

Fact

"Hater Players"

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[Talib Kweli]

Yes..

Every day somebody ask me where all the real MC's is at?

They underground

There's mad talented cats underground with that raw shit

Yaknowwhat'msayin? Bringin them raw skills

Yaknowwhat!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 home

Everybody lookin at you, fish tank syndrome

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 stone love tapes and dollar vans

Order reverse your universe so your demise is first

Before your rise it gets worse

You need a night nurse like Gregory

Beggin me - stop it hurts! - is what you say to me

Like that's supposed to mean somethin?
You the one I seen frontin in the club
Your act I don't buy it, I got the dub
Come on everybody, come on just show your love
Come on everybody, come on just show your love
Come on everybody, come on just show your love
Come on everybody, come on just show your love
Come on everybody, come on just show your love

Chorus: *chanted in background*

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

[Mos Def]

Visions occupy my synaptic space
Command and shake, to illustrate my mind's
landscape
The tall grass, the low plains, the mountainous 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 to scream and shout but don't say shh..
I ain't your student so I ain't to be tested
I'm majestic, I represent my strength without effort
My, 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
It's 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, come on
Here we go. Blackstar, hop on the Blackstar line
We bout to take y'all home.
YaknowwhatI 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
out of fear of being called a hater, imagine that!
We ain't havin that reachin past the star status that you
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 Wannabe
But they can't, ain't no points forever, so why bother?
Cause your girl calls my name out like Clarence Carter
Clarence Carter, Clarence Carter!
(I be strokin, that's what I be doin)
Aiiyo, as we rock harder
And always drop the bonified head noddors
Aiiyo, later for the hater-players
Yo-yo, yo-yo, later for these hater-players

Chorus

Blackstar keeps shining

Chorus

Blackstar keeps shining

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