

Who Got It

Talib Kweli

[Talib Kweli]

Let's go, let's go, let's, let's
Let's go, let's go, let's, let's
Let's go, let's go, let's, let's
Let's go, let's, c'mon

[Chorus: Talib Kweli]

Ask anybody that you bump into
Who got it poppin when it come to these rhymes (who got it?)
We got the sound that you jump into
You automatically pressin rewind (jump up!)

[Talib Kweli]

They call him Kwe' for short, really talk to the children
But too many people feel him and they might, try to kill him
Try to test me I survive, like your grandma recipe
(Survive) like a Child with a Destiny
Survive like a Cuban holdin piece of wood floatin to Miami
like, Elian Gonzalez cause they back with the family
Survivin in the streets of Brooklyn, that's where you find me
Survivin like somebody mommy clutchin a palm tree in a tsunami
Who woulda thunk that would ever happen?
Rootin for Kweli cause he brung back clever rappin
Sister - heads wrapped in fabric of the standard music
Chicks - with their tits, made of plastic look, dancin to it
In this arena I balance, your boy stand alone
and win it cause these rappers is more annoying than camera phones
Maybe it's me, it could be hard to move me
But these niggaz got me trippin like a white girl in a horror movie!

[Interlude]

Do you like the way he jumped on it?
Take a step back, you don't want it
Do you like the way he jumped on it?
Take a step back, you don't, you don't

[Chorus]

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah... this the one right here, put it on everything

Drop it heavy then get in the wind like a weather vane
Let it rain, let it pour, metaphor so let it off
Like the 38th special edition of "Set it Off"
Yo the trap, got you blastin your heat
It's hot ones like shotguns from the passenger seat
The mic booth, the district where they be packin the meat
Cause they kept it raw as the jump off, I hop, back on the beat
Back on the street like an ex-con
with enough in his pocket for a tip at a restaurant
It's a cold world, dress warm
Cuttin through the bullshit record labels and the shady deals
Ladies feel the beat when they out clubbin like baby seals
Let me chill out cause the raw image to focus on
Get back to my point, this joint is jumpin like a circus song
Yeah, to break it down to the basic components
They don't want it so I'm runnin out of worthy opponents, whoa

[Interlude]

[Chorus]

[Talib Kweli]

Even when I be sleepin my brain it keep goin deep inside
A street poem with rhymes that keep blowin your mind
with a unique flow and heat showin
Grown men weepin in the open, tears leak into the ocean
Today is (Training Day), I passed the test like Ethan Hawk and
I'm droppin signs like Craig G, or Stephen Hawkins
Y'all don't rhyme, y'all speak in quotes of MC's that sleep in coffins
Latchin on like a leech and eatin off 'em, you weak and soft and

[Chorus]

[Talib Kweli]

Jump, jump, jump - Brooklyn jump up
Jump, jump, jump - Harlem jump up
Jump, jump, jump - yo, West coast jump up
Jump, jump, jump - everybody jump up
Jump, jump, jump - Queens jump up
Jump, jump, jump - {?} jump up
Jump, jump, jump - Midwest jump up
Jump, jump, jump - here we go (everybody like) yeah

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>