

Black Star, Respiration (Flying High Mix)

[Mos Def singing]

I'm flyin' high, in the friendly sky
without ever leaving the ground, yeah yeah
Rest of the folks are tired and weary
And have laid their bodies down

[Talib Kweli]

We lyrically rich, livin, spiritually fit
Eating healthy, coming clean never filthy
In God's eyes I'm wealthy
Felt the power as I entered the palace of 7 lights
Time traveled participatin on battles my brethren fight
For birth rights that they already got, and shouldn't have to get
Break down the steady plot that's accurate
Bust the shots that's immaculate
Take it to your nugget cause my beloved covet they freedom
Believe it put nothing above it love it or leave it
We blessed with free will so we choose to be ill
Like sharks keepin it movin we could never be still
Swim in the channels of life
The orators of rhyme handling mics
Tiptoeing through the corridors of your mind with candlelights
Everlasting in your hood like liquor stores and check cashin
Niggaz flashing (?-) classes sippin thug passion blastin
Makaveli 4, I bet on brothers with nothing to live for
To give more to the struggle, they already at war

[Chorus]

So much on my mind I just can't recline
Blastin holes til the night bled sunshine
Breathe in...
Breathe out,
Heard the bass ride out like an ancient (mating call)
I can't take it, I can feel the city breathing

[Mos Def]

Yo,
I pushed my pen and wrote this scribe
Like the morning wouldn't find me alive
I'm surrounded on all sides
By the kind and the cool, wise men and the fool
Young guns attending school, ghetto classes include:
Get yours, get it right
Get down, get paid, get ass, get around
Get on, get fly, get jig and get high
Live to get and you'll only end up getting by
When the nighttime covers the city like a cloak
I approach and assemble my hopes, into notes
Hard to sleep in the city that don't
Cause it won't let you rest, noises on your doorstep
'Nuff distress
Police department, raid the park bench on nonsense
Cause they fear to see the brothers conference
Regardless, we bond tight and we rumble all day to break night
Daylight, wifey riffin' to death - "you ain't right"
The same fight about my late night habits is mad static
But the city's so alive that I just got to have it
The planet of Brook-LAWN is what I look on
Ghetto chef rock your vest when you gettin your cook on
Dedicating this song to Scott LaRock, B.I.G. and 'Pac
Kwame Ture, Betty Carter and John Henrik CLark
Ron Brown, and freedom fighters going down
You set the pace, now we finish the race
It's on now

[Chorus]

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[Black Thought]

Yo, Yo

I'm from the year-round shootouts to summertime cookout
The wintertime grind with the shorties on the lookout
A chosen few know the rule, the rest threw the book out
The law stay on crews, thirsty with they hook out
That old-school bang out,
Money that pulled the thang out
They bit him and hit him with a few, he just came out
With the sharks that travel all parts within the same route
Narrow walls closin in, cutthroat to exit at the opening
Wrong place, you wasn't where you were supposed to be
You back around the end, heavy wasteline again
With them same suspect cats that waste time again
Ya'll need to wake the fuck up, and peep the monument in your face
Cuz ain't no time to waste not a minute
I seen my cousin (?-) said "Peace, yo where you been at?"
He said "the final frontier 'Riq, I'm up in that,
and it's the time to watch the place your foe and where your friend at,
Cuz where I rotate ain't nothin to grin at, I been at
the fork in the crossroads, the outer limit,
See you can stand tall or crawl and act timid"
The Black Thought with the Black Star, infinite

[Chorus and ad libs to fade]