

Last Ones

Talib Kweli

All my rap friends went crazy I'm the last one left
These haters prayin' they can celebrate the last one's death
None of them niggas in my class that couldn't pass one test
But that's what happens when you rappin' on a [?] debt
I never chat shit
The flow bat-shit, it's major league
Major Keys like Khaled (it's accurate)
Recognize a dime when you passive
With this weapon I's rhymin', I'm an assassin
Put nine minutes to the casket, you bastards
Stare in the abyss and the Leviathan (oh yea)
You say a prayer for the dying men
Looking for that pleasure but you findin' sin
Can't be scared to take a loss if you tryin' to win

Recognize greatness, tenacious
Gracious, mark of design, the new Matrix
I can make Dr. Strange brain look basic
MCs on the dinner menu and I ain't ate shit
Who's the entree? I'm a giant like Andre
You just an appetizer, weak rapper in harm's way
These elite rhymes, prayers and peace signs
Staring at the air, fled the joint, hope the beast died
Icy ass road, no brakes let the Jeep slide
Playing hide and seek with my sleep [?]
Popular, hook philosopher since knee high
Ironic, I really ran with the wolves at G high
You ain't hearing me, higher power preparing me
To have a higher power in rap for transparency
I'm clear to you, I'm here with you
High and in the cloud, I should put it in the air for you

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{All my street homies crazy I'm the last one right}
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Paid out like I'm JJ, for real I'm not for play play
If I work then I get paid, they whip them slaves like the nae nae
I'm smashin' 'em if you askin' 'em what's happenin' and they say
I'm original, you a re-run, Dwayne hey hey hey
Do the rise got my squad information like what they say
I seen my brother you got to be more specific when you say bae
A spark like a melee, feelings I don't placate
Give a fuck what Michael Jackson and Paul McCartney say say say
Fuck the KKK, respect the family, me and you got a play date
I'll send you to hell and Satan will be your playmate
O-K-K, like Lil Scrappy but pay attention to what they say
Sound like some old "catch me on payday" type niggas who like to [?]
Nah, pay what you want, but you ain't the homie, now you don't know me
Hip-hop on my shoulders like the demons or the sheriff
Or the stick you use for measurin', way too sick for medicine

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Hatin' cocksuckers hope I see the flash one night
'Bout peace but I'ma grab my mask tonight
Man standin', I'ma be the last one right
I rhyme wicked, I sit still, my mind pivots
Analyze the times and all of the signs with it
Pump fake the snakes and the rats and the swine with 'em
Smoke watch stars and go on the line with 'em, ghost

Oh, that my words were written
Oh, that they were inscribed in a book
Oh, that with a pen and lead they were engraved in the rock forever
Whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just
Whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is commendable
If there is any excellence, if there is anything worth of praise
Think about these things