

## Fix Up

## Black Star

Fix up, look sharp, yo  
I resolve, me and mine involved  
A lot of cats talk live, they ain't live at all  
Sideline check, hush when it's time to ball  
Said you was charged an' all, I'm surprised at y'all  
You could have a thousand rhymes, a thousand dimes  
The house to shine, coupes on the routes recline  
Be on Greenwich Mean, Beech Street, or Mountain time  
But weigh it up, duke your power ain't a ounce of mine  
You're down for mine, ashy and ground for mine  
Yasiin so clear, true, pronounce divine  
Pull down ya blinds, shade them out or shine  
Everything from Bangkok to Bucktown is mine  
Say Black Star, great things sprout to mind  
Full moons and starry nights, new life and true light  
Desert flames and ancient names, cinematic classic frames  
Beautiful and fantastic things  
Like peace, equality; Allah see everything  
Don't call it a comeback, I was home anyway  
Ain't missed a measure for all any time we been away  
Travelling man I carry home with me every day  
Bey, slim body push heavy weight  
Fix up look sharp, elevate  
And I don't mean Copperfield or David Blaine  
We on solid ground and far above the clouds  
Black Star

The wait is over, or is it overweight  
The game is bloated, there's no escape  
They sub-standard, we substantial  
We got the great names, they got them love handles  
We slimming down, trim the fat  
Sit it down with all that chitter-chat  
You talking this and that, simmer down  
Got my name in your mouth, spit it out, son  
The music so powerful, use it to see the parallels  
I could make it rain but I make it plainer than Malcolm does  
Black Star, baby powder fresher than the talcum, yup  
People charged up, yup, we good with or without the plug  
You doubted us, but you're still hating - wow, I'm proud of ya!  
Committed to your cause and it's caused you to be a sourpuss  
Ain't a number that could measure your level of cowardice  
You Power Puff, you pale in comparison, don't get out enough  
Turn up the motherfuckers, the speakers ain't nearly loud enough  
Black Star rocking it, Chaka would be proud of us  
You had enough, callous as shallow and narrow-mindedness  
Preparing for the battle, the shadows is where you finding us  
You trying to bust - you dead, you synthetic as a designer drug  
The populace is ignorant -- thank you for reminding us  
Separate myself from these rappers who hustle backwards  
Yup, they got zero property, like the laws of algebra

Fix up look sharp  
Black Star, good God  
And when the sky look dark  
Shine a light, look ahead, look up

Malcolm X and Marley Marl, the word of God, the works of art  
Portraits of the brain and other unexplained phenomenon  
Shut down Babylon, smash all automaton  
Feel the beat, got 'em feeling geeked like it's Comic-Con  
Far from the hardy-har, more like a Tomahawk, rocket launch  
Ali right cross knock they choppers off  
Kweli and Mr. Bey, fresh not from concentrate  
Looking very sharp today - thank you brother, Danke Schoen  
Crowd working more than German engineering  
And all the frequency they thought they hear the interference  
Flashes of the spirit  
Seekers of the clearing  
They say that the tongue is the mirror of the heart so mirror mirror  
Look, in that window is a freedom fighter's grandson  
Fixed up looking sharp, automatic handgun  
Look, parade, caravan, diplomat, degenerate  
Messiah, pariah, the leader of the syndicate  
Peace treaty written in loophole penmanship  
Same rows, two sides, palaces and tenements  
Dispossessed made a tongue noble open the lonely heart  
Peel apart, come together, come together, peel apart  
Come together