

Talib Kweli, Fly That Knot

(feat. MF Doom)

[Intro: Talib Kweli]

Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' 'bout
Yeah, we on fire
We gotta call the fire department
Let's go
Yo, yo, yo

[Hook]

I don't know why people try to be live when they not
I gotta blow up they spot so I fly that knot

[Talib Kweli]

Yo, I know you like that
You like that!
Yeah, yeah

[Verse 1: Talib Kweli]

There's an E! True Hollywood Story for the pluckin' it's ripe
How cats is stuck in purgatory for life
Tryin' to fight the enemy without sight
They in the dark swingin' right to left
Clingin' to the little bit of light that's left
And can't escape the room, you can't escape the tomb
You all wear a mask sometimes, I can relate to Doom
That make the whole world earthquake, shake, and move
The beat create a mood or eat your whole plate of food
You can't come close like an order of protection
That this is myself in the pack was sort of my intention
Slaughter anybody testin' my callin', my profession
Anymore questions will born 'em a lesson
A demonstration of takin' it all the way home
While you stuck at first base and
It's like havin' relations without the penetration
Basically doin' nathin'
You a waste of space and time
Always chasin' mine is how you lost your place in line

[Hook]

I don't know why people try to be live when they not
I gotta blow up they spot so I fly that knot

[Talib Kweli]

We got that uncut flow that bring the cops out
Pay and groan like young Mike and get knocked out

[Hook]

I don't know why people try to be live when they not
I gotta blow up they spot so I fly that knot

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah, free the radio population
Kweli and Doom the 1-2, the combination
Let's go

[Verse 2: MF Doom]

About time you heard a rhyme flow with Doom and Kweli
To catch you with the combo, boom boom, Muhammad Ali
Versus Potsy cursin' Yahtzee at the crap table
Burstin' caps at a Nazi rap label
Oops, a pot of hot tea spilt on the cable
Evaporate an ice grill, read the seeds of Aesop fable
Children, come sit, gather

Face the rapid fire of the super slap shit outta liar
The end
Villain, the champ tramp
Flowin' since they had him holdin' ???
He cleaned his mask with a shoe mitt
And a little bit of her blue spit
She told him you so stupid
Wiped it off, got dressed and left
Everybody instigatin', not just the ref
We can shoot the fire on the dirt ground
Rocks out live with the worst sound
First round knock out

[Hook]

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{*DJ cuts Talib Kweli samples*}