We Got The Beat

Microphonies

[Talib Kweli]
Yeah! Come on! What it is
It's the P-l-a-n-e-t R-o-c-k
Kweli, BK, se-la-vis
You could tell I be hell-a-free like college radio
WQHT gonna play me though
this hot shit is to fly like the cockpit
got spit like a french kiss chicks lock lips
coming from the deep black like the Loch Ness
now bring apocalypse like the heart of darkness
it's like the heart of the artist become a target
pop music is the black market
recently we witness bizarre shit
the war hit the same time as SARS hit
terrorists send bombs at the concert
the show must go on yo regardless
I'm just some hip-hop kid to pop shit
and get on some rock shit and start a mosh pit

[Hook]
Yeah
We got the beat to make the planet roooccccckkk
(Come on, Come on)
Yeah, Come on
We got the beat to make the planet roooccccckkkk
(Come on, Come on)

[Talib Kweli]
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
We got the planet to rock, Kweli's standing on top
I'm like a panther when I answer to cops
and bust back before the man get a shot
and the blood on their veins run cold like the cannibal lox
and bring heat like the blood of the mammal that's hot
and keep fighting like the boy with the mechanical heart
and watch time count down on the hands of the clock
till the hour when the pinnacle start
wow, and go fast like the bullet that ran through the dark
the hollow tip ripped a man apart, blaow

yo these soldiers die in petroleum wars
think they fighting for the holliest cause
it don't matter if you muslim, hebrew, or you a christian
information is the newest religion, is a true way of living
ain't no rule to a surpestition stop me with going through with my mission
come on man

[Hook with minor variations x2]

[Talib Kweli]
Come on get down, get down, get down, get down
go ladies, go, go, go ladies, go, go
Come on all my ghetto people stand strong
we rocking on and on
one for me, now rocking with the best and is Kweli
you ain't no MC like me, you just a clone like KFC
Come on, B-Boys, B-Girls, we rocking the world

[Hook]

[Talib rhyming over hook]
Don't belive niggaz running the place
man everything is dangerous nothing is safe, nigga
think you a man with a gun in your waist
let the cops disrespect you right in front of your face
take it out on your girl, punch her in the face
you ain't a thug you a waste of space
nigga get out the way, B-boys gonna rock till the break!
how much can a planet take

[Repeat until end]
We got the beat...

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