

# Black Star, Talkin To You

[Mos Def: talking behind singing vocals]

It's always the nervous cats, that's like...

Yo money, you tryin to dis me or something?

What you tryin to get fly or something?

You tryin to get a little rep off me or something, money?

Let me tell you something money, you don't know me like that

Nawl'msayin, you don't know none of my crew like that

Nawl'msayin, and if you really wanna make some little insinuation

About me nawl'msayin, don't talk about it, be about it money

If you wanna do something, we can do it right now

[Pharoahe Monch]

I levitate through meditation

Sitting my legs crossed, source to build force field

To shield my immediate surroundings

Avoiding falling sheet rock, rubble and granite

Expand, white man, got plans to feed the planet

Excessive hate, repercussions of manic-depressive state

Panic, God forbid we all take it for granted

Delivering lyrical thoughts for spiritual dividends

Half the concentrate, like Hampstead we'll be livin in

Magnetic boring them, it's a must I score again

And pollute em, shoot em like white students in Oregon

Cuz when I was broke, I always found figures to fuck bitches

Wit full-force like them muscle-bound niggas

[Rah Digga]

Well it's the R-A-H, big up to Brick City

When I'm not rippin niggas I be ?feelin wit commitee?

Got two rap clicks, so bring all the kingred

Buggin off of rappers sayin shit that I been said

Askin me how your mob sound, bringin my high down

Flipmode put shit together quicker than a seamstress

Thinkin I talk white cuz I speak proper English

All up in your air like I was celly interference

Rip shows and make little cameo appearance

White label to death if I can't get no clearance

[Mos Def: talking behind vocals]

Alot of cats think I'm trapped in a box, livin cruel and if that's true

I'm talkin to you

Thinkin of dissin your steez, your degress, everything you're attached to then

I'm talkin to you

Wonderin who we talkin about, yo is my name in his mouth, well then

I'm talkin to you

No mystery, you ain't got to scratch your head

Like "Is he dissin me?", we talkin to you

[A-Butta]

Aiyyo we severed the lever that I pull

It's never the bull, shit instead of the full clip, click

You get hit in the head wit dialect

When I pre-fect my new script

Check the architecht then select the newest blueprint

When I pro-ject the move-ment of the mic, it might strike

And brand new life trife that handle

?Flyin off?, literature that's pure

Yo we miniature before, you finished yours, I get mine

Musically inclined, like the sign of a clef

To my death, I rhyme and yes I left you, sense-less in the mind

Plus I'm, going to show no re-pentance

My flow's relentless, you know the sentence

[Talib Kweli]

You will respect it when we set it  
Fake MC's get tossed  
For leavin the microphone covered wit the gloss  
Don't get lost, bitch-asses who switch fastest  
When my hits smashes, impacts like whip crashes  
Fuckin up your face like thick glasses  
You still can't see shit  
I'll snatch your faith, your imagination won't believe it  
It's ill, you can't conceive it  
Any nigga can make a baby, it takes a man to be a father  
Why bother, you'll be run over in the street like Frogger  
Comatose like Central Park joggers when my crew goes wildin  
Lyricist who will never Lounge till all wack shit is silenced  
I'm not violent, niggas come aggressive wit that nonsense  
Yo, it's time for us to get aggressive wit our conscience

[Mos Def]

Alot of cats think I'm chattin about  
Them and they crew, and if that's true  
I'm talkin to you  
Wondering if I'm dissin you and everything you're attached to  
I'm talkin to you  
Runnin your mouth, wonderin "yo, who Mos be talkin bout?"  
I'm talkin to you  
No mystery, you can consider yourself dissed officially  
You can consider yourself dissed officially  
You can consider yourself dissed officially  
[ranting and shouting until end]