

Spike Lee Was My Hero (feat. Talib Kweli)

Skyzoo

[Featuring: Talib Kweli][Hook: Skyzoo]

I heard D's from my pillow, right?

Made me lean out my window, right?

Knew the scene from the get go, right?

But Spike Lee was my hero

Say you here by any means

Tell 'em ditto, uh

But Spike Lee was my hero

[Verse 1: Skyzoo]

For the heroics, capes on to notice

Waited for them to show it and traced all of the motives

The motive beyond reason to pay us all in the open

Like maybe all them below us is waiting for us to throw this

If money talks in another kind of slang

They hover by it again til you changing all that you've spoken

Like "where the speech at?", tell em that you breathe that

And shit is asthmatic the way they hang on the feed back

Fuck em all until they know that you mean that

And they're ripping up your drivers side, digging thru your g-pack

Talking Hamsterdam and they don't believe that

And hanging out my window helped me see that

You know the scene, rubbing shoulders with the cast like I wrote the lead

Shit I just wrote where we was at and put that over these

Bad bitches want Isabel Marants

And we all tryna give them what they want so you know the speed

[Hook][Verse 2: Skyzoo]

They said its rules to the shit

Money that should be ours, the pursuance from the get

I'm true indeed for a flip

I'm due in need of a flip, but as true to me as it is

I'm still, truly yours and truthfully for the win

I'm still, doing more for you and me off the rip

I'm built, by what I saw so usually what it is

Is everything that it was, beautifully on the strip

Standing underneath an awning and hoping to get a morning

I swear they so belonging

Of all of these wide bodies and whatever other callings

Of all of these Nola Darlings

The tug of wars on Strike Dunham and Dap Dunlap

The Jesus Shuttlesworths and what it took to become that

The phone booth can be where you change or where you pump at

My heroes took turns wit who would run that

So for all the Pierre Delacroixs, the Man Tans and Sleep-N-Eats
And all the money from hand to hands that we can keep[Hook][Verse 3: Talib Kweli]
I live amongst the proud neighbors who bang louder than Al-Qaeda
Moving them keys like Cal Tjader for the cheese like Sal's Famous
Fiends looking for houses where the rock's probably cooking
On the corners we BBQ on the block parties in Brooklyn
The birthplace of Jordan, you wore them if you was hard enough
Fucking with Nikes, why you think the Spike's so popular?
The block is like a prison with night vision they watching us
On top of us with binoculars to properly get the drop on us
I'm topical like Clockers cause crack kills
They making a movie, but I'm making black films with my rap skills
They standing on the corners looking vexed, looking stressed
Having to stoop to new lows like Brooklyn steps
First fight in Fort Greene, got respected in Brooklyn Tech
Spike's joint across the street, of course I was looking fresh
Now I'm coming for what's mine, the hoarders call it extortion
40 acres and a Porsche with more than 400 horses, yeah![Hook][Bridge: Skyzoo]
One of the few who had his pops out the whole block
Told me never to settle or let the dough stop
Leave here with as much as you can hold Sky
And point blank 'em if they ever come at yo' tie
Made me follow every script that Spike ever wrote
So how I write is cuz of them
Rightfully so
The irony of wanting everything I could be shown
But seeing life like a Lee
Rightfully so

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