

## Willie Nelson

### "Star/Pointro"

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[40 seconds of instrumental to start]

[Black Thought]

Get 'em up high - okay, yeah

[Chorus]

Go all-star, and get down for yours  
To the ladies in the house, be proud of yours  
You got the, Roots crew with the sound of course  
High, lift 'em up high, okay

[Black Thought]

When that adrenaline get in they system  
It get 'em out on a quest for stardom, could be a  
motherfuckin problem  
in Philly, Cincinatti, Los Angeles or Harlem  
Kids call theyself killers let they hammers do the talkin  
Don't even know the meaning of life, ain't seen a thing  
and you dream of floodin the scenery with, llello and  
greenery  
But for now, you stickin her with the heavy machinery  
Wonder how, you lift it up, be only 17  
And like e'rybody he wanna shine, young brothers on  
the grind  
Holdin somethin in they spine, "Bowling for Columbine"  
Stressin to me how it's all about a dollar sign  
Dig the way you out of line, out of sight and out of mind  
Up against the clock and damn near out of time  
"The Tipping Point" has arrived, and that's the bottom  
line  
To all my peoples that's stars, it's our time to shine  
Let's get 'em up high, c'mon

[Chorus] - 2X

[Black Thought]

Yo, ain't it strange how the newspapers play with the  
language  
I'm deprogrammin y'all with uncut slang shit  
I know some peoples in the party armed and  
dangerous

Twist some cool champagne, I'm goin through changes  
A grown-ass man, I done paid my dues  
Learn the rules lil' homey, you could be one too  
Niggaz know, ain't no tellin what he gon' do  
But recognize young bruh, I'ma do it for you  
You know why? We all stars and we highly evolved  
Hip-Hop, it's not pop like Kylie Minogue  
If it bang, them gettin-busy brothers probably involved  
In the game, where e'rybody got a shottie to draw  
I guess you probably a thug, you boss ballin or what?  
I can't call it man, I got the ladies fallin in love  
Cause handsome, intelligent, tough - I'm all the above  
I know you knew it it's the movement  
Groove to it while you doin it up

[Chorus] - 2X w/ minor variations

[Black Thought]

Introducin the band you gotta see to believe  
He got the mic in his hand, so keep the heat up your  
sleeve  
It's Black Thought, he rockin sharp so the speakers'll  
bleed  
I run a triathalon, you wouldn't see me fatigued  
I'm a star, and maybe y'all should cop somethin to be  
Or trade some of y'all equipment in for somethin you  
need  
Cause it's a, lot of bullshit floodin the scene  
Where e'rybody's a star, and hot shit is few and far  
between  
We lose the grip of what, garbage mean  
Shorties wanna be theyself, I know it's hard to be  
Don't wanna do the Ruben Studdard and come off less  
threatenin  
Keepin it real'll kill you if you end up lettin it  
Ain't it blowin your mind how the game all in line  
Now the best, to the rest, we fin' to end up settin it  
I'd tell you that I was a veteran but it's evident  
You act like you want it, you gon' end up gettin it

[Chorus] - 3X w/ minor variations

"Everybody is a star.."

[echoes and fades into an instrumental that ends the  
song]

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