

Lo-Fi

Talib Kweli

Lo-Fi, I be pimping poems like I'm Blowfly
The darkness only broken up by the flashing lights that go by
So fly, since the days of Leflaur Leflah Eshkoshka
Rolling with stoners who be chiefing the keef like they love Sosa
Selena Gomez, pull up to any club on a moped
With some dirty ass broke heads look a little [?]
The bouncer be like "go 'head"
Promoters will walk me right to a table and be like "this is your spread"
Surrounded by the dope and the coke heads, burning candles at both ends
I'm low-key like Thor's brother but don't sleep, there's more of us
The people's champion, recording on the tour bus
As we're drawing skelly boards on the pavement
To making pause tapes in the basement
Heeding the call for elevations to tour the nation
Crossing waters, getting searched at the borders, they out of order
Never finding what they looking for, smoking like a bullet hole
I'm who the speech writers be coming to when they look for quotes
A silent hush settled on the crowd as I took the floor for Brooklyn though
Not everything is copasetic
But the dope that they peddle never settle for the open credit
The guns fire when shit get drier than the Gobi Desert
The bishops get together, this the type of behaviour that get the Pope beheaded
The conspire, they level of treason is unrivalled
Going back a while, the story ancient as a sundial
The two thou, seen 'em pull out in front of the [?]
Some wild, made em strip like D'Angelo video untitled
Yea, rap tighter than your bible belt
Ring shit, king shit, lions mane, tigers pelt
The flow you beholding more golden than what Midas felt
(I ain't know you like to get wet)
Get you higher than Michael Phelps
In a world we murder over perceived slights
And the only time you hoping God bless you is when you sneeze, right?
All the real music fans be like
Indie 500 has got what you need, right

Hoppin on my grizzly man I built this with my bare hands
And I made a living off of making circles square dance
Pardon my je-ne-sais-quoi, now we flying Air France
Wifi on the plane, I tweet " eh Joey prayer hands "
California weather in the 80's like hair bands
The smell of the rare plants go "Wooo! ", Rick Flair chants
More passionate than six bear fans
I swear mans, I swear I never share plans
These muthafuckas be quick to bite ideas
Everybody know that this the shit right here
My pen skills with the pencils got me big fans like windmills
Superman flow, I could bend steel
In a game where everybody pretends to be real and trends kill
The flow like electrified fence feels
Ok, been there with the afro, on the board I pass go
Y'all be stopped on the spare signs like crash though
And Mushrooms and BIG freaking kept the jam groovin'
Time flies when you can't see the hour on the hand moving
Party doesn't start til I Christopher Walken, (yo Be water...)
Ok, Zorro with the sword and cape out

No tripping on the money cause there's more to make out
I transcend time, broken watches never coordinate
Ignore the hate, peep the noise that Florida? makes, Brazilian
I'm just coordinating my energy accordingly
I'm putting myself in a place most rappers can't afford to be
Snort the fleur-de-lis, drink the shots [?] on that Florida beach
With a Georgia peach, I don't order one drink pimpin, I order 3
And I'm pour one out for all the homies that had to leave for war and peace
So I say shit metaphorically and never let it get more of me
Jamla is the squad and Khrysis got the jam groovin
Time flies when you can't see the hour on the hand moving