

# Olympic

Talib Kweli

It's like  
It's like everybody rapping about cash  
Fuck that, I want some land, son  
I wanna build on some land  
Build mama a house with a pool  
Olympic-sized pool  
You know what it is, c'mon

Bow to the feet of Black Jesus like you not worthy  
Rest in peace to John Witherspoon and Charlie Murphy  
The heroin had [?]  
We mix the sprite, now the lean dirty  
The current drought dryer than beef jerky  
They be like; "Kweli, he seem nerdy  
But he stand on the square, yo, his feet sturdy"  
You motherfucking right about the nerd shit  
I'm a nerd for hip-hop  
To the words that drop unexpectedly like bird shit in these heavenly verses  
I spit it with a purpose, what a gift to be cursed with  
I'm from Brooklyn, but I'd rather snatch mics than purses  
The way you write is outdated as cursive  
What's worse is, half these rap niggas is worthless  
They take credit for everything like TK Kirkland  
It's clown shit, like when you visit the circus  
I'm surrounded by vultures, they done left they perches  
They circling above, they keep staring  
But I keep sharing my artistry like Basquiat and Keith Haring  
You soon to see my mural from the FDR  
Play this shit loud where all the BBQ Beckys are  
The whole team get the CREAM like ready whipped  
Debate me, you be looking like Nixon with the sweaty lips  
Racecar style, Mario Andretti drip  
Vroom Vroom, rev the engine, let it rip, son

Olympic  
'Cause we do it for sport  
Olympic  
'Cause we carry the torch  
Olympic  
'Cause we playing to win  
Olympic  
Now let the motherfucking games begin

I can see the future in the tea leaves  
A black man walking around like an endangered species  
The sheep see the Lord's my shepherd like Kiki  
They probably less evolved than monkeys that's flinging feces  
Being obnoxious in the ring like Mean Gene  
You embarrassing yourself like you ain't never seen memes  
Your life is faker than standing in front of a green screen  
I got an unfair advantage like the '92 Dream Team  
My Jordan's is the perfect fit  
I bounce back and boomerang it like Eddie Murphy and Eartha Kitt  
Racist trolls up to their dirty tricks  
But I stop these Nazis like Jesse Owens at the Olympics in 1936  
I'm a target for terrorists  
That rep of the ugliest parts of America, their argument meritless

Being a martyr is perilous  
But when you play an oppression Olympics, tell me who the gold medal is  
  
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