

Black Star

"Fix Up"

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[Intro]

I told you! Thought Â– the creation of new energy
Yes, the creation of new energy and new beings
What? Yes, brothers! I speak of movement, of creation,
of making

[Verse 1: Yasiin Bey]

Brilliance. Nice, nice levels
Thank you, Mr. Jackson
Fix up look sharp, yo

I resolve, me and mine involved
A lot of cats talk live, they ain't live at all
Sideline check, hush when it's time to ball
Taking this charge and all, why you front so hard?
You could have a thousand rhymes, a thousand dimes
The house to shine, coupes on the routes recline
Be on Greenwich Mean, Beech Street, or Mountain time
But weigh it up, duke Â– your pound ain't a ounce of
mine
You're down for mine, ashy and ground for mine
Yasiin a sunburst clip, pronounce divine
Pull down the blinds, shade them out or shine
Everything from Bangkok to Bucktown is mine
Say Black Star, great things sprout the mind
Full moons and starry nights, new life and true light
Desert flames and ancient names, cinematic classic
frames
Beautiful and fantastic things
Like peace, equality; Allah see everything
Don't call it a comeback, I was home anyway
Ain't mister measure for all any time we spend away
Travelling man I carry home with me every day
Bey, slim body push heavy weight
Fix up look sharp, elevate
And I don't mean like Copperfield or David Blaine
We on solid ground and far above the clouds
Black Star

[Verse 2: Talib Kweli]

The wait is over, or is it overweight?
The game is bloated, there's no escape

They sub-standard, we substantial
We got the great names, they got the love handles
We slimming down, trim the fat
Sit it down with all that chitter-chat
You talking this and that – shhh, simmer down
Simmer down, simmer down, simmer down, son
The music so powerful, use it to see the parallels
I could make it rain but I make it plainer than Malcolm
does
Black Star, baby powder fresher than the talcum, yup
People charged up, yup, we good with or without the
plug
You doubted us, but you're still hating – wow, I'm
proud of ya!
Committed to your cause and it's caused you to be a
sourpuss
Ain't a number that could measure your level of
cowardice
You Power Puff, you pale in comparison, don't get out
enough
Turn up the motherfuckers, the speakers ain't nearly
loud enough
Black Star rocking it, Chaka would be proud of us
Had enough, callow for shallow and narrow-
mindedness
Preparing for the battle, the shadows is where you
finding us
You trying to bust – you synthetic as a designer drug
The populace is ignorant – thank you for reminding us
Separate myself from the rappers who hustle
backwards
Yup, zero property, laws of algebra

[Hook: Yasiin Bey]
Fix up look sharp
Black Star, good God
And when the sky look dark
Shine a light, look ahead, look up

[Verse 3: Yasiin Bey]
Malcolm X and Marley Marl, the word of God, the
work's involved
Portraits of the brain and other unexplained
phenomenon
Shut down Babylon, smash all automaton
Feel the beat, got 'em feeling geeked like it's Comic-
Con
Far from the hardy-har, more like a Tomahawk rocket
launch
Ali right cross knock these rappers off
Kweli and Mr. Bey, fresh not from concentrate

Looking very sharp today Â– thank you brother, Danke
Schoen
Crowd working more than German engineering
And through the frequency they thought they hear the
interference
Flashes of the spirit
Seekers in the clearing
Say that the tongue is the mirror of the heart's inner
mirror
Look, in that window it's the freedom fighter's
grandson
Fixed up looking sharp, automatic handgun
Look, parade, caravan, diplomat, degenerate
Messiah, pariah, the leader of the syndicate
Peace treaty written in loophole penmanship
Same rows, two shots, palaces and tenements
Dispossessed made a noble owner of the lonely heart
Peel apart, come together, come together, peel apart
Come together

[Hook]

Fix up look sharp
Black Star, good God
And when the sky look dark
We shine light, look ahead, look up

Fix up look sharp
Black Star, good God
And when the sky look dark
Shine bright, so fresh and so clean, clean

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