

# Palookas

Talib Kweli

My music represent the change of power  
From now on this thing is ours  
Got em painting walls instead of painting flowers  
They show their heroes with praises while we hanging ours  
We bring the drums to the battle cause we bang the loudest  
You don't know a thing about it  
If you mix a King and Malcolm bet you that Kweli the outcome  
Album is so hot that my ghetto chicks is bringing talcum  
Whether you sing or shout it  
They gave somebody else the crown, but I'm a king without it  
Your queen is riding with me, she always sliding with me  
You can't stop me like them bullets thats inside of 50  
They try to diss me but whenever I say bye they miss me,  
You walking with me or you alien like Mork & Mindy  
You talk with me so often if you take it off the table  
When the devil wanna label cause the lord is withe me  
Arrogance bring fall of many  
My name echo like the hall is empty you don't wanna war against me

Hey if this the cut I'm the surgeon  
Assassinate your character cast aspersions  
You ain't gotta verse better than my worst one  
You ain't gotta verse better than my worst one  
Hey, I know I hurt son, but you against me a .50 cal versus squirt gun  
You ain't gotta verse better than my worst one  
You ain't gotta verse better than my worst one

Why you and your mans some palookas you [?]  
You see beyond the shadow of a doubt I'm born ready  
Steady as the hand of the shooter  
In the flesh yes the embodiment of man versus computer  
I make all the women abandon they suitors  
Do the math you see you can't measure up to the ruler  
On behalf of all the fans and consumers  
I'm building with Fred Hampton Jr. man we planning the future  
Not preaching we do it different we lifting the youth up  
We spitting it to tough too sick for these new thugs  
Goons whatever they called they softer than nubuck  
Vampires in the club sipping that True Blood  
I'm a midnight marauder and a slaughter for the tribe  
Immortal I'm busting at the cops like Mordecai  
Just so the god'll mortify these clown ass rappers  
Stand fortified live and you know it

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Sean Price mad nice accept that  
My worst verse sound like your best rap  
Put down your bet pack I pay double on trips  
I punch you up in your face and double your lips  
This be the dumbest shit I ever wrote

No Tupac Shakur just two shots you floor listen  
The gun clapper the dumb rapper the young rapper  
Dig in your pockets and leave with your funds faster  
Fuck it new rap rookies  
Get beat to death New Jack Pookie  
Face fucked with the 8 stuck in your grill  
Play tough and get strapped up in the 'Ville  
Afro American minus the afro  
Bald headed American letting the gat blow  
Shut the fuck up before you get hurt son  
You ain't got a verse better than my worst one

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