

Mos Def & Talib Kweli "Hater Players"

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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
Ya know what I'm sayin'? Bringin' them raw skills
Ya know what I'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

Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh
Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh
Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh
Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh

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 [unverified]

Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh
Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh
Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh
Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh

Come on, come on, come on, come on
Here we go, Blackstar, hop on the Blackstar line
We bout to take ya'll home
Ya know what I 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 it's 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 it's 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

Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh
Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh
Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh
Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh

Blackstar keeps shining

Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh
Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh
Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh
Wo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, uh, oh

Blackstar keeps shining

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