# Enrique Iglesias "Moon in Cancer"

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Yo
This is to the entire Critical Mass
My nigga Tashawn, Jah Born, Big Tu
This how we do
Check it out
Yeah

[ Mos Def ]

Daylight disappears from sight Sun bleeds on the bricks and brings forth the night The red serenade give shade to backstreets Heads adjust the EQ for bass in they jeeps Sound like the drums of a neighboring tribe Absorb the vibe, feels good, close my eyes And step out (?) by the crisp night air I gotta stay aware, god, it's demons out here Adjust the headset 'fore I begin this trek Insert the cassette, press play on the deck The horns echo, and I slip back in the zone It's time for the high plains man to roam Yo, I be dealin with magic, some say mellow dramatic Lingually acrobatic, stayin fluent in static I work my way to your town as the day goes down I got observatory view of the sight and sound I feel completely out of place in this wack rat race I'm the type of blackman that need color and space But heads be dealin with waste, they be movin at haste Herbs got somethin to prove, wanna stare in your face Brothers wanna compete when there ain't shit to win They playin high-post now, I'm prepared for the end They wanna profile they style like they got it so sweet It ain't about what you earn, it's about what you keep Man passes by in a aimless stroll Barefoot in the street as the night grows cold In reply to his sorrow he begins to dance He claps his hands, we share an awkward glance

[ CHORUS ] Sun is falling Moon is rising (Yes yes y'all Ah freak freak y'all Freak freak y'all And you don't stop)

### [ Mos Def ]

I keep mainly to myself, I ain't got too many friends While they be lookin for rocks I be searchin for gems I got nothin to lose, I might as well be a winner Try to radiate the light as the world gets dimmer Poppa, haven't you heard, there is power in words I contemplate to elevate the average man on the curb Who be slingin his rock, catchin hell from the cops Got the world on his back, bein male, bein black And it's crazy mad stress, the city don't rest Can't maintain your poise for the goddamn noise So I'm watchin my clock because the day drifts off At night I reason with myself and how I can get shit off Might be readin a book or might be drinkin a stout I might be thinkin it over, might just need to be out I might be tryina get money, might be dealin with honeys

Might be geekin off these devils cause they so fuckin funny

Smokin a stoge on the D train chillin Checkin the skyline of the Watchtower buildin Images of black in the hills and the valleys From the tight businessmen to the gods from the rallies

A basehead with the Moe Dee shades
A little girl with pretty eyes and her hair in braids
A mother rest on her seat, rubs her feet
Falls back into sleep, thousand fathoms deep

#### [ Ces ]

As the nighttime falls I creep through the dark I check out the scenes in Fort Greene Park Lost souls in empty memory lanes
No life to live and no goals to gain
This negatory provision is all around us
It's systematic and frantic, the devil hounds us
Set to prevail I take back the night
Wake up my soul and take back my life
I sit back and wait for the right time
But I'm already here, it's in the nighttime

## [ CHORUS ]

## [ Mos Def ]

Moonlight starts to fade away Sun creeps up the bricks and brings forth the day Sun is high and it's AM again It's time for the killers to slay men again
(?) business day
I want this shit to be over, got no time to play
So if you wanna help, then do me this favor
Cut the nonsense and let me handle this paper
Time is money and money is time
Ain't a damn thing free, so I must get mine
It's ten to closing, yo son got to jettin
Headed back to the Brak to watch the sunset

[ CHORUS ]

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