

Black Star

"Respiration Flying High Remix"

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Mos Def singing)

I'm flyin' high, in the friendly sky

without ever leaving the ground, yeah yeah

Rest of the folks are tired and weary

And have laid their bodies down

(Talib Kweli)

We lyrically rich, livin, spiritually fit

Eating healthy, coming clean never filthy

In God's eyes I'm wealthy

Felt the power as I entered the palace of 7 lights

Time traveled participatin on battles my brethren fight

For birth rights that they already got, and shouldn't
have to get

Break down the steady plot that's accurate

Bust the shots that's immaculate

Take it to your nugget cause my beloved covet they
freedom

Believe it put nothing above it love it or leave it

We blessed with free will so we choose to be ill

Like sharks keepin it movin we could never be still

Swim in the channels of life

The orators of rhyme handling mics

Tiptoeing through the corridors of your mind with
candlelights

Everlasting in your hood like liquor stores and check
cashin

Niggaz flashing (?----) classes sippin thug passion
blastin

Makaveli 4, I bet on brothers with nothing to live for

To give more to the struggle, they already at war

(Chorus)

So much on my mind I just can't recline

Blastin holes til the night bled sunshine

Breathe in...

Breathe out,

Heard the bass ride out like an ancient (mating call)

I can't take it, I can feel the city breathing

(Mos Def)

Yo,

I pushed my pen and wrote this scribe

Like the morning wouldn't find me alive

I'm surrounded on all sides

By the kind and the cool, wise men and the fool

Young guns attending school, ghetto classes include:

Get yours, get it right

Get down, get paid, get ass, get around

Get on, get fly, get jig and get high

Live to get and you'll only end up getting by

When the nighttime covers the city like a cloak

I approach and assemble my hopes, into notes

Hard to sleep in the city that don't

Cause it won't let you rest, noises on your doorstep

'Nuff distress

Police department, raid the park bench on nonsense

Cause they fear to see the brothers conference

Regardless, we bond tight and we rumble all day to
break night

Daylight, wifey riffin' to death - "you ain't right"

The same fight about my late night habits is mad static

But the city's so alive that I just got to have it

The planet of Brook-LAWN is what I look on

Ghetto chef rock your vest when you gettin your cook
on

Dedicating this song to Scott LaRock, B.I.G. and 'Pac

Kwame Ture, Betty Carter and John Henrik CLark

Ron Brown, and freedom fighters going down

You set the pace, now we finish the race

It's on now

(Chorus)

So much on my mind I just can't recline

Blasting holes til the night bled sunshine

Breathe in...

Breathe out,

Heard the bass ride out like an ancient (mating call)

I can't take it, I can feel the city breathing

(Black Thought)

Yo, Yo

I'm from the year-round shootouts to summertime
cookout

The wintertime grind with the shorties on the lookout

A chosen few know the rule, the rest threw the book out

The law stay on crews, thirsty with they hook out

That old-school bang out,

Money that pulled the thang out

They bit him and hit him with a few, he just came out

With the sharks that travel all parts within the same
route

Narrow walls closin in, cutthroat to exit at the opening

Wrong place, you wasn't where you were supposed to
been

You back around the end, heavy wasteline again

With them same suspect cats that waste time again

Ya'll need to wake the fuck up, and peep the monument
in your face

Cuz ain't no time to waste not a minute

I seen my cousin (?----) said "Peace, yo where you been
at?"

He said "the final frontier 'Riq, I'm up in that,

and it's the time to watch the place your foe and where
your friend at,

Cuz where I rotate ain't nothin to grin at, I been at

the fork in the crossroads, the outer limit,

See you can stand tall or crawl and act timid"

The Black Thought with the Black Star, infinite

(Chorus and ad libs to fade)

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