

## Teef's Theme

Talib Kweli

I smoke the light bud watchin' Fight Club 'til I'm charged  
Like a suicide bomber off the words of Bin Laden  
My block got dark and mysterious movements  
I make the rebel music that the murderous move with  
Thief's theme, divine style like the Steam Team  
My rhyme style got me flossin' like my teeth clean  
I drop the kind of gem that make your mama eyes water  
This destiny like Nas' daughter  
Unfortunately, you met the predator that's stalking that's me  
I do it Travis Bickle style like "You talkin' to me?"  
Walkin' with me you see the hand of God to force an MC  
Put it down so hard respect is like a boss in the street  
Workin' so hard that I talk in my sleep  
Brain still goin' still flowin'  
Watch the lyrics spill I fill with ill poems  
You 'bout to do it big we do it way bigger  
Razor blade spitter  
In the hood let my nigga Jae get ya

In the belly of the beast came a rebel named Joshua  
That always had intentions of blowin' and being popular  
Know when cops get buck, chumps get shook down  
With extra large shells now there go your critical breakdown  
Contemplatin' on chips and your ice  
But I hear pops saying "You gotta do something positive with your life"  
I ain't your typical thug  
Leave you drippin' in blood  
From a long clip and a slug  
Hollow tips in your mug  
Peddlin' drugs, I've been immune to the drama  
Expressin' my persona  
Always raisin' up the scama  
I'm [?] with four strikes against me  
I'm the best ya'll dudes suck you still gotta convince me  
Peep your boy drop knowledge  
I ain't never went to college  
But I can teach how to get verbally demolished  
My flow polished with greatness  
My flow wear glow my hooptie got a lean  
And my bars done mean  
My and Talib will show you how to spit it  
Anybody could get it  
Spectators, broads and critics  
Don't be a statistic  
Of the murder rate  
Run up on ya, dim all lights, park and clap at your vertebrae

In the hood we them new gangsters  
Garage scientist gang  
Mind walkin' with a treacherous aim  
My strain potent  
Alchemy outspoken  
Out in the open  
Spittin' flame will have my mouth smokin'  
Powerful parts of osmosis  
Gasses, liquids, solids, ashes  
Transmute and my life flashes across

Free from disguise of falseness  
But still I floss  
Never see me rockin' crosses  
With black heaters we rack cheetahs  
Wrap cheeba  
Black leaders all gathered 'round the black Jesus  
It's gospel when I write it down rain hail snow  
Earthquakes puts the faith back in my apostles  
Revolutionary gangstas techs squeeze murder beef  
K-I-N-G medallions  
Most wanted come close to (speak)  
Cowboys clappin' who carry no holster  
Don't approach us  
Cause that's when ya ending starts  
Heard the truth was power without a fight might bend ya heart  
Cause when the truth hurts -- that's when the cleansing starts  
Once knowledge is born I hit ten men with darts  
When the end is marked, I just settle the plot  
And when I score I'ma make sure I'm never forgot  
To every block, hood, ghetto and park  
I spit it sharp  
For the villains still running from Narcs