

# Engine Running

Talib Kweli

Just wait outside and keep the engine runnin  
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And don't make a move unless the wartime's comin  
And just wait outside and keep the engine runnin man  
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And just wait outside and keep the engine runnin, runnin

Man, my pops won't let me drive until the law says that I'm able  
But since he fell asleep and left his keys up on the table  
I figured I'd be able to snatch em without permission  
And he be out cold and never find out they was missin  
So I did just that and got the car up out the driveway  
Then hit up Pat and we was headed toward highway  
But made one stop to get some Newports and Coroners  
Before we checked these chicks that we had New out and Coroner  
But at the turn of corner in this bad part of town  
We see this nigga Rell and he's flaggin us down  
Then he walked up on the car, asked me and Pat "What's poppin?"  
Then jumped in the backseat before I got the chance to lock it  
Asked me if could we drop him even though we going elsewhere  
But what poked from his shirt gave me concerns for my welfare  
Cause even though his belt's there, the tech's on his waist  
And he made us stop the car at the check-cashing place  
Then threw a mask on his face like MF Doom  
Cause there's enough cash in the safe to buy a new Lex soon  
And his tone was rather smooth when he said, "Don't make a muscle move!"  
Cause 'til I get inside the only thing I wanting y'all to do is

Top shotters got the block hotter than Jamaican sun  
You taste it on your tongue, the shots is stronger than Jamaican rum  
Rain and a few the apple tongue, the big ratchets, they packin em  
They argue when they leavin they over cause they'll be back again  
Trapped with the clackers, tonight is blacker than the pistol grip  
They let off over little shit and chill for a little bit  
Hop in my hopty, gotta stop for a Lucy  
Butter crunch and the dutch, grab the clutch, bump a juicy  
The nigga BIG can move me cause the shit be like a movie  
Plus I live in Brooklyn like the old donees and Roodie  
Plus Sandra Evanesce left my cash on the dresser  
Cause the ATM machine at the check casher next to  
Da bodega, I pulled up in the back, a Acura runnin  
The cats in the car looked like disaster was comin  
Niggas buggin thinkin somethin was wrong, I played the corner  
I always keep the gat like DMX in Arizona  
In the corner of my cornea, I see the one time California  
Slang for cops and they comin by cruisin  
The niggas in the ledger pealed out  
The people in the check-casher spot spilled out  
On the street, their faces looking like a child has been abused  
Here come this nigga with a gun lookin wild and confused  
Put it together, I'm like "These niggas"  
The cop shot me in the back and then I heard him say, "Freeze nigga"