

Black Star "Redefiniton"

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[Intro - Mos Def]

Wha-wha-wha, wha-wha, wha-wha, wha-wha/
Wo-aaaahhhhhh!
One, two, three/
Mos Def and Talib Kweli/
We came to rock it on to the tip-top/
Best alliance in hip-hop, wo-ahh/
I said, one, two, tree, Blackstar shine eternally/
We came to rock it on to the tip-top/
And Hi-Tek make the beats drop, wo-ahh/

[Verse 1 - Talib Kweli]

RE:DEFinition, turning your play into a tragedy/
Exhibit level degree on the mic, passionately/
Niggaz is sweet, so I bet if I bit I'd get a cavity/
Livin' to get high, you ain't flyer than gravity/
We Die Hard like the battery/
Done in the back of me by the mad MC/
Who think imitation is the highest form of flattery/
Actually, don't be mad at me/
I had to be the one to break it to you/
You get kicked into obscurity like judo, no Menudo/
'Cause you pseudo, tryin' to compete with reality like
Xerox/
Towards destruction you spiraling like hairlocks/
Wipe them teardrops/
Chasing stars in your eyes/
Playing games with your lives/
Now the wives is widows soakin' up pillows/
Weepin like willows/
Still mo' blacks is dyin'/
Kids ain't livin they tryin'/
"How to Make a Slave" by Willie Lynch is still applyin/
Regardless, the Mos is one of my closest partners/
Rockin ever since before Prince was called The Artist/
Rocker before Funkmaster Flex was rockin Starter/
When 'Pac and Biggie was still cool before they was
martyrs/
Life or death, if I'm choosin with every breath I'm
enhancin'/
Stop, there comes a time when you can't run/

[Verse 2 - Mos Def]

Lyrical handsome/
Call collect, a king's ransom/
Jams I write soon become the ghetto anthem/
Way out like Bruce Wayne's mansion/
Move like a phantom/
You'll talk about me to your grandsons/
Cats who claimin they hard be mad fag/
So I run through 'em like flood water through
sandbags/
Competition is mad, what I got, they can't have/
Sinkin' they ship, like Moby Dick, did Ahab/
Son I'm way past the minimum/
It's a verb millenium/
My rap's the holy gas in your bag, like Palestinians/
Ancient Abyssinia, sure to hold the Gideon/
Official b-boy gentlemen/
Long term, never the interim/
Born inside the winter wind, day after December 10/
These simpletons, they mentionin the synonym for
feminine/
Sweeter than some cinnamon from Danish rings by
Entenmann's/
Rush up on adrenaline/
They get they asses sent to them/
(Gentlemen) you got a tenement/
Well then assemble it!/
Leave your unit tremblin like herds of movin elephant/
Intelligent embellishment/
Follow for your element from Flatbush settlement/
Did posseses melanin/
Hotter than tales of crack peddlin/
Makin em "WOOP" like blue gelatin/
Swing like Duke Ellington/
Broader than Barrington Levy/
Believe me/
The hot oppresion rent who burn down your chief
teepee/
You see me?/

[Outro - Mos Def]

One, two, three/
Mos Def and Talib Kweli/
We came to rock it on to the tip-top/
Best alliance in hip-hop, wo-ahh/
I said, one, two, three/
Black Star shine eternally/
We came to rock it on to the tip-top/
Because we rulin hip-hop/
Yes we is rulin hip-hop/
Talib Kweli is rulin hip-hop/

Say we Black Star/
We rulin hip-ho-ah-ahh-ah-ahh-ahh-ahh-ahh/
Woahhhh!/

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