Murderous

Talib Kweli

Murderous!
Kardinal Offishall and Talib Kweli with a new syllabus
T. Dot, BK stand the fuck up let's go
Black Jays
It's Kardinal Offishall my niggas
Black Jays is the team

The fireman fire starter rocks harder
Lyrical jihad shit hard living on the boulevard
First hand man with a plan stand up!
Get the fuck out your Benz
Clean your third eye lens
Got signed Carties still living in the hood
Fucked up the industry like it's all good
Ever since I came out and rocked the party
Every blood clot rapper want [?]
Anyways, in many ways we display shit
That's hard to look at like ultraviolet rays
I stays clean, never fiend for the green
If it fucks with my Lou, Black Jays makes a scene
Easy we breeze through your hood
Mixtapes to passport, eat whack niggas for sport
Since the days of jam sports me and [?]
The plan gave up the hoes, I don't fuck fans
But I fuck with 'em though, let 'em know
T. Dot coming for the title destroying in stereo
Mono mono e mono mind your brain get throttled
21 and over like a hennesey bottle
Me and Talib got dibs on the top spot
Air force ones fresh the colour of crack rock
Rocking your concrete sometime soon
Black Jays in your area hungry like noon
Muthafuckers

International collector of capital
Passport pay unnatural black radical
Chilling in Canada when I spit the flow
I get more chicks in Toronto than a Little X video
I cross the border with a bird or two
It's personal I got a little merch in this commercial too
What you say perishable in court is inadmissible
Break it down everything you spit is bull, it's pitiful to watch
I stand out in a city full of hot young spinners
Blow the spot with the best of the T. Dot, yea
Kweli and Kardinal rock with the official
We sharper when we hit and can't stop to blow a tissue
Doing way more than an'you
What I spit is finna split you in two
It really don't matter how vocal is you
I'm not to be confused with those who know
Provoke the issue attack, I blast back like Africans in Mogadishu
In fact, our flashback's bringing out the Nat Turner in me
Where's the people what's the word in the street?
I smash king's the man atop of your throne
Your girl's riding my poem
I'm like hip hop's Oliver Stone
From the 718 where the trees grow leaves

To fall and change colours like the Negro Leagues
You be lookin’ like a scene out a Spike Lee flick
You ain’t fucking with it, you ain’t tight we sick

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