

Flash Gordon

Talib Kweli

Yeah

Kweli in the house

Dave West is what I'm talkin' about, you know?

Yea yea yea yo yea yo yea yea yea yo yea yo Yea yea yea yooohh yooohh

Make a joy for noise until the lord people are floored

Cause the pen is mightier than the sword

Leavin' the floor

Cause my words cut deeper than a tissue massage

I got hooks and lines that sink y'all like a fisherman's rod

I'm on mission for God he blessed me to spit it this hard

A lot of niggas start shit but they don't finish the job

I'm like Minister Farrakhan or Africans who finished a marathon

The pain in my voice is like Sarah Vaughn

No matter what playin' 'em on I carry on

Even if the dawn lit overhead I carry on

Like Flash Gordon the Scar on my Face is Brad Jordan

Passports splash with blood from the battle I last fought in

I want to cash all in

Or I start breakin' like glass jaw I put The Blast on 'em like my last tourin'

Or fast forward just to catch what I said

Yo I say some shit like that just to mess with your head, come on

Grabbin' the black steel, bowh

In the hour of chaos

We ain't rappin' till they pay us, is that real?

We got babies

We got bills

Put your hands up in the air if you know how I feel

And let it out (let it out)

Get it out (get it out)

Work it up (work it up)

Sweat it out

I don't know

If you know

My history I do it big

Like Notorious did

Get on and play like this according to kid

Gangster like knock out Ned like Little Zane slayed all on his wiz

Crazy like the little hand on the seven, the big hand on the six

J-Lo, yo

Whether you all in the mix or if you stay low

Everybody say hoooo hoooo hoooo hoooo

I don't know

If you know

My history you don't know me

Choke the game till it's blue like a varicose vein

And I can't remember the last time I felt this terrible pain

And the whole shit blew up

Was it in vain?

They'll be lookin' through the rubble like they searchin' for Hussein

I'm lookin' through the club I'm really searchin' for who's sane

The music got everyone crazy and who to blame

Be prepared think there'll be some ugliness up in here
End up in intensive care with the vegetables there, you know?

It's the black hand bustin' the tech
Gettin' it wet without bustin' a sweat
Swingin' for the upper deck
It's the black man cuttin' a check
The nigger's the boss
The niggers want to test if they addicted to laws
I spit on the floor
The right hook will get at your jaw
Make the track my baby mama when I'm hittin' it raw
I rap through:
Wars and tours and whores on the floors I did it for force
So I spit at all the shit that I saw
I party with supermodels who wanna take of they clothes
The ones who smokin' cocaine so they don't fuck up they nose
I walked the slums of Soweto and the streets of Havana
Takin' pictures with kids who never seen a camera
From the land of the Alabama since the night in the Cali
Bumpin' gangster music like a freedoms song in the rally
Out the back of yo' Dinnali give you the skinny like Ally McBeal
It's the black steel, Brooklyn know the deal, what?!

[Chorus]