

## Violations

Talib Kweli

Heed the battle call, check the catalog  
Flow so crazy it's adderall with the padded walls  
More twisted turns in the body that's on the baddest broad  
These cattle call 'rappers' is weak, my honor matter more  
Your whole style stiffer than mannequins you see at a store  
You mannequins are Chante & Kenny, I mean the Latter more  
No ping pong and we volleying with the back and forth  
Straight King Kong and the trap we blasting off, son

You want Nigerian money, see me in Qatar drunk  
Waving the K, I can't fake the funk  
Blessed with the belts, flying in the stealth  
Jewelry on the neck, diamonds in the Cheals  
You know I wrestle with pawns, getting my money, we gone  
The automatic laying player, we Dons  
You can't see us, the new phenoms, I like the Benz zeons  
Split your wig like I got three arms  
I need a fiancé, at least a Beyoncé  
I know my vision beyond some other shit  
I'm just as meaty as moms  
I'm supposed to be on, the greenery gone  
I'm still the king of the drama  
Put the Ruger down your throat, eat my Johnson nigga

Way they all in their feelings, what's wrong with niggas  
Forgetting silence is still a response  
The way the blood paint the wall you can tell he really an artist  
I get it like Whitey Bulger 'til rapture, dearly departed

We gon' Lex in, my nigga  
These are blessings, my nigga  
Keep stressing, my nigga  
Don't stress, little nigga  
Eat a clip, little nigga  
Niggas trip, little nigga  
Violations we gon' flip, little nigga

It's the champion flow, the Jordan, LeBron and Kobe  
The Obi Wan Kenobi, of getting that guap-a-mole  
We touring overseas, got her fanning out like a Dakota  
I'm trying to get the check, I'm Martina Navratilova  
Catch me at the races, gateway at Saratoga  
They trying to place my face cause we mobbing, we taking over  
My niggas keep it pure while you cut with the baking soda  
These rappers be stretching the truth like they taking yoga  
Couch potatoes, now they made us into a vegetable culture  
A result of the vision like it's a decimal quotient  
Do the math, my nigga, do the math  
You'd never settle for less than the whole if you knew the half

Rough as alligator skin getting crazy grip  
I'm so amazing with words I make a baby spit  
Resting in Tibet, wild with the Gillette  
Giraffe long goose on, my boots is [?]  
Pocket full of coins, producers on set  
Niggas with the coupes is on next  
The losers gon' step, the users gon' check

We choosing our ninjas, the Jews is on deck  
Refuse, that's a debt, pool with the steps  
Everybody see us, the tools is all TECs  
Anything come through we school, wan' bet?  
Fuck you gon' tell us? He knew we on next

They wanna act like they know me, you don't know me nigga  
You got the baby boy hustle, you a Jody nigga  
You wanna swim with the sharks, I'm Chief Brody killin'  
Get your jaw tapped this is raw rap, come on, yeah