

Guerrilla Monsoon Rap

Talib Kweli

Guerrilla monsoon rap all the shorties like "who dat?"
Got the whole crowd like "how ya do dat?"
Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black
And ya crew, give me dap like true dat
We come through and all the shorties like "who dat?"
Got the whole crowd like "how ya do dat?"
Nigga you, get smacked 'til ya blue black
And ya crew, give me dap like true datYo, I hit these emcees with the grip of death like I was a Vulcan
Ain't a lot of "ifs" an "ands", it's just straight talkin
It's hard to swallow at times, so take portions
Bitin' off more than you can chew, create offense
Emcee species endangered like dolphins
Rappers is spittin nails into they own coffins (c'mon)
Hear come the Dundee moves rocket-launchin (yeah)
Black Thought, quit playin him close and back up off himKweli spruce to the tree, Bruce to the Lee
The real emcee, that your favorite rapper used to be
One by one I knock 'em out like Schoolly D my rhymes is eulogy
A flea could move a tree, before ya think ya movin' me
I black and blue emcees - actin new to me, get smacked stupidly
That lack skills, like the black community lack unity (uh)
Still my rhymes heard like Ali DePhrase
Step off the stage to shouts of "Kweli boomayyay!!"See these four emcees came to get down
Rearrange the rap game, change ya whole sound
Nigga you, got ta, understand the plot ta
Movin and groovin and always improvin a lot-ta
I'll outfox the, average Porsche ya Boxster talk
Break the bank on some old Frank Sinatra (New York)
Slash Chi-Town, slash Philly
Check the blast from Genevo, you can get slapped sillyGuerrilla monsoon rap all the shorties like "who dat?"
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And ya crew, give me dap like true datOkay my sound drenches, each of the five senses
And hold the shock value of electrified fences
It's truth or consequences, ride wit us or against us
Is you a dedicated soldier, or you a princess, dog?

I'm in it to win it and not for the wealth
Got a crib with a Grammy and a gat on the shelf
Nan nigga competition, gotta battle myself
And me and Kweli on a mission, gettin Pharoahe for help
From natives walkin' in trailer tears to players sippin
Belvedere
We always comin' well prepared, and all my dogs' smellin' fear
Plus, even my niggaz from the Bede say you hella-scared
Truth or consequences, and all senses be well-aware
Your style under-developed there, hell if I care
What hardship you claim to see, but I can tell by your stare
Nigga you fugazi, sayin' ya crew blazin'
Like sayin' Miss Cleo is a true Jamaican, we makin' Guerrilla monsoon rap, smell the fumes, get in tune wit it
When I attack your city, y'all gon' think Dr. Doom did it
Spit it like white trash in seed-spittin' contests
With a vendetta that sent a betta letter bomb to Congress
I'm pissed cumulus clouds of ominous
Words of the Thor, the rawness that'll restore ya calmness
Unless, you want to be leg and armless
That's parapaleg' for those who believe in bomb threats
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