

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 don't make a move unless the wartime's comin
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 hoopty, 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 Evanescence 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 peeled 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"