[Black Thought] Yo, where the freaks at? Lookin' at me You wanna see Black? Then jump on it And to the chumps who think they might want it I might spot your ride and dump on it And send a couple of boys to that corner of yours And role out with a nigga slumped on it You see Black fall back son Me and Shock up in a black Regal no insurance We like DEA serving warrants So tell the freaks you know to stop whorin We gon' grab the mics and get 'em off the wall so e'rybody in here can stop snorin Yo where the safe Money unlock it, pull it out your pocket Ben Banniker Bay with the Al Morrocan Black Thought on capitals like the sovereign Girls get your eyes back up out the sockets Focus, flawless. New York to Europe To lands where my feet ain't even touch the soil yet What a movement, the rap solution It thumps so hard we got 'em world wide usin them Tracks from Black for satisfaction The role of captain played by Samuel L. Jackson Yo ill insanity that's cold and morbid but when I'm in your orbit you soul absorb it A real raw nigga wont fold or forfeit A thorough bred gonna enforce it Tariq's where the beats at And where the people out their seats at For what? Cause y'all on it I'm like Aqua man and Brown Hornet I'm like Imhotep but don't flaunt it Dog, reintroducing master thespian Ho-telling-est, elin-est, emceein Fuck getting money for real, get freedom Black on the grind from AM to the PM Splash up crash up the X-5 B.M. Motive entertainment the philly mob we in Weak hearts, yo we not them Waddup nigga T3 nigga bahtem When the M-Ill get home we're gonna win First one to fall cats with no chin The mic the black hold remain smokin' And ladies up in the place is wide open For real you know what I'm talking about Pull it out your pocket (3x)

[Chorus]

You feel this shit soon as they throw it on You feel this joint this is your new favorite song You at the dancehall, you got it going on It's time to show it off so throw your hands up Check it out yo You feel this shit soon as they throw it on You feel this joint this is your new favorite song You at the dancehall, you got it going on It's time to show it off yall niggas know whats up

[Black Thought]

Yo here go the rapper of the year, year of the rap Come from South Philly where the hammers are clapped huh? Violate and you will answer to Black You a thug not really there's the answer to that Lee ya, boxed silly with the hands skill attack Cancel your check flip, dismantle your trap huh? Wanna pack can't handle your strap You a schmuck type, shoot your man in the back Meanwhile I'm outstanding and I'm outspoken Wild out take fools out without joking If I run out of shots I'm going out poking On a date with sis we going out stroking And the shot is fantastic The fantastic is the romantic And to the freaks in the house if you're ready to bounce we can go to the flat then get tantric Yeah. you pronounce the name Tariq, any questions? Street hip-hop I bring forth the essence You see pulling up five deep with nothing but dimes inside of my jeep I'm not arguing to get in VIP cocksucker prick Suck a dick I'ma floss for the fuck of it Girls say the baw Black be on some other shit Nigga talk like you work for the government My words worth like Barnes & Noble Spit hot flames that'll harm your vocal Spit thought name I'm a bomb your local neighborness, for a ten mile radius Well every ghetto craving this new anthem My brain unstable and I'm just too handsome I bang with the best around Who can test the ground when I finesse the sound Here come the controller

[Chorus]

You feel this shit soon as they throw it on
You feel this joint this is your new favorite song
You at the dancehall, you got it going on
It's time to show it off so throw your hands up
Check it out yo
You feel this shit soon as they throw it on
You feel this joint this is your new favorite song
You at the dancehall, it's time to show it off you got it going on
Y'all niggas know what's up