In The Mood

Talib Kweli

Talib Kweli:
Yes, welcome to the wonderful sounds of Talib KweliLadies...I got you in the mood, for an interlude,
Raw like in the nude, I hope this ain't considered rude,
But let's stop talkin, cause it's feelin like an interview,
I know you into me, so, let me get into you,
I'm always in the mood for laughin and lovin and rappin and *fcukin*, And passin the dutch and Relaxin and puffin and hittin and duckin,
The rippin production, these kittens ain't muffins,
Just because we stuff 'em in the oven,
My words drippin off the tongue like the wax from a candle wick,
Ill the way I lay down the rap, they can't handle it,
Cats all sappy like romantic flicks, dude, get a clue,
Like Colonel Mustard in the study with a candlestick,
They holdin hands with these dudes like they goin steady,
But, one glimpse and I know they ready, you already know,
Slipped her a note like, 'you ready to go?'
We make a getaway plan and we head for the do'![Chorus] x 2
I wear the night like a cloak 'cause I move with the stars,
Navigate through the truly bizarre,
Who we are, who we is, it's the kids that stay true to this life,
And if the mood is right, we gon' do it tonight,Kanye:
You messin up my mo', my whole mood, told y'all, oh,
Lose, eat crews like crews like soulfood,
The only producer that feel like "fuck rappers!"
Only backpacker with a chip like hackers,
Only Michael Richardson, only much blacker,
So if he say nigga, then I'ma say *cracker*,
Is this the Ritz? Carlton? Dress like, fresh, like, just like..
I'm the shit (Uggh)
You ain't figured out what I'm about yet,
Always rockin that 'this ain't out yet',
But this ain't 'bout that,
From a city where niggas plug like outlets,
Far as music go yo, it ain't no outlets, so,
When I go out, niggas always out to get me in the studio,
And I ain't in the mood to flow,
I'm with my girl and I'm tryin to hit the movies yo,
And they tryna act stupid, oh!
In the club with Silicone Suzie,

What happened to real girls like Rudy?
With real titties like Tooty,
This girl got a silicone booty!
And got the nerve to act moody!
Now I ain't tryin to judge like Judy,
But bitch you a man, you can't fool me!
Act like Fifty, throw her in a pool G...[Chorus] x 2Talib: Break it downBringin the drum, keep it funky like a stink in a slum,
'Cause see they wanna breed cursin for the things that don't come
The speakers wrong that we rap dudes speakin in tongues
Christmas time choice for what? No we keepin our guns
Smokin a piff to cause a leak in your lungs,
You ain't got shit to do like Friday when the weekend begun,
Completely done with rap dudes - don't compete with the dumb,
I spill my blood for the people, see how deep it can run?
I'm in the mood like Dante and Main Flow,
Never comin with the same flow, got it's change, yo
It's strange yo, to make yo chain glow, that's yo main goal
That's a facade like I'm somewhere over the rainbow
Really these cats sweeter than mangoes, Mr Bonjangles-ass dudes,
Dancin around the club, doin the tango,
Go hard like Iverson playin with hurt ankles,
Plus, wrestle the topic from a different Kurt Angle![Chorus] x 2

Songwriters
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