

Talib Kweli % Hi Tek "Hater Players"

Visit "Hater Players" on MotoLyrics.com

11c7

[Mos Def]

People keep askin me, where's the underground? There's mad talented cats underground with that raw shit

Ya know what'm sayin? Bringin the raw skills.

Ya know what I'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

Everybody lookin at you, fish tanks and drome 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 ?stones? off tapes and ?dollar vans? I'll reverse you, universal, your demise is first

Before your rise gets worse

You need a night nurse like Gregory, beggin me

Stop it hurts, what you say to me?

Like thats supposed to mean something

You don't wanna scene, frontin in the club

Your actin, I don't buy it, I got the Dub Come on everybody, come on and show your love *repeat 4X*

Chorus: *chanted in background*

Wo-oh-oh-oh, oh-uh-oh *repeated 4X*

[Mos Def]

Visions occupy my synaptic's space Command and shake, to illustrate my mind's landscape

The tall grass, the low plains, the mountanous 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, screamin but don't say shit
I ain't your student so I ain't to be tested
I'm majestic, I represent my strength without?
Epitmass?

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
I'm 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. Here we go.
Blackstar, hop on the
Blackstar line. We bout to take y'all home. Ya know what I 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

Got fear of being called a hater, imagine that! We ain't havin that

We just passed the star status that your 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 Wanna Be But they can't, ain't no points forever, so why bother? Cause your girl calls my name out like Claerance Carter, Claerance

Carter, Clarence Carter!?! (I be strokin, thats what I be doin)

Aiyyo, as we rock harder And always drop the bonified head nodders Aiyyo, later for the hater-players Yo-yo, yo-yo, later for these hater-players

Chorus

Blackstar keeps shining

Chorus

Blackstar keeps shining

Visit <u>Talib Kweli % Hi Tek</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.