

# Say Something

Talib Kweli

The year is 1975 (yeah, hahaha!)  
Brooklyn, New York City (stand up)  
A child destined for greatness is born (we goin in)  
Let's go!

Get your hands in the air (get 'em up~!)  
Put your hands in the air (put 'em up~!)  
Get your hands in the air (get 'em up~!)  
Put your hands in the air (put 'em up~!)

Talk shit now (now... now... now...) What? What?  
Talk shit now (now... now... now...) What?  
Talk shit now (now... now... now...) What?  
Talk shit now (now... now... now...) What?  
Talk shit now (now... now... now...)  
Say something, say something (what was that?)  
Say something (I dare you), say something

(The Lord Chief Rocka) I'm colder than meatlockers  
My people keep throwin it up like cheap vodka  
I smack internet MC's and beat bloggers  
You can see my (Black Thought) like 'Riq Trotter  
It's deep, go ahead and sleep, they know in the street  
Kwe' gon flow on the beat proper composin complete operas  
Longer than a cigar that's Godfather  
Tappin two heart chakras I'm harder than gobstoppers  
People comin for the throne not knowin the seat hotter  
than fish grease, criminal names on police blotters  
You convinced me, I hit targets like top shotters  
Out in the mideast like Muslims takin Shahada  
I'm sayin makin a profit a product of Reaganomics  
Awake and I'm stayin conscious to radio playin garbage (yeh!)  
Blacksmith Music, if you don't pay homage  
I'ma show you how we break an artist  
That's a threat, I'm not makin a promise  
Speak to the people like Barack Obama  
They worship like the black Madonna, c'mon  
Niggaz talk shit, but they ain't got skills  
I'm the type of nigga to put lead in your grill  
Number two pencil is sharper to bruise mentals, and  
beatin in my chest is the heart of a true gentleman  
Still spit right in your face  
Fuck a Top 8, back up, gimme (MySpace) you're not safe

Hahahaha  
Yeah, they say I'm back, but I ain't go nowhere though  
Been here the whole time  
Where you been? You back  
Matter fact, apologize

Yeah, open your mouth, say somethin, I fuckin dare you  
Chokin you out 'til you can't suck any air through  
Fuck with your man too, thinkin I can't do what I plan to  
Vet vandal, niggaz are brand new  
Ain't knew I was bad news? Look at the tattoos  
Get ran through like you was fingers through Sassoon  
Horror chick in the bathroom, off the backstage room

Shit you couldn't imagine, nigga I'll harass you  
I'll Ras Kass you, (Soul on Ice) and body cast dude  
Past due, Jean and Kwe' the last two action heroes  
Actually had the capacity, to be the ones in a class of zeroes  
Hip-Hop's not dead, it was on vacation  
We back, we bask in the confrontation  
You can ask me, have any conversation  
You talk shit, Blacksmith, Jean, I'm waitin nigga

We not fallin for your trick cause your image is like a gimmick  
Forget it every rhyme is bitten, you like a mimic  
I'm talkin to the lord and I'm askin him for forgiveness  
Just for kickin niggaz out the club like Michael Richards  
Yeah I admit, I'm guilty, the way I spit is filthy  
I keep it gritty so they get it they feel me, the flow  
is known for touchin the soul of street hustlers  
I speak in the language they know I keep customers  
The writin therapeutic, it's due to the pain and sufferin  
While these dudes get it confused and abuse the creative substance  
I'm givin you a contact high, my name buzzin  
And I came in the game with nothin, stop frontin nigga  
Talk shit now!

The year of the Blacksmith is not defined by any calendar  
Just thought I'd remind all you challengers  
Get the name right, Talib Kweli, BKMC, say it again

Get your hands in the air (get 'em up~!)  
Put your hands in the air (put 'em up~!)  
Get your hands in the air (get 'em up~!)  
Put your hands in the air (put 'em up~!)