

# So Good

## Talib Kweli & Hi-Tek

When I program the sound, I  
Oh, oh, what it is  
Oh, what it was, yeah, what it will be  
Oh, oh, Kweli, Hi-Tek, oh We gon' set it off, we gon' set it off  
Something on my chest and I gotta get it off  
So we gon' let it off, catch it like a cough  
A-ha, a-ha, ay, 'cause the flow so ill But I feel so good, I feel so good  
I feel so good, I feel so good  
Man, I feel so good, feel so good  
Feel so good, feel so good, yeah Every time I hit the block, the shepherd come and get the flock  
I roll a Jay, I get a Dame, I do it B.I.G. like it's the Roc  
It's not, it's the Blacksmith, we finna pick the lock  
On fire like the trunk is popped, go to work, punch the clock  
The flow so sick it's ill, so they lose they lunch a lot  
Sick so they front a lot, sick 'cause they want the spot  
Get 'em higher, light the fire, woop, time's running out  
Spacious pan again, he in the closet, he ain't coming out That's 'cause I'm invading like Iraq did  
to it's neighbors  
Nothing black and white, they acting like Barack is gonna save us  
But first they got to save themselves from playing the game  
They play themselves  
You a non-believer, I'm a Libra so I weigh the scales We gon' set it off  
Something on my chest and I gotta get it off  
So we gon' let it off, catch it like a cough  
A-ha, a-ha, ay, 'cause the flow so ill But forget it, I'm a boss, I said it all before  
The flow is so butter, you can spread it on your toast  
When I send this out to Los, he gon' say this shit is banging  
The Devil play me close and I'ma hang him like a painting  
You can check out my exhibit, won't you pay a fee to see it?  
This is the masterpiece, every album a museum  
When I bring my people freedom, they gon' smile like Mona Lisa  
I'm married to the game, throwing the rice like Condoleezza We gon' set it off, we gon' set it off  
Something on my chest and I gotta get it off  
So we gon' let it off, catch it like a cough  
A-ha, a-ha, ay, 'cause the flow so ill But I feel so good, I feel so good  
I feel so good, I feel so good  
Man, I feel so good, feel so good  
Feel so good, feel so good, yeah Aiyyo, every time I'm out on these streets, y'all niggas know  
the deal  
I'm rolling with my nigga Kweli, I let him hold the wheel  
So I can get a couple of shots, let it off  
Head it off in the general direction, then set it off But of course Brooklyn and Cincinnati is in

the house  
And it's Hi-Tek, hardest for niggas to figure out  
Pick a route, people stab you in the back for the stardom  
But they fall right back to the bottom like cats in RoddamBut I'm flying through the night like a  
pilot with insomnia  
Burn up on your deck like a pirate from Somalia  
Hi-Teknology, better school your producer  
And can't be duplicated by computerWe gon' set it off, we gon' set it off  
Something on my chest and I gotta get it off  
So we gon' let it off, catch it like a cough  
A-ha, a-ha, ay, 'cause the flow so illBut I feel so good, I feel so good  
I feel so good, I feel so good  
Man, I feel so good, feel so good  
Feel so good, feel so good, yeahOh, oh, oh, yeah  
Oh, oh, oh, we gon' set it off  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>