

# Put Ya Stamp On It

Akrobatik

Yeah

"Akrobatik-batikkkkk" (uh, uh) (what?)  
"And Talib, Talib, Kw-Kw-Kw-Kweli, Kweli" (yeah, word)  
"I blow the back out"  
"Back out, the track out, the track out" (uh, uh)

"Kweli and Ak put a stamp on it" (yo, yo)  
"I blow the back out a track when I black out"  
"I blow the back out the track out"  
"The track out"

Let's go, yo  
I be the host of your show, Mr. A to the K-R-O (what up bro?)  
Same shit, steady makin them hits (I see the same as me)  
So what up? (Put a stamp on it, stamp on it)

Akro, so straight for '08  
Kweli, both names that hold weight  
So when you be creatin your playlist, don't forget that we are A-list material  
Lyrics dirty to the point they scratchin off the serial  
And straight to the bisota, goes that whack shit in your stereo  
I'm Akrobatik brother, I'll a backflip Rey Mysterio  
617 to the 619 (one nine)  
Chicks pon heaven when he kicks one line (one line)  
And big up to my DJ, pon the mix one time (one time)  
Put 'em up, get 'em high  
If hip hop is dead, then it happened the day that Dilla died  
But Ak and Kweli's here to show you that this shit is still alive  
A couple brothers with talents to rip your brain apart  
But who would rather just bring "Balance" to your "Train of Thought"  
Our "Black Dialogue" documents "The Beautiful Struggle"  
Bringin any stage or studio trouble  
So spin the vinyl back (\*vinyl scratching\*), you'll have somebody like "I know Ak"  
His show will rock your body from the intro to the final track  
That's the outro, no doubt yo  
Rappers is marks/Marx like Groucho, nothin to vouch for

Yo, the special guest on the jam is Talib  
Yo, you know you the man (what up fam?)  
Same shit, steady makin them hits (I see the same as me)  
So what up? Yo, put ya stamp on it, stamp on it

Yo, live at your stereo, your hero get dinero though  
I have the name, them name a country after like Amerigo Vespucci  
We authentic like the Gucci with the serial number  
These rappers Fruity like the Pebbles in your cereal, wonder why, some will die by the code of the Samurai  
If this is nine eleven, they the fireman that ran inside (inside)  
Dreams put on hold, like operators standin by  
Camouflage like a mirage dodgin the camera's eye (woo)  
Kweli and Ak make your chick fantasize  
With Spanish fly, we ever take the stand, you know we plan to lie  
What kind of man am I?  
I'm way off, if you think I'll take a day off

This ain't Ferris Bueller (what?), I'm not camera fry  
Kick the sand in your eye  
Ground on your ass, if you plan to fly  
Burnin through your skin like a can of lye  
The rock and the dealin since stand to the side  
My fear somethin like a Panther with pride  
Fans will decide who the truth when it come to this rap shit (rap shit)  
Kweli and Ak kid, classic in the year of the Blacksmith (Blacksmith)  
Boston to New York City, Talib Kweli, Akrobatik, get that mail

What up? And put a stamp on it

Akrobatik and Talib Kweli, we stand taller than the Great Khali  
And yo, we turnin you out  
Ak with Blacksmith, show 'em what it's about  
Y-Y-Yo, put your stamp on it, stamp on it

"Yo, yo, yo, P-p-put your stamp on it, stamp on it"  
"Yo, Kweli and Ak"  
"Put a stamp on it, stamp on it, stamp on it" (yo, yo, yo)  
"I blow the back out the track when I black out"  
"Black out, I blow the back out the track out, the track"  
"I blow the back out a track when I black out"  
"Black out, black out ..."