

Get 'Em

Talib Kweli

This is more than you expected or thought
Something like A-Rod and Jeter at second and short
I rap now, 'cause you can bring a check in with thoughts
And it's the only way to get out second to sports
Who would think I would check into 'ports
Draggin' a Louis Vuitton pulley while I check in resorts
Where I'm from, the DT's checking ya shorts
For the stuff you injecting or snort, it's real talk
And the critics still don't get it I'm flashing for mo'fuckers
That work hard but they still won't get it
This young boys still gon' spit it
These are my shoes, with two pairs of socks on you still won't
fit it
Even if you tighten the latch
I'm one of the few who make it look as easy as lighting a match
The dealer say I look right in the hatch
So I'm scheming on the Bentley wagon with the Breitling to matc
h
And I'm back in the stu' writing from scratch
With an extended clip and a site on the ratch'
So it's no bystanders
Let me excuse you out the world
So they can say I showed my manners
I can call so many ho's I should go by Santa
And put them in a schedule and go by planner
I drive fast, like dude who used to blow Diana
And don't hit the breaks when I blow by scanners
Now it takes a good singer to blow on your record
And a lawyer that won't let it show on your record
Ghetto!