

# Listen!!! (Main Edit)

## Talib Kweli

This the year of the BlackSmith  
Talib Kweli, Kwame, let's goYeah, niggas don't listen  
Back in the days we all used to listen  
Now shit is so wack, nobody listen  
To that real hip hop, yo, listenLadies and gentlemen, get ready, here I come  
Talib Kweli and I'm bangin' on ya eardrum  
I think I wanna hear you  
Now lemme get up in it, wait, wait, wait, waitFriends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me ya ears  
Stop repentin' 'cause the ending is near  
But don't panic, you can't function if you livin' in fear  
Pay attention, you gotta listen to hearWait just a minute, who the fuck you talkin' to?  
Put you on hold, get a specialist to walk you through  
Kweli, the flow captain of fast and slow rappin'  
I'm so crackin', you ain't heard? Ya shit appear like closed captionsKing of the bars and I'm goin' hard pause  
All my confidence comes from knowin' God's Laws  
Bangin' on the system, fightin' my kinda war  
Loud as a whisper, quiet as a lion's roarLadies and gentlemen, get ready, here I come  
Talib Kweli and I'm bangin' on ya eardrum  
I think I wanna feel you  
Now lemme get up in it, it's for ya spirit so  
But y'all hear me thoughGet up, get into it and get involved  
There's a little something that I wanna spit for y'all  
I think I wanna feel you  
Now lemme get up in it, wait, wait, wait, waitGet it now, get it fast, get it right  
Get it big, get it locked, get it done, get it tight  
I think I wanna feel you  
But you don't really hear me though  
I spit clearly so it's live outcha stereoTo your heart while it's beatin' in ya chest  
When you speakin' to execs and they see behind the desk  
To ya spirit, nothing weaker than the flesh  
So while you try to keep it fresh, you gettin' deeper into debtReal hip hop is missin' from the shelf  
Yup, it's what you felt when you listen to yaself  
Only a few is makin' cuts that's spinnin'  
So before you spend ya hard earned spinachLadies and gentlemen, get ready, here I come  
Talib Kweli and I'm bangin' on ya eardrum  
I think I wanna feel you  
Now lemme get up in it, it's for ya spirit so  
But y'all hear me thoughGet up, get into it and get involved  
There's a little something that I wanna spit for y'all

I think I wanna feel you  
Now lemme get up in it, wait, wait, wait, wait You love the sounds comin' out your speaker  
I spit rounds like a nine millimeter  
The youth today, they frown at the teachers  
They ain't down with no leaders  
They don't wanna wait just a minute They like, "What? Nigga, wait right there"  
I got 'Reservoir Dogs', you'll be missin' a right ear  
Get it clear, I figure it's my year  
I'm everywhere makin' appearances and niggas might miss Hear the word, peep the flow, check the cadence  
What you heard as a pro, I'm so amazing  
Don't front, girl, you know it's ya favorite  
New Kweli, yo, they runnin' out of patience Ladies and gentlemen, get ready, here I come  
Talib Kweli and I'm bangin' on ya eardrum  
I think I wanna feel you  
Now lemme get up in it, it's for ya spirit so  
But y'all hear me though Get up, get into it and get involved  
There's a little something that I wanna spit for y'all  
I think I wanna feel you  
Now lemme get up in it, wait, wait, wait, wait Yo, don't it sound so good to you?  
It's the return of the greatest, y'all  
Talib Kweli, BKMC  
BlackSmith is the movement, BlackSmith is the music Whatchu ridin' for?  
Whatchu livin' for?  
Whatchu dyin' for?  
I think I wanna feel you  
Bangin' on ya eardrum, yeah Wait now, wait now, wait now for a minute  
Listen  
Wait now, wait now, wait now for a minute

Songwriters

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