

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