

[Talib Kweli]

Yes..

Every day somebody ask me where all the real MC's is at?  
They underground  
There's mad talented cats underground with that raw shit  
Yaknowwhat'msayin? Bringin them raw skills  
Yaknowwhat'l'm sayin?  
Really, to me..

It's a Small Wonder, like Vicki, why I'm picky  
These niggas suck like hickies  
and still get the shit they slip in like Mickies  
I'm sick of the hater-players, bring on the regulators  
With the flavors like a farm team fucking with the majors  
Like a river how I run through it, I do it so cold  
Freezin up your bodily fluids, your style is old  
You runnin your mouth, but don't really know what you be talkin about  
You should retire, get that complimentary watch, be out!  
Yo, with the quickness, so swift you miss this lyrical fitness  
Now get this, these emcees wanna test me like litmus, bear witness  
I'm like shot clocks, interstate cops, and blood clots  
My point is, your flow can stop!  
By all means, you need more practice, take that ass home  
Everybody lookin at you, fish tank syndrome  
In full effect, I stay catchin lyrical rep  
And keep it blacker than the back of your neck  
What you expect, that shit's hollerin  
Cause we developin the followin  
Gettin played like stone love tapes and dollar vans  
Order reverse your universe so your demise is first  
Before your rise it gets worse  
You need a night nurse like Gregory  
Beggin me - stop it hurts! - is what you say to me  
Like that's supposed to mean somethin?  
You the one I seen frontin in the club  
Your act I don't buy it, I got the dub  
Come on everybody, come on just show your love  
Come on everybody, come on just show your love  
Come on everybody, come on just show your love  
Come on everybody, come on just show your love  
Come on everybody, come on just show your love

Chorus: \*chanted in background\*

Wo-oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-uh-oh \*repeated 4X\*

[Mos Def]

Visions occupy my synaptic space  
Command and shake, to illustrate my mind's landscape  
The tall grass, the low plains, the mountainous ridges  
Thickets among the forests, rivers beneath the bridges  
Presence of hilltops, lit up with tree tops  
Eavesdrop; and hear the incline of sunshine, nine  
Stones in orbit, refuse to forfeit  
They all form a cipher, and they came to observe it  
I follow suit, and face it, embrace it  
Shinin bright, but still I'm careful not to waste it  
Destined to rise, because I'm basement adjacent  
Spirit is still so just chill and be patient  
Some heads approach like I'm the one to base with  
Clowns about to scream and shout but don't say shh..  
I ain't your student so I ain't to be tested  
I'm majestic, I represent my strength without effort  
My, method is unorthodox, but of course it rocks  
My serious synopsis will drop kick, my topics  
run the gauntlets and galvanize the audience  
I must represent, I don't come off with no corniness  
It's all luminary, despite commentary  
Some people say, Mos how you get so?  
My sign will make you jump around like calypso  
And, murmur to yourself like a schizo  
There ain't no bottom on the ???

Chorus

[Talib Kweli]

Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Here we go. Blackstar, hop on the Blackstar line  
We bout to take y'all home.  
Yaknowwhatlmean? Here we go...

We got all markets on lock  
From meat to stock

Blackstar, what? throwin like head rock in bars  
Men flock to where we are, cause its the place to be  
Grab my paint, jump on stage and deface emcees  
We sell our souls like Spawn and come for the drone I sit upon  
Freestyle or written songs so we can get it on!  
Going back and forth, fallin back, all across the track  
Passin the mic's like quarterbacks  
of course its phat, get off of that!  
Reverse psychology got em scared to say when shit is whack  
out of fear of being called a hater, imagine that!  
We ain't havin that reachin past the star status that you grabbin at  
My battle raps blast your ass back to your natural habitat  
So floss, cause what it costs ain't worth it to me  
Cause I'm the one these Spice Girl emcees Wannabe  
But they can't, ain't no points forever, so why bother?  
Cause your girl calls my name out like Clarence Carter  
Clarence Carter, Clarence Carter!  
(I be strokin, that's what I be doin)  
Ayyo, as we rock harder  
And always drop the bonified head noddors  
Ayyo, later for the hater-players  
Yo-yo, yo-yo, later for these hater-players

Chorus

Blackstar keeps shining

Chorus

Blackstar keeps shining