

# Talib Kweli, Hater Players

[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!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.  
YaknowwhatI mean? 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)  
Aiyyo, as we rock harder  
And always drop the bonified head noddors  
Aiyyo, later for the hater-players  
Yo-yo, yo-yo, later for these hater-players

Chorus

Blackstar keeps shining

Chorus

Blackstar keeps shining