

Tony Touch, Black Star Freestyle

(feat. Black Star)

[Mos Def (Talib Kweli)]

Ay ay ay (yo wassup)

Whoooooweee! (You about to take a ride on the Black StarGalactacon)

(Yo yo here we go)

together

Black Star keeps shinin wherever we rhymin

Yo, we unearth the diamond check us out

The Black Star keeps shinin wherever we rhymin

Yo, we unearth the diamond

[Talib Kweli (Mos Def)]

Tony Touch keep winnin wherever he spinnin (Yo Puerto Rico, YOOOOO!)

(Yo ?voice wit go? YOOOOO!)

Yo check the way he be livin (Bed-Stuy go, YOOOOO!) Tony Touch keep winnin

Wherever he spinnin, check the way he be livin(Crown Heights go YOOOOO!)

(Kweli how you feel?) "I feel like a king!" (Ah shit)

"Yeah" Yes I do

Brooklyn (yeah yeah yeah wha wha), Uptown, Boogie Down

[together]

The B-L-A-C-K-S-T-A-R shine

Rockin you, movin like eight lights, we bright

B-L-A-C-K-S-T-A-R shine

Rockin you, doin it, rockin you, doin it

The B-L-A-C-K-S-T-A-R shine

Rockin you, beamin like eight lights, we bright

B-L-A-C-K-S-T-A-R shine

Rockin you, doin it, rockin you, doin it

Rockin you, yes yes we be rockin it

[Mos Def]

How to live in a world without Big and Tupac in it

I stay the unconscious and say maintain prosperous

Unstoppable, doctoral, b-boy scholarship

[Talib Kweli]

Niggas try to do me when they can't see through me

Yo I'm Out Of Sight, you need a Peacemaker like George Clooney

Yo Kweli, I drop masterpieces like Paul Mooney

If you don't like what I'm sayin, fuck it sue me

(Yo, who we?)

Black Star, Tony Touch you get rushed like you the only dutch

In a room full of weed heads that smoke WAY too much

Trust I been battlin since Ethopia was Cush

Cold-crush niggas to dust, I'm too much from Flatbush

[Mos Def]

Esta loca, Black Star rock wit Tony Toca

My contents, over the fence like Sammy Sosa

Escuchar mi *something in Spanish*

Black Star, ? make the comp feel smaller than answer

Disconnect the nerve endings on your wack sensitivity

Provide five side audio, technical and imagery

Initially, alot of cats wasn't really hearin me

And now when I rhyme, they keep they hands high like the centipede

[Talib Kweli]

See independently, we took niggas out so what now

We like Chuck D, the whole operation and Shut It Down

Ask my man Black Sean, your style's played out like Sasson's

So you look for a new dick to grab on

They say I'm self-righteous, but nah it's more like I just

Combine battle skills and conscience and I still flow the tightest
Golden Touch like Midas on my favorite DJ Tony
And if you got skills, fuck tellin me, just show me
You know me, the city slicker, invade your town like promo stickers
Speak it quicker, turnin you yellow like shit-kickers
You sound gay, your rhymes is drier than Santa Fe
My mind spray mad guerilla war tactics like I was Shea

[Mos Def]

Gold-capped quarter trench, fresh nubians and Wallees
Son I'm classic Brooklyn like the Ebbet's Field trolley
This lies the satellite that transmitts your channel
Keep low on your panel, old man like gray flannel
Inner-state trucker breaker, now yo what's your handle
When the Black thump we give you back hump like a camel
Fuck flossin a Movado and the champagne bottle
I grab the mic and have your chicka like *something in Spanish*
B-L-A-C-K-S-T-A-R shine
Rockin you, movin like eight lights we bright
B-L-A-C-K-S-T-A-R shine
Rockin you, doin it, rockin you, doin it
"I feel like a king!" Ah shit