

## Theme From Hi-tek

Hi-Tek

Attention players, the rules of the game have now changed  
People are no longer afraid of the truth  
You call yourself an MC?  
Hi-Tek on the boards, Kweli in the booth  
[Incomprehensible], come down, yo

Like, oh my God, what do we have here?  
My man is on fire like the Ohio Players  
Throw your hands in the air, keep 'em there if you with me  
The MPC-60 is rare, but it still sound crispy  
Kicks and snares take 'em from elsewhere, samples is hard to find  
We don't just act divine, we are, we walkin' upright, you lack spine  
I don't just write rhymes, I send force through pipelines to like minds  
My light shine so bright it do be, vital like lifesigns

The night time is the right time for a battle so it's special  
When Cats don't just say your joint is hot, Cats say, "Yo, I respect you"  
Put your fist in the air when you hear the manifesto  
You had any prior doubts to my skills, time to let go  
Hi-Tek, the beats is right beside the soundgarden  
Tracks get in the vein like heroin the way heads be noddin'  
Officially, people love our company like they was misery  
I'm known to blast MC's with the cannon of history

Specifically the ones who forgot where they come from  
So it's the light that they run from like roaches  
Whenever the truth approaches  
I attack the track ferocious, never lose my focus  
Hold this true hip-hop, closest to my heart, and you know this  
Nowadays it's hopeless and my diagnosis is  
To grab the microphone and be the dopest, you can quote this

Niggaz sound like they injected with hallogen  
You followin' these hollow men no honor when  
You bite off more than you could chew or could be swallowin'  
Sorry man, I ain't got no pity for you to wallow in  
Quit hollerin' before you get stomped out with my Solomon's  
All the way from Lynn Street, to [Incomprehensible]  
Always bringin' you hot shit, ayyo, we promisin'

'Dissect it on more high-tech shit computers wanna bite