

## Mortiis

### "If You Can Huh! You Can Hear"

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Hey, yo man, I think that dude's tryin to break into your  
car  
...what?

New york life... type trife...  
That's why I'm tryin to shine the light, yo  
Here it come, here it come, here it come, y'all

Mos def, blessed with the breath of life so arise and  
give praises  
Turn my face to where the mighty sun raises  
My book of rhyme pages, filled with phrases that  
amaze  
I could go on for days  
First name dante, last name beze  
Build the house of tomorrow with bricks of today  
My foundation rests on allah corner stone  
Shine the light throught the mic to radiate your zone  
See, the world that we know is about to get finished  
I'm watching last days wind down to final minutes  
Got dreams of paradise and my whole fam in it  
So I ain't got time to play no crime lieutenant  
Do you got time to play the crime lieutenant?  
See time is the asset, how you gonna spend it  
The way you handle yours will be well documented  
It's the raw authentic, sandalwood scented  
To make you bump the joint and in beyond city limits  
Twenty-first, no time to, approach a thing timid  
My name is mos def and this is how I get in it

Chorus:

Hey yo, my man (huh? )....  
Somethin tight comin through the pipe (what? )  
You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed  
To incline throughout space and time (yeah)  
You don't believe, lend a ear, yo my man (huh? )  
Somethin tight comin on your right (what? )  
You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed  
To incline, I hold the fold to shine (yeah)  
If you can huh, you can hear it...

If you can huh, you can hear it, we in your atmos'

Shine like black gold, burn like black coal  
Make a old timer roll up her sleeves, now that's cold  
Behold, the one and only has blessed my testimony  
Approach the ceremony authentic, never phony  
For delf, but never lonely, keep the kinfolk close  
Watch me rip it on pacific and atlantic coasts  
With the antidote, for the poisonous snake lies wit  
Only wimps put the hiss on tape  
You can't get on straight, this is dead on tape  
Accompanied by shawn j. with the bid on bait  
Put the grid on plate, on the ear or tray  
Hot damn it captain kirk and the klingons say  
You can't sit on stage, you got to get on the m-o-  
T-i-v-a-t-e real life, ain't no freebie  
My seed can't be needy, no time for freaky-deaky  
I'm movin on up like george and wheezy  
Who said that this was easy, they must have been  
treetop high  
Standin yieldin to our boldfaced lie, we all got to die  
So all got to try, to live life right  
In the sight of most high, to live life right  
In the sight of most high, to live life right  
In the sight of most high, to live life right in the sight

Chorus:

Hey yo, my man (huh? )....  
Somethin tight comin through the pipe (what? )  
You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed  
To incline throughout space and time (yeah)  
You don't believe, lend a ear, yo my man (huh? )  
Somethin tight movin on your right (what? )  
You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed  
To incline, I hold the fold to shine (yeah)  
If you can huh, you can hear it yo, my man (huh? )....  
Somethin tight comin through the pipe (what? )  
You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed  
To incline the pure genuine (yeah)  
You don't believe, lend a ear, yo my man (huh? )  
Somethin tight movin on your right (what? )  
You heard the first time, my rhyme is designed  
To incline, I hold the fold to shine (yeah)  
If you can huh, you can hear it..  
If you can huh, you can hear it, we in your atmos'...

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