

# The Express

Hi-Tek

"There comes a time-"  
Hi-Tek, who we rockin wit?  
"In every young mans life when-"  
That's right we rockin with the best  
"He must go out into the world"  
Ya ya ya yo yo

I don't just spit, I hauck loogies on these emcee floozies  
Y'all beggars can't afford to be choosy  
Wanna bubble like jacuzzis, act bouigey, you watchin to many movies  
These cats is fruity and got it mixed up like smoothies  
Who are we? Yours truly, fist in the air like Huey  
Smoke 'em one-by-one like Lucy's, then we skate like 'ooty  
Just because yur rhymes is booty don't mean you "The shit"  
Yo my style is universal, I get around like orbit  
I got this all up in my veins, so f\*\*k what you sayin  
Your stuck in the same frame of mind, ain't no duckin my rain,  
when it's times for storms to brew, I'm Warning you like Notorious  
Before we bust, I won't be courteous,  
Even if ya moms is in the audience, I'm still the goriest,  
Road warrior, whose story is more glorious than Euphoria  
And you got it all up in you, and ain't nobody stoppin you  
If you don't believe us you could check out how we rock for you

Can't stop, don't stop  
Rockin to the rhythem cuz I  
I get down and (Brooklyn)  
I get down and (to put it down)  
I get down and I (Like UNI)  
I get down (The uptown)  
Gets down and sha-na-na  
Can't stop, don't stop  
Rockin to the rhythem cuz I  
I get down and (Cincinnati)  
I get down and (Madtown)  
I get down and (Detroit)  
I get down and (Chicago)  
Ah ah ah, sha-na-na

Kweli, that's me, the king, the emcee  
Rhyme, get mine on the T-O-P  
Can another emcee ever FUCK with me?  
(Hell no!) "Y'all niggas Tickle Me like Elmo"  
Yo I got hip-hop on deadlock  
You wanna pose like models, you catchin headshots  
My roots extend to bedrock I stay grounded  
The perfect balance, I found it  
And I got everybody feelin it  
My aura shine like ice and ain't nobody stealin it  
Ain't no need to say "Run your jewels" when I'm revealin it (True)  
And droppin it, on your stupid ass and not concealin it (Put it on 'em)  
Cats want you in the dark, no switch that  
In fact them cats want you in the pitch black  
Where the light switch at? This shit's wack  
You try to get some "Get Back," that's how a bitch act  
So sit back and observe these gentlemen  
With that melanin, we see through the swine like gelatin

So never question my relevance, manifestin all elements  
Take hip-hop and develop it, by injectin intelligence  
Wackness, you don't just smell of it, you reek in it  
We stay feakin it, so the title we keepin it  
Hi-Tek is the best kept secret since Diamond D  
Kweli consider me the opitimy of emcee  
So you know what that mean to me - eternally we stand out,  
and make them other dudes look like scenery

"Won't stop"  
"Doin it..real"  
"Hip-Hop..."