

The Roots, Star/Pointro

(40 seconds of instrumental to start)

(Black Thought)

Get 'em up high - okay, yeah

(Chorus)

Go all-star, and get down for yours
To the ladies in the house, be proud of yours
You got the, Roots crew with the sound of course
High, lift 'em up high, okay

(Black Thought)

When that adrenaline get in they system
It get 'em out on a quest for stardom, could be a motherf**kin problem
in Philly, Cincinnati, Los Angeles or Harlem
Kids call theyself killers let they hammers do the talkin
Don't even know the meaning of life, ain't seen a thing
and you dream of floodin the scenery with, llo and greenery
But for now, you stickin her with the heavy machinery
Wonder how, you lift it up, be only 17
And like e'rybody he wanna shine, young brothers on the grind
Holdin somethin in they spine, "Bowling for Columbine"
Stressin to me how it's all about a dollar sign
Dig the way you out of line, out of sight and out of mind
Up against the clock and damn near out of time
"The Tipping Point" has arrived, and that's the bottom line
To all my peoples that's stars, it's our time to shine
Let's get 'em up high, c'mon

(Chorus - 2X)

(Black Thought)

Yo, ain't it strange how the newspapers play with the language
I'm deprogrammin y'all with uncut slang shit
I know some peoples in the party armed and dangerous
Twist some cool champagne, I'm goin through changes
A grown-ass man, I done paid my dues
Learn the rules lil' homey, you could be one too
Niggaz know, ain't no tellin what he gon' do
But recognize young bruh, I'ma do it for you
You know why? We all stars and we highly evolved
Hip-Hop, it's not pop like Kylie Minogue
If it bang, them gettin-busy brothers probably involved
In the game, where e'rybody got a shottie to draw
I guess you probably a thug, you boss ballin or what?
I can't call it man, I got the ladies fallin in love
Cause handsome, intelligent, tough - I'm all the above
I know you knew it it's the movement
Groove to it while you doin it up

(Chorus - 2X w/ minor variations)

(Black Thought)

Introducin the band you gotta see to believe
He got the mic in his hand, so keep the heat up your sleeve
It's Black Thought, he rockin sharp so the speakers'll bleed
I run a triathalon, you wouldn't see me fatigued
I'm a star, and maybe y'all should cop somethin to be
Or trade some of y'all equipment in for somethin you need
Cause it's a, lot of bullshit floodin the scene
Where e'rybody's a star, and hot shit is few and far between
We lose the grip of what, garbage mean
Shorties wanna be theyself, I know it's hard to be
Don't wanna do the Ruben Studdard and come off less threatenin

Keepin it real'll kill you if you end up lettin it
Ain't it blowin your mind how the game all in line
Now the best, to the rest, we fin' to end up settin it
I'd tell you that I was a veteran but it's evident
You act like you want it, you gon' end up gettin it

(Chorus - 3X w/ minor variations)

"Everybody is a star.."

(echoes and fades into an instrumental that ends the song)