

Good to You

Talib Kweli

Yea (yeaaaah)

Come on

Uhh

Yeah

Kweli

Yo Yo

Ayo my silent moments, loud as the crack of thunder
My hunger is like the crocodile that attacks the hunter
It ain't commercial or underground, its true cause I
(wanna be good to you)

Call it skill, call it game, call it glow, call my name
Like the lord, all in vein, screaming like you all in pain
Treat it like a drug, all up in ya vain cause (wanna be good to you)

We make the squares dance, and get the do like dotsey
Y'all niggaz roll with pussy-cats like Josey
All spoiled rotten like ghetto groceries yo
I clutch the mic like ya grandma clutch her rosary yo
Swooping the industry, like a bird to prey
My stance has got stamina, ya verses lack vertebrae
I heard them say I was a conscious rapper
But I'm a monster when I hafta smack the shit out of a nonsense actor
Using my 'hands solo' and I don't need chewy
Over your head like Yamakas and Koofies yo
Fuck the screen gems y'all niggaz act in B movies
Type of niggaz proud to be groupies
Followers in the herd running over the cliff
I'm the +Buffalo Soldier+, smoke ya like a dread like rasta
blowing the spliff, loading a clip to spit high
Like you holding blow in a stolen whip, rolling the strip
Looking to hit cops, now that's a 4 alarm
Black queen falling on my arms, you could call it charm
Mater fact call it what you want, its up to you bro
(wanna be good to you)

Yea

Yea

Yea

How many niggaz ever been in love'
How many niggaz really think they thugs
And can't think without the drink and drugs
How many niggaz can't get in with hats and sneakers on
Say 'fuck security' and get inside and keep them on
How many niggaz think that gats make the weaker strong
Can't do for self and wanna snatch the plate you eating on
That don't take heart, slave, nigga play ya part
I'd rather jump over board nigga, face the sharks
We stay doing it, later for the conversation
Hammers is cocked and waiting, niggaz is not debating
We ain't got the patience You found popping shit
Come in to town just to run you down like poppa ditch
And dig a proper ditch, you lying like a politician
Your proposition meets opposition like contradictions
Get out my house, you ain't no real representative
I make it happen, you ain't official, you tentative

Niggaz is sensitive, see how they catching feelings
It's so hot, the sweat rise and it wet the ceiling
Barracuda, Spitkicker nigga that's the crew (wanna be good to you)

Whoo! (yeeahh)
Come on
Yeah
Low ride
Yo
Yo
Yo

Niggaz be claiming shit, find a gangsta movie, put
they name in it, biting like there ain't no shame in it
You the hardest on the beat, I'm the fire that you playing with
You a artist from the street, I'll give you the blood to paint it with
So yeah I'm positive, I'm positive I'm the best
Spit bullets to split ya vest and deposit them in ya chest
Dark is the flesh on my bones, calling Brooklyn home
Hang up on niggaz like 'I want you to meet my nigga tone, word
Leave me alone like Michael Jackson
Or there will be more than butterflies in your stomach
waiting to see what happens
You see me out, know that my crew is flawless
So called gangstas need more security than the Rawkus office
Yo, I thought you bust ya gun
You just a big joke, thinking you a Big Pun
Yo, Kayne this is the big one (wanna be good to you)
me and my niggaz having big fun

Come on,
BK and
BX and
Q boro and
Manhattan and
Harlem niggaz and
Long Island
Wanna be good to you you you come on! (wanna be good to you)
The whole world rocking
Yo the whole world rocking
Ayo uhh