The Perfect Beat

Talib Kweli

"Check this out..."

[KRS-One]
Hooooooooooooo~! (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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