

# We Pullin' Out Tonite

Talib Kweli

Set it off, set it off, get it off now  
Get out or you headed North now  
Ain't coming at you like it's soft now  
We pulling out tonight

Y'all dudes be watching T.V., see the MC, get the CD  
Believing every word he's heard spit, you best believe me  
So when I get to spitting, this should be so exciting  
You see your favorite rapper and you can't believe you like him  
Saw a tear coming from your eye now  
Can't really pretend you fly now  
So you still fronting but why now  
Feel like you can't touch the sky now  
What the people really feeling, let's find out  
If you rocking with a nigga, let's ride out  
We got no time to lie down  
Young girls in the fucking crying out  
It's the way that I walk and I talk like  
I'm a real Brooklyn-New York type  
You know the type to push niggas off bikes  
One summer only rock Air-Force Nikes  
Gonna put it down answer the door right  
Go hard to the paper with all night  
Spit that murder rap, murder rap rap  
Sounds like rapapa

G-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah  
G-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah  
G-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah  
G-yeah, g-yeah, g-yeah  
G-yeah, g-yeah  
Here we go, here we go  
Here we go, here we go c'mon

These niggas screaming how they take your life [?] dreaming  
They leave the proof so they can keep their man a cure appointment  
Say they be on the block and they got immunity  
They can't even scare white people and they pay their community  
And I know you got a wife and you not playing with your kids  
That's why I don't believe in half the shit you say you did  
Treat you like Craig, you ain't gotta lie  
Like B.I. somebody gotta die  
I keep these niggas on their toes, fuck it, somebody gotta try  
I make the mystery DIE, I'm like Magnum P.I.  
It's just a fax when I RAP, I got 'em trapped like T.I.  
Niggas get 24s and shit they ain't got money for  
And put on some funny clothes to holler at some funny hoes  
And what you think that make you a man huh  
That don't make you nothing but a bummer  
Drop, pause and they ain't no cameras  
Gangsters gotta cry your manner  
You rocking a shook demeanor, probably scared to throw some joints  
Ain't gonna bust a "niner", nothing sweeter, what's the point?