

Re: Definition

Black Star

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hello everybody, recording live from somewhere Lord, Lord have mercy
All nice an' peace an' true, follow me now, we say
Say, "Hi-Tek, yes, you're rulin' hip hop"
Say, "J. Rawls, yes, you're rulin' hip hop"
Redefinition, say, "You're rulin' hip hop"
Say, "Black Star, come to rock it" Yo, from the first to the last of it, delivery is passionate
The whole an' not the half of it, vocals an' not the math of it
Projectile that them blasted with, accurate assassin shit
Me an' Kweli close like Bethlehem an' Nazareth After this you be pressin' rewind on top your master disk
Shinin' like an asterisk, for all those that be gatherin'
Connectin' like a round house, from the townhouse to the tenements
'Cause all my Brooklyn residents, [Incomprehensible] heavy regiments Don't believe, here the evidence, where
Brooklyn, see that?
Bound to take it all kid, believe that
From where they sellin' tree at, to where the police be at
Talib Kweli, E.Kweli, yo' tell them where we be at Brooklyn, New York City where they paint murals of
Biggie
In cash, we trust 'cause it's ghetto fabulous, life look pretty
What a pity, blunts is still fifty cents, it's intense
Tree scents is dominant, can't be covered with incense My presence felt, my name is Kweli from the Eternal
Reflection
People thinkin' MC is short hand for 'Mis Conception'
Let me meditate, set it straight, came to the conclusion
That most of these cats is featherweight, let me demonstrate Walkin' the streets is like battlin', be careful with
your body
You must know Karate or think your soul is 'Bulletproof' like Sade
Stop actin' like a bitch already, be a visionary
An' maybe you can see your name in the column of obituary Third rate teacher readin' an' talkin about, "I knew
he'd amount to nothin"
Neighbors like, "He was the quiet type
Who'd have thought they was frontin'?"
Talkin' loud like you in R.C.A, get carted away

With body parts an' trays, what a way to start your day, yo, it's like
One, two, three
Mos Def an' Talib Kweli
We came to rock it on to the tip top
Best alliance in hip hop, why oh I said one, two, three
It's kinda dangerous to be a emcee
They shot Tupac an' Biggie
Too much violence in hip hop, why oh I said Manhattan keep on makin' it, Brooklyn keep on takin' it
So relax we're takin' it back, Redhook, where we're livin' at
Plenty cats be strugglin' not hustlin' an' bubblin'
It ain't about production an' what else we discussin'? When the cock crows, my crop grows, enable me to rock
flows
Strivin' for perfection ever since I was a snot nosed
Colossal, true original B. Boy apostle
Standin' on the rooftop with the Zulu Gestapo You think you the shit, somebody in the wings'll force you to quit
It could be your crew or click
Or some random kid you smoked Buddha with
Consider me the entity within the industry
Without a history of spittin' the epitome, of stupidity Livin' my life, expressin' my liberty, it gotta be done
properly
My name is in the middle of E. Kweli
People follow me an' other cats, they hear him flow
An' assume I'm the real one with lyrics like I'm Cyrano Still sippin', wishin' well, water imported from Pluto
Three hundred an' sixty milliliters for all our believers
In miles or kilometers, most cats, cannot proceed us
In the jungle with the leaders, we the lions, you the cheetahs A Cypher will complete us, if we come through
your receivers
You can play us an' repeat us an' then take us home an' read us
Line for line, good Jesus, Mos Def an' Kweli
Just make a pussy freeze up, thinkin' of it ease up
One, two, three
Mos Def an' Talib Kweli
We came to rock it on to the tip top
Best alliance in hip hop, why oh I said one, two, three
It's kinda dangerous to be a emcee
They shot Tupac an' Biggie
Hold your head when the beat drop, why oh

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