

# Say Something (feat. Jean Grae)

## Talib Kweli

The year is 1975, Brooklyn, New York City  
A child destined for greatness is born, let's go  
Get your hands in the air, get 'em up  
Put your hands in the air, put 'em up  
Get your hands in the air, get 'em up  
Put your hands in the air, put 'em up  
Talk shit now, talk shit now  
Talk shit now, talk shit now, talk shit, hey  
Say something, say something  
Say something, say something  
The Lord Chief Rocka, I'm colder than meat lockers  
My people keep throwin' it up like cheap vodka  
I smack Internet MC's and beat bloggers  
You can see my Black Thought like 'Riq Trotter  
Deep, go ahead and sleep, they know in the street  
Kwe' gon' flow on the beat proper, composin' complete operas  
Longer than a cigar that's Godfather  
Tappin' two heart choppers, I'm harder than gob stoppers  
People comin' for the throne not  
knowin' the seat hotter than  
Fish grease, criminal names on police blotters  
You convinced me, I hit targets like top shotters  
Out in the Mideast like Muslims takin' Shahada  
I'm sayin' makin' a profit, a product of  
Reaganomics  
Awake and I'm stayin' conscious to radio playin' garbage, yeah  
Blacksmith Music, if you don't pay homage  
I'ma show you how we break an artist  
That's a threat, I'm not makin' a promise  
Speak to the people like Barack Obama  
They worship like the black Madonna, c'mon  
Niggaz talk shit, but they ain't got skills  
I'm the type of nigga to put lead in your grill  
Number two pencil is sharper to bruise mentals, and  
Beatin' in my chest is the heart of a true gentleman  
Still spit right in your face  
Fuck a Top 8, back up, gimme MySpace, you're not safe  
Yeah, they say I'm back  
But I ain't go nowhere though  
Been here the whole time  
Where you been? You back  
Matter 'fact, apologize  
Talk shit now, talk shit now  
Talk shit now, talk shit now, talk shit, hey  
Say something, say something  
Say something, say something  
Open your mouth, say somethin', I fuckin' dare you  
Chokin' you out 'til you can't suck any air through  
Fuck with your man too, thinkin' I can't do what I plan to  
Vet vandal, niggaz are brand new  
Ain't knew I was bad news? Look at the tattoos  
Get ran through like you was fingers through Sassoon

Horror chick in the bathroom, off the backstage room  
Shit you couldn't imagine, nigga, I'll harass you'll Ras Kass you, 'Soul On Ice' and body cast  
dude

Past due, Jean and Kwe' the last two action heroes  
Actually had the capacity to be the ones in a class of zerosHip hop's not dead, it was on vacation

We back, we bask in the confrontation

You can ask me, have any conversation

You talk shit, Blacksmith, Jean, I'm waitin', niggaTalk shit now, talk shit now

Talk shit now, talk shit now, talk shit, hey

Say something, say something

Say something, say somethingWe not fallin' for your trick 'cause your image is like a gimmick

Forget it, every rhyme is bitten, you like a mimic

I'm talkin' to the Lord and I'm askin' Him for forgiveness

Just for kickin' niggaz out the club like Michael RichardsYeah, I admit it, I'm guilty, the way I  
spit it is filthy

I keep it gritty so they get it, they feel me, the flow

Is known for touchin' the soul of street hustlers

I speak in the language they know I keep customersThe writin' therapeutic, it's due to the pain  
and sufferin'

While these dudes get it confused and abuse the creative substance

I'm givin' you a contact high, my name buzzin'

And I came in the game with nothin', stop frontin', niggaTalk shit now, the year of Blacksmith

Is not defined by any calendar

Just thought I'd remind all you challengers

Get the name right, BKMC, Talib Kweli, say it againGet your hands in the air, get 'em up

Put your hands in the air, put 'em up

Get your hands in the air, get 'em up

Put your hands in the air, put 'em up

Say something

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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