

Go With Us

Talib Kweli

In your eardrum so furious
It ain't a game, it ain't a joke, it's so serious
The best flow period, let's go!
(Klack-klack-klack-klack-klack klack-klack-klack-klack-klack)
Yo, the year of the Blacksmith
It ain't defined by any calender
Just thought I'd remind all you challengers, uhh
(Klack-klack-klack-klack-klack klack-klack-klack-klack-klack)
C'mon, Talib Kweli, Strong Arm Steady (Blacksmith)

Yeah, when I jump in the stu' with beautiful rap staff
You could bump in yo' hoopty, bump in yo' Cadillac
Blacksmith, S.A.S., real rap that
people just be seein the surface, they can't get past that
Phil Da Ag' smoke in your stash, Mitchy like klack-klack
Kronon got crack rap, I got your back back
Homie swing you better +duck+ like Aflac
Lames just, stay in your lane, the flow is HazMat

Yeah, we back for the '07, say goodbye to this '06 shit
Yeah we here for the championship
And that's exactly what we came to get
You know the name of this, organization that made you famous
It's the Strong Arm, with the long arm to throw the bomb on
the drop of the dime; we at the top of the line
Plus we on the incline, the rhymes be finer than wine
Design them in the mind, they shine like diamonds
Fresh out the coal mine, young soul, old mind
I'ma hold mine, Steady spittin cold lines
Sharpen it up, backwoods sparkin it up
These niggaz act like, what I rap like in the clutch
I mastered the dutch, Dizzle tell 'em to duck
Hitman for hire, Blacksmith put it up
Courtesy of Kweli, you got a problem with me
Phil Da Agony, Strong Arm Steady!

We 'bout to open up, we 'bout to sew it up
We so focused bruh, go on and throw it up
The joint is broken up, we 'bout to roll it up
We 'bout to smoke it up, that's why they wanna go with us
Who wanna go with us? She wanna go with us
She wanna go with us, they wana go with us
So let's gooo!

From L.A. to B.K., Brooklyn that is
On the black hand side, Strong Arm Steady

Blacksmith and we hear somethin
Next thing you know, we was on the road dime humpin
Earrings full of O'Shea's
Big ass chain all in the way like Ghostface
Of course all the hoes wanna go
Baby like Mitchy, hella ghetto but he heavy peddles Lambo's
And gettin snow cheap
Had a nigga out missin studio sessions, haulin from the police
But now I'm focused, and where my folks is
And when we together we mob like locusts

Crooks that hit licks that got crooks who work in big ass granny kitchens
that we use to cook chickens
And not the ones that's finger lickin
The ones that'll have a Cali nigga ticklin switches
My guns'll make a Northern Cali run
How you think the little homie got kush zips for four hun'?

Ay don't think we changed our style
We just got more change for our style
Strong Arm Steady!

Chronic, country as cornbread, this L.A. life could be
funky as George Clinton's colorful dreads, prestigious
I'm bred from a different cloth
The walk and talk soft could cost your head
The difference you the minor we the major
No long life to be lived for the hater or the traitor
Eight out of nine of my niggaz doin time for advancin
Handlin illegal finances
This the family reunion, mixed with the holy communion
You'll never win, you're too busy consumin
Kweli, let's start up a union
Protect the real niggaz from the fakes so we ain't gotta do 'em
Yeah, this the church right across from the liquor sto'
Been on that hip-hop shit since Biz Mark' picked his nose
Under the mattress stack big as a fat chick
Steady is the gang and the label is Blacksmith, bitch!

"Ohh!" [echoes]