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## Gary Allan "Good Mourning"

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"Good morning, Brook-nam"
Another stop... on the train
(wake up... wake up...)
We come to a stop that everybody got to make...
Whether you local or express

## [Talib Kweli]

What's the meanin of ghettofabulous Not ridin the back of the bus

I'm a revolutionary antagonist

Some playas is mad at us for just doin our music out of love

Some underground heads is hatin cause we have fun at clubs

I'm probably on some government list for my rhymin You a fool if you don't think they already tapped your line

Medicine is big business so my remedies is herbal It's music is for the people so we Reflection Eternal Listen, you hear the difference between science and science fiction

We blow it out like if you leave on every appliance in the kitchen

at once; still rolling kind bud in Cuban blunts

On the corner watchin how kids comin to Brooklyn for they fronts

Niggas run past what they need chasing after what they want

Fuckin chumps, you walk down the street and get jumped

Brooklyn cats like to bubble out of town no lookin back When you a ghetto chef you mastered the art of cookin crack

Some get caught sleepin on the Mother City so when they go

They come back as tales of niggas we used to know Never looked up to see the stars in all they heavenly glory

Just straight ahead cause the peripheral is buildings with mad stories

Not floors but dramas is played out, shorties get laid

out

like respect and fade out like TV sets into the banks of our memories (let it be) we'll never forget you

Lyin on your deathbed askin for God to bless you

[Hook: Talib Kweli]

Good mourning, good afternoon, good night

What have you done with your life?

Everybody time comes to be embraced by the light You only scared to die when you ain't livin right, man

I'm puttin up a hellafied fight

 ${\rm Tek\ scratch:\ "Stay\ awake\ to\ the\ ways\ of\ the}$ 

world"\*}

## [Talib Kweli]

I need you all to be clear on exactly what I'm sayin With your attention span I understand that I ain't playin You mistaken if you somehow think it's just me you facin

Starin me down while your enemy is standin adjacent My heart is racin but I know just what I stand for We chasin death carelessly like +Jessica+, I +Care Moore+

Who said, "Just because no one can understand how you speak

don't necessarily mean that what you be sayin is deep" In case you die in your sleep you ask the Lord for a blessin

Sometimes they sneak up so quiet that the silence is deafenin

You'll never know who the assassin is until it's your time to go

Your life is flashin, askin for forgiveness but you move too slow

Now the people that you love bear the pain that you once harbored

You was livin for yourself so you could never be a martyr

Life is hard, death is harder; you somebody baby father

Someone's lover, son of your mother, somebody brother

Somebody nigga, now your spirit in the air like a whisper

Hearin your name mentioned when we pourin out some liquor

The days go by quicker and the nights don't seem to differ

It's gettin cold, so I shivered and asked my soul to be delivered

[Hook: Talib Kweli]
Good mourning, good afternoon, good night
What have you done with your life?
Everybody time comes to be embraced by the light
You only scared to die when you ain't livin right, man
I'm puttin up a hellafied fight
{\*Hi Tek scratch: "Stay awake to the ways of the
world"\*}

[Talib Kweli]
Yo, the time come for everybody..
It ain't somethin you can really prepare for

Yo, yo, Mad Duke, rock rock on and Curtis Mayfield, rock rock on and Grover Washington, rock rock on and My Aunt Hazel, rock rock on and Big L, rock rock on and Freaky Tah rock rock on and Jerome Green, rock rock on and Slang Ton, rock rock on and We celebrate life.. {\*echoes\*}

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