

# Go With Us (feat. Strong Arm Steady)

Talib Kweli

[Featuring: Strong Arm Steady]

[Talib Kweli]

In your eardrum so furious

It ain't a game, it ain't a joke, it's so serious

The best flow period, let's go!

(Klack-klack-klack-klack-klack-klack-klack-klack-klack)

Yo, the year of the Blacksmith

It ain't defined by any calender

Just thought I'd remind all you challengers, uhh

(Klack-klack-klack-klack-klack-klack-klack-klack-klack)

C'mon, Talib Kweli, Strong Arm Steady (Blacksmith) Yeah, when I jump in the stu' with  
beautiful rap staff

You could bump in yo' hoopty, bump in yo' Cadillac

Blacksmith, S.A.S., real rap that

people just be seein the surface, they can't get past that

Phil Da Ag' smoke in your stash, Mitchy like klack-klack

Krondon got crack rap, I got your back back

Homie swing you better +duck+ like Aflac

Lames just, stay in your lane, the flow is HazMat

[Phil Da Agony]

Yeah, we back for the '07, say goodbye to this '06 shit

Yeah we here for the championship

And that's exactly what we came to get

You know the name of this, organization that made you famous

It's the Strong Arm, with the long arm to throw the bomb on

the drop of the dime; we at the top of the line

Plus we on the incline, the rhymes be finer than wine

Design them in the mind, they shine like diamonds

Fresh out the coal mine, young soul, old mind

I'ma hold mine, Steady spittin cold lines

Sharpen it up, backwoods sparkin it up

These niggaz act like, what I rap like in the clutch

I mastered the dutch, Dizzle tell 'em to duck

Hitman for hire, Blacksmith put it up

Courtesy of Kweli, you got a problem with me

Phil Da Agony, Strong Arm Steady!

[Chorus: Talib Kweli]

We 'bout to open up, we 'bout to sew it up

We so focused bruh, go on and throw it up

The joint is broken up, we 'bout to roll it up

We 'bout to smoke it up, that's why they wanna go with us

Who wanna go with us? She wanna go with us

She wanna go with us, they wana go with us  
So let's gooo! [Krondon]  
From L.A. to B.K., Brooklyn that is  
On the black hand side, Strong Arm Steady [Mitchy Slick]  
Blacksmith and we hear somethin  
Next thing you know, we was on the road dime humpin  
Earrings full of O'Shea's  
Big ass chain all in the way like Ghostface  
Of course all the hoes wanna go  
Baby like Mitchy, hella ghetto but he heavy peddles Lambo's  
And gettin snow cheap  
Had a nigga out missin studio sessions, haulin from the police  
But now I'm focused, and where my folks is  
And when we together we mob like locusts  
Crooks that hit licks that got crooks who work in big ass granny kitchens  
that we use to cook chickens  
And not the ones that's finger lickin  
The ones that'll have a Cali nigga ticklin switches  
My guns'll make a Northern Cali run  
How you think the little homie got kush zips for four hun'? [Chorus] [Krondon]  
Ay don't think we changed our style  
We just got more change for our style  
Strong Arm Steady! Chronic, country as cornbread, this L.A. life could be  
funky as George Clinton's colorful dreads, prestigious  
I'm bred from a different cloth  
The walk and talk soft could cost your head  
The difference you the minor we the major  
No long life to be lived for the hater or the traitor  
Eight out of nine of my niggaz doin time for advancin  
Handlin illegal finances  
This the family reunion, mixed with the holy communion  
You'll never win, you're too busy consumin  
Kweli, let's start up a union  
Protect the real niggaz from the fakes so we ain't gotta do 'em  
Yeah, this the church right across from the liquor sto'  
Been on that hip-hop shit since Biz Mark' picked his nose  
Under the mattress stack big as a fat chick  
Steady is the gang and the label is Blacksmith, bitch! [Chorus] "Ohh!" [echoes]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>