

o.G.

Black Star

This one is real hot
Let's go, ugh
Bismillah
Welcome to the Black Star

Joy and pain, coin of the realm, both sides, racks
Such powerful current could make tears touch the eyes, facts
Grace for every morning, God opened up mine and thine, Alhamdulillah
We all on notice that any next moment could be the last time
You stand on this side, slow down, son, you're killing 'em
But only the phony because the real don't die, on God
All good for all hoods and palaces, poised throughout triumphs or challenges
Top rank, duppy conqueror skank
And the balance don't break for any large or small bank balances
The parable of the talented, each generation
The wonders and the wealth of all nations
Is really chump change once you take into consideration
The living revelation that no soul could escape from
So go on, let a sucker say something
'Cause even when they're saying something, they ain't saying much
I refrain from retorts and just pray for him
Stay away from him, roll through or rise raise on 'em
Bang, shine the Gamma, Bey on 'em
Shilahlah live from Bedford Stuyvesant, the liveliest one
And king said, "'uh'"
And even when we die, we will not stay dead
And I said what I said, so there it is
The light is not afraid of the dark at all
That part, Black Star (Black Star)

I want to thank you for helping me reach the understanding
That time is relative and the truth is everlasting
I want to thank you for helping me reach the understanding
That time is relative 'cause the truth is everlasting

This one is real hot
That's on God
Black star embassy, no fear of time
Getting paid independent like Cinema Nouveau
Logging travels in my journal like Robinson Crusoe
Nom de plume, no Daniel DaFoe
Encyclopedia Britannica flow
The gravity to pull a planet, straight insanity
That bust open your cantaloupe flow
We the lions where the antelope roam
Brooklyn botanical gardens and stick-up artists with they hands in they coat
Give up the goods or they hands on your throat
That's all she wrote but now we woke, right?
I'm making it plain, I talk to 'em
Dissecting all the doors of perception, I walk through 'em
They think I'm arguing, I'm not talking to 'em, I talk through 'em
Way too many garbage humans, they raw sewage
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
We gon' bash us some fascists and ... them up
This the parable of the talented, powerful is the caliber
My birthday is a holiday, mark it down on your calendars
YouTube, they feeding us through a catheter

'Bout to holler at Yasiin and move to Africa
Spectacular, bars assassinate your character
Brooklyn got the best rappers per capita (Uh)
Yeah, no lies detected
You pull it out, you better fire that weapon
Measure influence by the lives affected
Writing records, getting high for breakfast
I crash by lunch but I'll survive the wreckage
By dinner time, I was aligned 'cause I received the message
Heeded a lesson 'cause I needed a blessing
Gave up the glory, the liars and thieves made up a story
I stood up for the people, I ain't wait 'til they came for me (Came for me)
Solidarity, and that's on God

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