

## 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