

# 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

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>