

So Good

Talib Kweli

When I program the sound, I
Oh, oh, what it is
Oh, what it was, yeah, what it will be
Oh, oh, Kweli, Hi-Tek, oh
We gon' set it off, we gon' set it off
Something on my chest and I gotta get it off
So we gon' let it off, catch it like a cough
A-ha, a-ha, ay, 'cause the flow so ill
But I feel so good, I feel so good
I feel so good, I feel so good
Man, I feel so good, feel so good
Feel so good, feel so good, yeah
Every time I hit the block, the shepherd come and get the flock
I roll a Jay, I get a Dame, I do it B.I.G. like it's the Roc
It's not, it's the Blacksmith, we finna pick the lock
On fire like the trunk is popped, go to work, punch the clock
The flow so sick it's ill, so they lose they lunch a lot
Sick so they front a lot, sick 'cause they want the spot
Get 'em higher, light the fire, woop, time's running out
Spacious pan again, he in the closet, he ain't coming out
That's 'cause I'm invading like Iraq did to it's neighbors
Nothing black and white, they acting like Barack is gonna save us
But first they got to save themselves from playing the game
They play themselves
You a non-believer, I'm a Libra so I weigh the scales
We gon' set it off
Something on my chest and I gotta get it off
So we gon' let it off, catch it like a cough
A-ha, a-ha, ay, 'cause the flow so ill
But forget it, I'm a boss, I said it all before
The flow is so butter, you can spread it on your toast
When I send this out to Los, he gon' say this shit is banging
The Devil play me close and I'ma hang him like a painting

You can check out my exhibit, won't you pay a fee to see it?
This is the masterpiece, every album a museum
When I bring my people freedom, they gon' smile like Mona Lisa
I'm married to the game, throwing the rice like Condoleezza
We gon' set it off, we gon' set it off

Something on my chest and I gotta get it off
So we gon' let it off, catch it like a cough
A-ha, a-ha, ay, 'cause the flow so ill
But I feel so good, I feel so good
I feel so good, I feel so good
Man, I feel so good, feel so good
Feel so good, feel so good, yeah
Aiiyo, every time I'm out on these streets, y'all niggas know the deal
I'm rolling with my nigga Kweli, I let him hold the wheel
So I can get a couple of shots, let it off
Head it off in the general direction, then set it off
But of course Brooklyn and Cincinnati is in the house
And it's Hi-Tek, hardest for niggas to figure out
Pick a route, people stab you in the back for the stardom
But they fall right back to the bottom like cats in Roddam
But I'm flying through the night like a pilot with insomnia
Burn up on your deck like a pirate from Somalia
Hi-Teknology, better school your producer
And can't be duplicated by computer
We gon' set it off, we gon' set it off
Something on my chest and I gotta get it off
So we gon' let it off, catch it like a cough
A-ha, a-ha, ay, 'cause the flow so ill
But I feel so good, I feel so good
I feel so good, I feel so good
Man, I feel so good, feel so good
Feel so good, feel so good, yeah
Oh, oh, oh, yeah
Oh, oh, oh, we gon' set it off

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>