

## Black Star

### "Theives in the night"

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featuring Jane Doe, Punch & Words

[Talib Kweli]

Yo, we been through this before right? (Word, word...)

So we

figurin', if we gonna do it, we gotta freak it, y'know  
what I'm sayin'?

(True, true, true...) Cuz everything gotta go up from  
here, right?

So Hi-Tek, turn it up a notch...

[Jane Doe]

Hail Mary, 'matta fact hail Jane

Niggaz take my name in vain/vein like I was cocaine

My affirmations kill emcees like assasination

Bringin' you pain until you wish you had a vaccination

Or vaccine, I shine like Vaseline

Gas plays like petroleum, walk over them like linoleum

My vocab expand like a rubber band

Walkin' nekkid through the motherland, give the finger  
to my brotherman

Niggaz just don't understand my reasons, I transcend  
like season

And scar these rappers like legion

It's treason, my suspension attract attention

I'm ventin', givin' these chickenheads detention

Did I mention my name, yo, go by the Jane Doe

Drenched in Polo, chill downtown in Soho

You don't know, this is just half my potential

Check my credentials, come harder than sequential

It's essential, you listen, I drive, you a pedestrian

They bless me on the track cuz I attack wit' the  
estrogen

Rhyme against the best a men, Jane burn it up

When you hear it in the whip, tell your man to turn it up!

[Wordsworth]

Yo...get it...yo

Yo, we fortified live, supportin' allies

The wack is tryin' to shorten our lives, it sorta waters  
my eyes

But here is some'n the cryin' talk about  
The verse on that cassette you and cousin fought about  
That led to God and Satan's fallin' out  
Encourage the liquor for those who ain't here that you  
pourin' out  
On 3-way, your parents, preacher and spouse called  
my house  
Revive or ruin, my theories of mics  
Sony or Aiwa, black or white, I fit in all stereotypes  
Search for a cast to plot, I make you a laughin' stock  
So shook, I could walk a half a block and feel the  
aftershocks  
Rain of acid drops, seek some help  
Now don't rewind, get it the first time,  
Shouldn't have to repeat myself  
Eternally verbally, I have numbers, succumb to time  
outs  
In rhyme bouts you'll dial 9, just to get a line out  
Known fact or factors and non-rappers fractured  
Results in more cast appearances than a hundred  
actors  
Emcees I'm testin' like diseases injected in gerbils  
Wordsworth, Kweli, Hi-Tek, Reflection Eternal..what...

[Talib Kweli]

My style high life like Fonzy when I burn heads like a  
conk  
Cuz niggaz front, when their chances get slim like  
Pharoahe Monch  
Thinkin' they shits is heavy when they light like  
illumination  
Intellectual masturbation with premature ejaculation  
I'm comin' cleaner than vaccinations  
My fascination with character assassination,  
Got these niggaz burnin' like sensation  
We keep it hot like matches and on lock like latches  
Wack emcees get they microphones snatched like Lee  
patches  
So YOU GO! To every wack muthafucka that you know  
(Scram...)  
My lyrics they get up in your genes/jeans like Parasucos  
So there's no mystery about the father, niggaz is hot  
and bothered  
Like the bitches that they are, takin' pictures with stars  
And got 'em open, but after they little hopes and  
dreams get broken  
Me and Hi-Tek, we live long and prosper like Vulcans  
Think I'm jokin'? We both got sons, we make cream and  
break dreams  
See through the fake schemes, wipin' your slate clean  
Like a squeegee, we be lightin' shit up like phosphorus

Turnin' flamboyant niggaz anonymous, depressin' to  
optimus  
You stoppin' us is preposterous, like an androgenous  
masochanist  
You pickin' the wrong time, steppin' to me when I'm in  
my prime like Optimus  
Transformin', from rookie of the year to veteran  
Hip-hop is big business like Con Edison or medicine  
But fuck it, they gonna let us in, or else we rush the  
door  
I got to many reasons, save your 'whys' and 'what fors'

CHORUS:

[Kweli] This is twice inna lifetime so I'm lettin' you know  
(let 'em know,  
yo!)  
Blackstar, Wordsorth, Punchline and Jane Doe (yo!)  
[Mos] Lyrical com-pete and WE emcee  
We got the fortified five, exhibit level degree

[Punchline]

Check it...  
I keep dough in my pocket while you follow the false  
prophet  
Get deep like Islamics wrapped in a white garment  
I touch topics that try to open up your optics  
Vacate in the Tropics, you dodgin' bullets in the  
projects  
Cut the nonsense, I'm hotter than alot a men  
Start honorin', got more wifey's than Solomon  
Fuck the squad you in, a-yo we be the biddomb  
Regardless what I spit on, you worse with the tracks I  
shit on  
Once you get on, it's fair you can't trust (Yes!)  
Words & Punch, make rappers march like the third  
month  
I build with friends, lyrically spit gems  
Call me diamond, cuz I'm your girl's best friend  
Emcees are born losers, alcoholic abusers  
I'll go on the radio and start a gay rumor  
And then I'll talk about how the crowd tried to boo ya  
Label shoot ya, stressed out with brain tumors  
My gat claps, 50% of the wack  
Take it back to real rap, Krylons wit' the fat cap  
Get robbed for your ASCAP, leave you inside  
Fortified live, reppin' NY 'til I die!

[Mos Def]

Black body radiation situation that we workin' wit'  
My verb exists enlisted by the bogeys campin' services  
The purpose is, make you go and purchase this, no

nervousness  
We are, hot like black tar, Black Star with emergence  
Superlative, you fabricated like the word absurditive  
I'm rockin this from here to where the purges live  
To Brooklyn where the merchants live  
Next door to the murderers  
And bourbon is a elder man's medicinal alternative  
My memory is furnished with, back streets to back  
seats to fat Jeeps  
Legendary athletes who play by the trash heap  
My crew wasn't that deep, but beef we didn't act sweet  
Treadin' on these stompin grounds you better catch  
some black feet  
Flashy, it was between DeKalb and Pulasky  
Off the meter like an out of borough taxi  
They run your pockets fastly, black and nasty, nappy  
and crafty  
And SWAT are either sittin' in Clinton or Kaksaki  
Man Rudolph can screw off! You too soft to stop us  
You and your coppers should see some foot doctors  
Got your burnt chest popped up, but keep your guns  
cocked up  
Cuz all them cats that you knocked up and always gon'  
be locked up  
Hide yaself like Donna Summer, another number one  
And comin' from the underground, this is how it's  
comin' down  
Baby let me run it down,  
Mos Def, Talib Kweli, Jane Doe, Punch, Wor.. umm..E!  
Excuse me! Just ate another emcee!  
Sometimes that's just how it be  
Partner wash you down with green tea and some lime  
We like the five on the fist, fortified organized like DIS!

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