit rockin them heavy gems you can't take  
Dilate, cock back the weight, spread hate  
Heavy metal we settle and set shit straight  
Hit gates in my younger days, from the policeman  
Me and my clan used to dance thicker than quicksand  
Supply and demand the hand is quicker than the eye  
Find some chickens to fry, while you find it hard to stick to your lie  
I see through the tricks, destroy the facade  
Your little lungs is too weak to hotbox with God  
Rah Digga, First Lady of the Flipmode Squad  
Gotta be hard like a young nigga walkin the yard  
For the first time, we ain't the niggaz you let shine  
Expect mines to blow lines like coke everytime  
I'm an Alkaholik nigga so I finish the fifth  
You at the front door bitchin because you ain't on the list  
It's like One, two, three, four  
Yeah (ohhhhhhhh) hehehe (aight y'all, aight y'all )  
Yeah (here we go)  
One, two, three, four

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>