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The way you write is outdated as cursive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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