## 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]