

Fly Till I Die

Pete Rock

It's Talib Kweli in the place to be Brooklyn
Most definitely yaknowwhatImsayin', Mount Vernon
And Pete Rock and C.L. Smooth, the brothers who brought ya
Escapism, Return Of The Mecca, Straighten It Out, The Creators
Yeah, right about now, we about to make history

The track make you nod like smack through the needle
Niggaz don't sell crack is they evil
America's build on the backs of my people
Cats say they packin' the heat but they actin' like Chino
'Cause when it's time to bounce it back they fall back in the field though

I went from crashin' the beat in the passenger seat
Drivin' like many straight trees don't even mix coke with the Henney
Flow with so many styles ladies open all night like Denis
24 hours party people soakin' in the Remy and Cris'

The video is directed by Benny and Chris
Treat a pager like a website with plenty of hits
I tell 'em this, you gotta be at least a dime for a piece of mind
I deal with porters and keys just like the leachious mind

I like mature girls just now reachin' they prime
Know how to conversate to the man and don't eat no swine
If you ready to roll than we can rock shit
My niggaz so cold we hot

Pete Rock, murderville keep the joint on smash
See the don come through enough bray that cash
Talib Kweli, he can speak to the mass
Why the great minds think alike 'cause we keepin' it fly

See we keepin' it fly till the day I die and you can't deny
Son we keepin' it fly, how we keepin' this fly
Better master your eye, 'cause we keepin' it fly
Bring it back to life

Psychedelic we sell it and niggaz jealous fellows
Go get your hate up get your weight up, I'm tellin' you straight up
You need to turn that frown upside down you use less muscles
The smile is easier than it sound, it's true

Lookin' all crooked, I be tellin' these dudes
They should Straighten It Out on a Pete Rock track like C.L. Smooth
See we livin' in the Matrix way before the movie
Kids fiend before the camera screaming, just shoot me

Now they scream a million miles away from the sun
But you still feel the heat when we packed us the way of the gun
Like tape digs, raise kids to escape the slave ships
Instead they wanna pump weights not the state

Better exercise take from work the rest get left inside
And whips chicks and kicks money we specialize
I be the respirator so hip hop is kept alive
So many niggaz buggin' me, I need a f**kin' pesticide

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You put light back to life 'cause these rappers ain't actin' right
Thinkin' they cut like Mack the knife, rap the fight
Battle right through the afterlife
'Cause when you die make you look way past the life

And high sight, I drop the type of rhyme to give the blind sight
Sparkle a shine bright like lemon lime, sprite up in the limelight
Yeah as we still at the track, you feel it when the chorus tack
You deal it twist a cap back with a skillet, official would kill it

'This is fake the way we sill it as the great Pete Rock and Kweli
Got Pete to make you chicks knees knock to Pete Rock my life
It's the soundtrack other niggaz sound wack
Like white kids tryin' to sound black

I spit on mics wet up the essence where I drowned at
This Guerrilla Monsoon Rap first comb rap
Soon rap come through a crossroads and all these lost souls
Will stand out with stress signals like morse code

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