

## Hold It Now

Talib Kweli

Got a buzz like them George Tack,  
They're still cheering like them orders left,  
The air is toxic, better hold your breath,  
Resurrect the music, I snatch it from close to death.  
Vital signs are improving, I make it lay down,  
Not to mind, is usually disrupted by devil's playground.  
My rip establish the rampage is for the sport of it,  
Been nice for a career, you just barely grasp at the thought of  
it.

Get it to the hood like a rush cart,  
Support it like the shot bars and lambars,  
Except they never sit and I'm never living more in the sun  
Got smart ass whipped before ever ripping the damn heart.  
See you fronting with your dollar store shades on,  
Faking the abs sprayed on those artificial ray on  
Run a set of fine you questify like ray don  
Shung when inform life voultron of young ray quan.  
Mix in a bit of care rest one a cute tip,  
Rock him some of that ice cube, now who's this  
No one as gifted as this, so magnificent,  
Classicly consistent the nasty as black licorice.

Coldest, but I get the room hotter than bedroom yoga,  
Seen the show, you know I make the people move like individ, yo  
u notice?  
I'm focused, I'm like Moses when the mic is on  
That's why these rappers gather like rooches when the light is  
on.

Hold it now, I hold it down,  
I'm staying where I'm at, you better go around.  
You know the voice and you know the sound,  
I rip the microphone and then I throw it down.  
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