

## Baby DC F/ Imajin

### "Bright as the Stars"

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{\*man talking\*}

haha yeah, but you brothers gotta be careful  
I mean that ain't your average, garden variety  
run of the mill gangster bullshit  
Y'all hardcore, but you got a edge  
Just look at ya, together  
You, you little black stovepipe colored nigga  
You are the same complexion as Marcus Garvey  
The man that brought self love  
to the black consciousness movement of the 1930s  
And now when we speak about complexion  
We move into (???) of where y'all comin from  
Yeah, red boned, variety covered  
genie in a bottle lookin motherfucker  
You are the same complexion as Malcolm X  
Ooh I'm tellin you you brothers you're gonna be large  
But like I said, you gotta be careful  
See, cuz you are tellin the truth

[Talib Kweli]

Me and my man came out to put it down  
Yeah, we bout to do it all over again  
Here we go

A lotta cats like to get on the microphone and front  
They say they rollin the paper like they ran outta blunts  
Tell ya how much the Soundscan of the month  
The man tell you to just do it  
We never let the man take advantage of us  
You get props off the diamonds you rented  
I get my props off the rhymes I invented  
Cuz I spoke my mind and I meant it  
Like Tae Bo with a bow tie, kicked your ass with class  
And we still take it to Brooklyn when we ready to splash  
Me and Hi-Tek got you ready to blast  
I'm all ready to last, I stay hungry like I'm ready to fast  
Married to the movement like a (???)  
The rhyme veteran  
You actin real bitch right now like a lesbian thespian  
Since they let me in the back I've been droppin you  
(???), stay fresh and clean like hospitals

In the war the Cris' poppin, the wallet to wrist watches  
You ever think the wrist is watchin you  
That's why the cops is stoppin you  
Nigga please, they can track you down anywhere  
Your cell phone transmittin radiation through your ear  
Your 2-Way is way too new and obsolete next year  
Navigational system show you how to get there  
And you ain't think about how you got here  
Do you know where you are?  
What happened today? Back in the day they used to  
follow the stars  
Spillin so much you gotta catch it in bottles and jars  
And make MCs eat their words and swallow their bars  
Oh my god

[Talib Kweli and background singer]  
Kweli and I'm (bright as the stars that shine)  
Mos Def is (bright as the stars that shine)  
(that's what I'm talkin about, yeah)  
Black Star is (bright as the stars that shine)  
(and you notice, yo)  
We keep hip hop (bright as the stars)

[Mos Def]  
Uh it's me (who?) Mos, the most beautiful, plain and  
unusual  
Black Star rockin with that hot shit you're movin to  
Massively musical that creep into your tuner to  
The top of the dial shit, that you don't know my style  
shit  
It's what them Brooklyn niggaz stay on foul wit'  
No matter what the scene is surroundin  
Yo, whether I'm on the grind or loungin  
I'm live and he say that I'm foundin  
Must suffer all the niggaz I'm down wit'  
This announcement gon' keep the ghetto bouncin  
Where people find pleasure in measurements and  
ounces  
Midwest, big stress is more houses  
Down South slangin the twang that it's pronounced in  
East on that foul shit, West, they straight clownin  
Black Star got the shit they all get down wit'  
Don't tell me you gonna seen or been around in  
(Mos Def) Terror stricken on your block  
I am the mucher worker with the hottest hand  
I keep it cookin like pots and pans  
I know that haters got their plots and scams  
But they simply can't stop my clan  
It's mighty Mos and super Kwa, my man  
Black Star my fam  
About to move on the hearts of man

Until a small heart of hearts expand  
Newer day, dog start the jam  
And I spit flame that spark the jam  
Heavy hittin shit across the fence  
In other words I'm of the wall with this  
I drop heavy jewels and ornaments  
To make 'em shine a little more with this

[Talib Kweli and background singer]  
Black Star is (bright as the stars that shine)  
Mos Def is (bright as the stars that shine)  
Kweli is (bright as the stars that shine)  
(I wanna hear the guitar)  
We keep hip hop (bright as the stars that shine)  
(yeah, come on, yeah)  
We keep hip hop (bright as the stars that shine)  
(yeah, what we do, what we do, yo)  
We keep hip hop (bright as the stars that shine)  
(yeah, Brooklyn, uh)  
Keep hip hop (bright as the stars)  
And all my people is (bright as the stars that shine)  
(come on, everybody in the house tonight, yeah)  
And all my people is (bright as the stars that shine)  
(yeah, take it with me now, uh)  
And all my people is (bright as the stars that shine)  
(yeah, I'm feelin this one, come on)  
And all my people is (bright as the stars that shine)  
(how we do it yall, uh)  
(bright as the stars that shine)

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