

# The Perfect Beat

Talib Kweli

"Check this out..."

[KRS-One]

Hoooooooooooooooo~! (HEY DJ!) WHAT? ("I know you're gonna dig this")

Yeah, yeah, yeh yeh! KRS, ohhhh~! Talib Kweli

Talib this is crazy, yo this is crazy

Hah... what'chu doin'?

Throw your hands up, c'mon

[T] BK to BX and every place in between, it's all 7-18 like

[K] Grand Concourse, whassup!

[Talib Kweli]

We got beats to the rhyme and the rhyme is so fresh yo

So what'chu got? 9's and tecs, you no threat

It's the beat, how you get your cake don't matter

It takes heart the lyrics been replaced with the swagger

I stay sharp enough to slash your face like a dagger

The actors been replaced with the rappers

The rappers been replaced with the actors, see how they try to stay on the beat

The pig route when he walkin down the street to the beat

[KRS-One]

WOOP~! Sound of da police

What is the life of a true hip-hopper, the beats

Peace love unity livin proper with the beats

In any endeavor whatever we will prosper with our beats

Some cats are real, other are impostors with beats

We the realest, livest

The rawest, crack cocaine heroin survivors with beats

We avoided the cops, we focused on beefs

Spittin, all we saw was stacks of rhymes written, elite

Way too smart for the system of course

We know a smart free black man just pisses 'em off!

What they like is when we glisten and gloss

Flashin millions but still takin a loss

Bump the beat! Yeah, all in the street

Talib yo, I think it's 'bout time to speak

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah... yeah... word~!  
Watch me take it there, life ain't no Christmas there  
Hell yeah it's crystal clear when Kweli and Kris is here  
Searching for the perfect beat I went to East Dayt'  
It's crazy and fugazi how they slaves to they release date  
They try to look away, they're scared to look inside  
Askin why like a guy who look for God up in the sky (that's right)  
Searchin high and low, behind the do', inside the drawer  
Little did he know that the beat was tryin to find a flow  
Stuck in limbo, how low can you go  
A punched hole through your stomach lining like Tylenol  
Build all kind of rolled, metaphors and similies  
that'll have you doubtin my competitor's abilities  
My whole body is a spiritual facility  
Rock a vest after a lyrical killing spree  
The illest delivery, later for the talk we need action  
Silence is golden but the violence is platinum  
When you rappin to the beat

[KRS-One]  
Boom, bap, who's, that?  
KRS-One bring the beat back  
The perfect beat we seek that, knowledge of mind we speak that  
We don't speak weak crap over weak tracks  
MOVE, THAT; we speak boom bap live in the club  
We can show and prove that

[Talib Kweli]  
Yeah, it ain't old school or new school it's true school rap  
Beat you 'til you're blue and black, true dat, it's

[KRS-One]  
Better beat win again, work the street  
Movin again, insert the heat  
Lookin again for the perfect beat  
Don't look in the book to learn to eat  
Write up a hook, learn to speak  
Never be shook, follow the heat  
Forever they look weak  
T.K. you must speak!

[Talib Kweli]  
Teachin 'em how to eat to live  
They cheap and their pimp is pleadin the fifth  
Bleedin as if they goin to war

Everytime they leavin the crib  
Sneakers and whips, police be peepin the strip  
You see 'em walkin the beat  
Hoes believin the pimps who eatin the shrimps  
So John's walkin the street  
Lookin for a sweet face, in each case  
Tryin to get they heartbeat racin, and the dark meat be tastin  
so delicious, my description so good to the beat  
It's lifted right from the sounds that you hear in the hood when you sleep

[KRS-One]

Bring the beat back!  
All that whackness, we don't need that  
You gotta bring the beat back!  
All that whack garbage, we don't need that  
Bring the beat back! All that weakness we don't need that  
Selector bring the beat back, bring the beat back!  
Selector, listen!

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah, DJ Rhettmatic  
Talib Kweli, hip-hop

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