

# Chaos (Ft. Bahamadia)

Talib Kweli

[Talib Kweli]

We your rhyme sayers we lead you like a beacon  
of light out of the chaos cuttin down overzealous  
players who stare we're the winners of the game  
Walk in we'l prepared climbin the stairways  
to heaven while you scared of the people livin under  
ground heard the sound of the clap made you wonder  
If it was a gun the crowd or some thunder  
All of that was out my window when I was younger  
Now I'm much older, lyrical clap MC's  
If you don't know by now, let me acquaint you with my steez  
(C'mon) I don't get on stage and waste your time  
Niggaz got a lot to say but they just can't rhyme  
They just babies, I snatch em out they incubators  
Attach them to respirators, they breathin hard like Darth Vader  
Hard as candy and suck like Now or Later  
After a while your style's tasteless and it GOT NO FLAVOR[Bahamadia]  
Projects my eyesights to the heavens like dead or wise sages  
Release what I hold save it through my book of rhyme pages  
Scripts be ageless, like scrolls from dead sea  
The cadence off and on like the motion of Tai Chi  
Ba-ha-ma-D, wor-dy, to Reflect, Eternally  
Science to a remedy to help and get my people free, but  
little support, got my thesis on freeze  
My only option's doin bootlegs for the Japanese  
Get about eight G's, a heavy buzz overseas  
Sacrifice a pill to mainstream and do what I believe, cause  
down to the chromosomes I'm a purist to this artform  
Enlighten who I touch and let the world catch on[Talib Kweli + Bahamadia]  
Yeah, we your rhyme sayers, who lead you like a beacon  
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-ground heard the sound of the clap, made you wonder  
If it was a gun, the crowd, or some thunder  
All of that was out my window when I was younger[Bahamadia]  
Oppose for the nine, how no content sections of the earth  
Walkin vexed, out of my sticks, laced on every verse

My cells begin to peak at least a hundred thousand hertz  
Meanin my joint's prevalent in Fat Beats and Footworks  
I cater to these markets first, cause they gravitate to me  
And appreciate the vision of what I do musically[Talib Kweli]  
Mmm, mmmm, mmmm, mmm!!  
I walked in and they stared, see how they screwin me  
Break you down, til you ain't the man you used to be  
Domination of my jurisdiction, people's addiction to lies  
It blurs the lines between the fact and fiction  
Now we back omission, I fix your face for you, keep yappin  
You start to hate the man in the mirror like Michael Jackson[Bahamadia]  
Majors they try to hold me captive but mine are figure factions  
But the foundation of hip-hop hold my braincells for ransom  
I chance none, fuck them spots on charts and number one  
If it's meant, then I'll accept it gracious when the time comes  
This grassrooted curriculum, got me sprung like twisted ankles  
Experience is missable, so I approach it from all angles and  
inject some substance deep inside of rap's core  
Take an MC and back to where it was before[Talib Kweli]  
Call us Liberty like the Bell of Philadelphia scenery  
Me and Bahama-D, style free like Mumia need to be  
Seein me, feelin me, we right here on the level  
Turnin hardrocks to pebbles, exposin the devil  
Lyrical olympian like John Carlos winnin gold medal  
Take that bass out yyour voice you talk to me in treble  
I'm \_Serious\_ as Steady B so you know I ain't playin  
I'm stimulin, makin crowds MOVE like organizations in Philly  
Keep it positive, my prerogative is exercise  
See through the chaos with my third eye  
Word I exhibit the exquiteness, since a child I was vivid  
Throw your hands in the air if you with it, dig it[Talib Kweli + Bahamadia]  
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All of that was out my window when I was younger[Talib Kweli]  
Seven-eighteen, to five-one-three  
We meet at two-one-five  
Reflection Eternal, Bahamadia, yes yes[Xzibit]  
Yo listen the fuck up y'all  
It's Mr. X to the Z Xzibit  
Broadcastin with the home grown

That's right, they straight out of my backyard  
The Beat Junkies, on Rawkus Records understand me?  
It's Soundbombing 2!

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