

## A Game

Talib Kweli

7-18 stand up (c'mon) Talib Kweli, BK MC  
Turn it up (yeah)  
We 'bout to drop it low  
Baby I got the flow (yeah) to work your abdominal (I'm goin in)  
It's the lava flow (yeah) strictly A game  
Rock it fast, rock it slow (whoa)  
You got to rock it fast, rock it slow (whoa, whoa)  
Rock it fast, rock it slow (c'mon, yeah)  
You gon' rock it fast, rock it slow (whoa, whoa, yeah, yeah!)

Black rock and roll, black hotter flow  
At the end of the black brick road, lets get it goin yo  
Geffen don't fuck the shit up, ship it gold  
So I could sell like the whole Jigga back catalo'  
Matta fact I'm tryin to sell out, concerts and merch' fam  
Always get the story straight accounts first hand (yeah)  
That nigga, the crack spitter, the black fitted low  
Give you that bit of information so  
You could know what you see when it's your time to go  
The diamond flow cut glass, crack binary code  
You're kinda slow, you need a new career (yeah)  
You're kinda old, you need to hang the mic up on the wall like a souvenir  
Don't blame the mangers, "Be All You Can Be"  
Join the Army like Canibus, niggaz avoidin me  
like the draft and run to Canada, flash like a camera  
That's when his girl asked me to dance with her - so we gon'

(Hop to the beat and then stop) Yeah, drop it low  
Baby I got the flow to work your abdominal  
(Ladies I know I get hot) Like lava flow  
Strictly the A game, rock it fast, rock it slow  
(Hop to the beat and then stop) Yeah, drop it low  
Baby I got the flow to work your abdominal  
(Ladies I know I get hot) Like lava flow  
Strictly the A game, drop it fast

That's how we do it all the way live..  
I put it down so hard that I developed a rep (c'mon)  
From the punchlines to cave in your delicate chest  
The fella can test, let's see how jealousy get  
I smell the fear in the air and I could tell he was pet'  
Kweli - look in my eyes and you could tell I'm a threat  
I wet my throat and get bent like a pelican's neck  
I make a gentleman's bet with my ghetto connect  
And got a .9 in my mind you can't metal detect  
I pull it out, put it to your head and shoot from the hip  
I fired 13 shots and left 2 in the clip (yeah)  
I spit the truth, that's it, I'm not confused one bit (c'mon)  
I'm so New York City streets that I'm abusin your whip  
Cruisin the strip, sunny day sky blue like a Crip (c'mon)  
For the rush hour Enuff threw this in the mix  
Quarter to six, Amadeus is producin the hits (oh, oh, oh)  
To get a screw loose in your chick, son she losin her shit (whoa)

Check me out, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Get your ass up on the dance floor  
No we don't stop, when we in the dance off

Baby girl whatchu wanna get into?  
I wanna get in too, bring your friends too

[Chorus]