

The Fifth Dimension

"Hard Margin"

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[Mos Def talking]

See, now y'all cats think I'm playing haha
(???) can't see yo, see yo, see you too
It's not easy, it's not easy to see all you haha
See good, you know?
If you can shop, you know

[Mos Def]

(???)
Hotter than the summer at Kajasa
Where Francis Coppola and Dennis Hopper burned
down the Don Store Opera
Hijack ya sponsor
Some surrender greens, yet we remain unconquered
The Black Star galactical, contemporary, classical,
magical
Mr. Tim's other hand slappin you
Tread the narrow passage through the regulator
habitats
Place where ain't no crackers at
Place where all the crackas at, outer city limits
Hotter than the Red Light District
Dealin rap flows, strictly cash flow business
Stakes is high like astrophysics
Play with mine, you'll have no winnings
Let these mother scratchers know from go ginnin
They better move slow like old women
We want the whole cake, whole milk and no skimmin
Hand crafted flows wove in silk or linen
Word is war/wore like denim, we textile blandin
Topper say top spinnin
Transcribe the document, prominent on all continents
Black Star congregates and dominates
Burn through your armor plates
Pipin hot and we not from concentrate
Make the mass mob the market place
Cuz we rock the black market tapes
Hard margin (hard margin)

[Mos Def talking]

haha haha, these cats is funny man

Think it a big joke?
They make a lotta presumptions based on some
nonsense
Yeah mon, ya don't know me
Ya don't know me, think you know me, ya don't know
me
Ya vision not sharp
Ya vision can't see the light proper, ya see?

[Talib Kweli]

Movin the crowd like cattle from here to Picadilly Circus
Try to battle us, it's clearly silly and worthless
You really can't hurt us and it's ridiculous to try
So stick us with us unless you wanna die and not know
why
Yo we spray you with ambition like an inner drive by
Feel the pain of my rain when I snatch the sun out your
sky
Thinkin you fly, signin contracts with the devil, bust
guys iller
We flatten your town like Godzilla
Whether guilt is a skrilla, Franks or banks, five pence or
ten cents
Whatever the currency we currently intense like great
sex
You make bets before you gamble your life away
On mics I break up vets like fights
Crumble up rookies like cookies
Lest y'all can deal with them bookies
Aww sooky sooky, now looky looky here
Yo you softer than pink cashmere
Just catchin up with rhymes that I fuckin dropped last
year
I flow clear like Evian, tap on that ass like Savion
My style's way beyond the average rhyme savage
The shit that they be on, it ain't doin no damage
If lyrical skills is food then them niggaz is famished
They can't manage so their shit is poorly represented
Necessity's the mother of everything that's embedded
I came up with the style to see right through your smile
My rhyme is true and leave you kinda blue like Miles
Pick my gun up and run up on you just like the river Nile
Bringin life to the mic like midwives deliver child
Now the stakes is high so I'ma take you there
That beef will get you all bloody cuz your steaks is rare
The hard margin
Why you startin? Your life get finished
Corny cats, no experience, green like spinach
Lookin diminished and malnourished
Me and Mos flourish
The illest shit ever dropped by American tourists

Hard margin

[Mos Def]

What if I drop the hard bargain?

We the reason why Cipher start sparkin

Curse on your whole dance squadron

Black Star shine and never darken

(???) enlarging, hard margin, hard margin

So what if I rise and start sparkin?

From never foolin lofty ass gardens

Rock your whole head, code red like margarine

Black Star shine, we never darken *echo*

Hard margin

{*Mos Def says more ad libs*}

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