

Guerilla Monsoon Rap

Talib Kweli

Yeah
Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about
Let's do it
Kanye West, c'mon turn me up
And Black Thought, c'mon turn me up
And Pharoahe Monch, c'mon turn me up
And Talib Kweli in the house with
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 dat
Yo, I hit these Rmcees with the grip of death like I was a Vulcan
Ain't a lot of ifs and 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
Hear come the Dundee moves rocket launchin'
Black Thought, quit playin' him close and back up off him
Kweli, 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
A black and blue emcees, actin' new to me, get smacked stupidly
That lack skills, like the black community lack unity
Still my rhymes heard like Ali De Phrase
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 , gotta, understand the plot ta
Movin' and groovin' and always improvin' alot ta
I'll outfox the, average Porsche ya Boxster talk
Break the bank on some old Frank Sinatra
Slash Chi Town, slash Philly
Check the blast from Geneva, you can get slapped silly

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 Okay, 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 wanna be leg and armless
 That's parapaleg' for those who believe in bomb threats
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 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 dat, nigga
 That's what I'm talkin' about, that's what I'm talkin' about
 C'mon, that's what I'm talkin' about, yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about
 C'mon, that's what I'm talkin' about, yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about
 [Incomprehensible] Kanye West, Kweli
 Black Thought, Monch Pharoahe

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