

Supreme Supreme

Talib Kweli

Whoo
We on fire tonight
Whoo
Yeah, we on fire tonight
Whoo
Black Star in the house fo' sho' (Yeah)
Yo, now everybody go... (C'mon)

Ghet-to p-pole it's time to ride (Supreme, Supreme)
Bay-b get involved go side to side (Supreme, Supreme, Yeah, Yeah)
Side to side...

'Bout to slap box with the beat
The shit I spit is a snapshot of the street
You can see the crack spot in the backdrop
The heat in the stash box of the black drop
You wonder why there's more crime
Free food, or a check the only time niggaz on line
Getting information from the nigga-net
The trickle-down theory guess it ain't reached niggaz yet
I make a bigger bet
Kweli 'bout to be a bigger threat
'Cuz there's hardly any real niggaz left
What the fuck these niggaz talking 'bout
Living a movie but the audience is walking out
I fight the temptation to rip the heart from your chest
'Til there's only five hard beats left
It's like a dead man walking
I turn on the radio and I hear dead men talking

Ghet-to p-pole it's time to ride (Supreme, Supreme)
Bay-b get involved go side to side (Supreme, Supreme)

Yo'
I got my headphones up like I'm listening close
Face blank with expression it isn't a joke
Start fire, sit back and spit its smoke
To get it provoked, blow it back to get in your throat
Mad problems...Take all the niggaz you know
Add that number up with every nigga you don't
Final number, some total of the niggaz that won't
Break me down, shake me of my fame, my style
What time it is, crew you can hate me now
And ten minutes from then you gon' love me again
Buck town republic again
Writing on the wall trouble again
Intensify struggle and such
Killers, Sade lovers deluxe
Sound garnered, for the wild hearted
Downtrodden, up-starters
Young violent, uprising
Cocaine, and gunpowder
Up north, or bus crowded
Daily vibes to thug mountain
Cold caves or peaks of high
Think you present but unclear, and know how to hide
If you wonder why you got so much on your mind

'Cuz your living in a troubling time, this is a puzzling time
Fall back without recovering time, and time's up
Brooklyn, put your dimes up

I put feeling inside of my rap
Hold it down for my side of the map
No matter what north, south east or west side of the mat
Bend a needle on the mind and it's back
Got a problem with that?
The holler back and the stars is black
We the New Era you just a Starter cap
Find out what happens when the artist in tact
Be sharp as a tack, fall back you smarter than that
Or perhaps you just ain't as smart as you think
Figure 8'n on the thin ice part of the rink
You a vessel that's promised to sink
Terra Firma ain't as hard as you think
Stare down, and you starting to blink
Like 182 this for fellas and the ladies who
Don't need to be spoon fed like baby food
I take a bite out the track like a Sabre-tooth
And spit out the truth
'Til the cops come and spray the booth

Its all right with you its all right with me
Do the damn thing what you wanna be (Supreme, Supreme)
That's right, that's right that's right that's right
That's right, that's right that's right that's right (Supreme, Supreme)

[Talking]