# Chips

**Talib Kweli**

Flatbush to Abbey Road, who got that soul?
We 100 on the road, 100 at home
Rose from the ruins like a Pac poem
We ain't going back to the Brook without the chip
We ain't going back without that chip
We ain't coming back to the Brook without that chip
We ain't coming back without that chip
You got next, we got forever, join the list

Fresh from the lab like I got the cure
Nothing but the pure for the world to hear
It's like gravity 'cause it pulled us here
Red carpet, world premiere
Cinematic, they know the score
Instant classic, tour de force
I paid the price, I know the course
I shake the dice, I know the toss
It's simple really but you know it's deep
When the angel and the devil on the shoulder speak
Two voices, two choices
Prepare for war or go in peace
They don't believe I'm touring overseas
"Nah, he don't even rap about coca leaves"
Think globally not locally
You ain't woke as me, nigga go to sleep
Thank God I'm back, this ain't hard in fact
This target practice, red beams
Standing up 'cause I'm man enough
And then turn her on like wet dreams
You can't wet it up, you can step it up
You ain't catching up with my [?] dream
And I'm going too fast, [?]
Why you showing yo ass, this ain't sex scenes
They ain't built to last, they bust quicker
Fast talking like tongue twister
These young spitters can't fuck with us
Pardon my French like I tongue kissed her
Back in the day they used to hunt niggas
And they hung niggas for being [?] niggas
Now the guns are spittin' when the hunger hit us
These young niggas like come and get us

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Waka! Waka! Waka! Flocka!
Flocka! Flocka! Flame!
Fuck that shit, this is quality trap
Y'all really thought I could hardly rap
Better watch ya front, better guard ya back
Every mufuckin' bar is a heart attack
Better work out hard, watch your cardiac
Wear my shawty at, where my 40 at
My shit a event, you shit a show
Nigga I could still get a brick for the low

Nigga I could still put dick in ya hoe
And I'd rather die rich than live po' oh
Busta bust better give me some mo'
We gon' hit a lick then [?]
I'ma sell again one minute ago
I don't give a fuck if you friendly or foe
I need the ring, gimme the ring
I don't diss rappers, get in the ring
Sit in the clink before I ever sing
You see me winning, chips with my team
Real shit you gotta deal with
Better check the torch, we still lit
"Flocka who you wanna get a mil with?"
Niggas I ain't used to have a meal with
I'm enlightened now, they frightened now
So excited, you like it, then bite the style
They did it before, they'll do it again
I'm a motion picture, let the movie begin
Scared to hit niggas, they'll sue me again
Got platinum plaques, I'm a truly gem
I'm a rudeboy, roll the doobie again
Forward marching, we moving in
Flocka!

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