

Hard Margin

Reflection Eternal

See, now y'all cats think I'm playing (haha)
Ya think that's a joke?
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?
He vision sharp, you know?

Morenos de palabra
Hotter than the summer at Kinshasa
Where Francis Coppola and Dennis Hopper burned down the Dime 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 regulated habitats
Place where ain't no crackers at
Place where all the Crack is 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
Workers worn like denim, we textile blendin
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
Cause we rock the black market tapes
Hard margin (hard margin)

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 receive the light proper, ya see?

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, but God's 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 niggas 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'mma take you there
That beef will get you all bloody cause 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

Fortified drop the hard bargain
We the reason Ciphers start sparkin'
Control your whole damn squadron
Black Star shine and never darken
[?] enlarging, hard margin, hard margin
Fortified rhymes that start sparkin
From Liverpool to Lafayette Gardens
Rock your whole head, Code Red like Martian
Black Star shine, we never darken, darken, darken...
Hard margin