

# Who Got It

Talib Kweli

Let's go, let's go, let's, let's  
Let's go, let's go, let's, let's  
Let's go, let's go, let's, let's  
Let's go, let's, c'mon

Ask anybody that you bump into  
Who got it poppin when it come to these rhymes (who got it?)  
We got the sound that you jump into  
You automatically pressin rewind (jump up!)

They call him Kwe' for short, really talk to the children  
But too many people feel him and they might, try to kill him  
Try to test me I survive, like your grandma recipe  
(Survive) like a Child with a Destiny  
Survive like a Cuban holdin piece of wood floatin to Miami  
like, Elian Gonzalez cause they back with the family  
Survivin in the streets of Brooklyn, that's where you find me  
Survivin like somebody mommy clutchin a palm tree in a tsunami  
Who woulda thunk that would ever happen?  
Rootin for Kweli cause he brung back clever rappin  
Sister - heads wrapped in fabric of the standard music  
Chicks - with their tits, made of plastic look, dancin to it  
In this arena I balance, your boy stand alone  
and win it cause these rappers is more annoying than camera phones  
Maybe it's me, it could be hard to move me  
But these niggaz got me trippin like a white girl in a horror movie!

Do you like the way he jumped on it?  
Take a step back, you don't want it  
Do you like the way he jumped on it?  
Take a step back, you don't, you don't

Yeah... this the one right here, put it on everything  
Drop it heavy then get in the wind like a weather vane  
Let it rain, let it pour, metaphor so let it off  
Like the 38th special edition of "Set it Off"  
Yo the trap, got you blastin your heat  
It's hot ones like shotguns from the passenger seat  
The mic booth, the district where they be packin the meat  
Cause they kept it raw as the jump off, I hop, back on the beat  
Back on the street like an ex-con  
with enough in his pocket for a tip at a restaurant  
It's a cold world, dress warm  
Cuttin through the bullshit record labels and the shady deals  
Ladies feel the beat when they out clubbin like baby seals  
Let me chill out cause the raw image to focus on  
Get back to my point, this joint is jumpin like a circus song  
Yeah, to break it down to the basic components  
They don't want it so I'm runnin out of worthy opponents, whoa

Even when I be sleepin my brain it keep goin deep inside  
A street poem with rhymes that keep blowin your mind  
with a unique flow and heat showin  
Grown men weepin in the open, tears leak into the ocean  
Today is (Training Day), I passed the test like Ethan Hawk and  
I'm droppin signs like Craig G, or Stephen Hawkins  
Y'all don't rhyme, y'all speak in quotes of MC's that sleep in coffins

Latchin on like a leech and eatin off 'em, you weak and soft and

Jump, jump, jump - Brooklyn jump up

Jump, jump, jump - Harlem jump up

Jump, jump, jump - yo, West coast jump up

Jump, jump, jump - everybody jump up

Jump, jump, jump - Queens jump up

Jump, jump, jump - {?} jump up

Jump, jump, jump - Midwest jump up

Jump, jump, jump - here we go (everybody like) yeah