

## Mortiis

### "Respiration"

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(Mos Def singing)

I'm flyin' high, in the friendly sky  
without ever leaving the ground, yeah yeah  
Rest of the folks are tired and weary  
And have laid their bodies down

(Talib Kweli)

We lyrically rich, livin, spiritually fit  
Eating healthy, coming clean never filthy  
In God's eyes I'm wealthy  
Felt the power as I entered the palace of 7 lights  
Time traveled participatin on battles my brethren fight  
For birth rights that they already got, and shouldn't  
have to get  
Break down the steady plot that's accurate  
Bust the shots that's immaculate  
Take it to your nugget cause my beloved covet they  
freedom  
Believe it put nothing above it love it or leave it  
We blessed with free will so we choose to be ill  
Like sharks keepin it movin we could never be still  
Swim in the channels of life  
The orators of rhyme handling mics  
Tiptoeing through the corridors of your mind with  
candlelights  
Everlasting in your hood like liquor stores and check  
cashin  
Niggaz flashing (?----) classes sippin thug passion  
blastin  
Makaveli 4, I bet on brothers with nothing to live for  
To give more to the struggle, they already at war

(Chorus)

So much on my mind I just can't recline  
Blastin holes til the night bled sunshine  
Breathe in...  
Breathe out,  
Heard the bass ride out like an ancient (mating call)  
I can't take it, I can feel the city breathing

(Mos Def)

Yo,  
I pushed my pen and wrote this scribe  
Like the morning wouldn't find me alive  
I'm surrounded on all sides  
By the kind and the cool, wise men and the fool  
Young guns attending school, ghetto classes include:  
Get yours, get it right  
Get down, get paid, get ass, get around  
Get on, get fly, get jig and get high  
Live to get and you'll only end up getting by  
When the nighttime covers the city like a cloak  
I approach and assemble my hopes, into notes  
Hard to sleep in the city that don't  
Cause it won't let you rest, noises on your doorstep  
'Nuff distress  
Police department, raid the park bench on nonsense  
Cause they fear to see the brothers conference  
Regardless, we bond tight and we rumble all day to  
break night  
Daylight, wifey riffin' to death - "you ain't right"  
The same fight about my late night habits is mad static  
But the city's so alive that I just got to have it  
The planet of Brook-LAWN is what I look on  
Ghetto chef rock your vest when you gettin your cook  
on  
Dedicating this song to Scott LaRock, B.I.G. and 'Pac  
Kwame Ture, Betty Carter and John Henrik CLark  
Ron Brown, and freedom fighters going down  
You set the pace, now we finish the race  
It's on now

(Chorus)

So much on my mind I just can't recline  
Blasting holes til the night bled sunshine  
Breathe in...  
Breathe out,  
Heard the bass ride out like an ancient (mating call)  
I can't take it, I can feel the city breathing

(Black Thought)

Yo, Yo  
I'm from the year-round shootouts to summertime  
cookout  
The wintertime grind with the shorties on the lookout  
A chosen few know the rule, the rest threw the book out  
The law stay on crews, thirsty with they hook out  
That old-school bang out,  
Money that pulled the thang out  
They bit him and hit him with a few, he just came out  
With the sharks that travel all parts within the same  
route

Narrow walls closin in, cutthroat to exit at the opening  
Wrong place, you wasn't where you were supposed to  
been  
You back around the end, heavy wasteline again  
With them same suspect cats that waste time again  
Ya'll need to wake the fuck up, and peep the monument  
in your face  
Cuz ain't no time to waste not a minute  
I seen my cousin (?----) said "Peace, yo where you been  
at?"  
He said "the final frontier 'Riq, I'm up in that,  
and it's the time to watch the place your foe and where  
your friend at,  
Cuz where I rotate ain't nothin to grin at, I been at  
the fork in the crossroads, the outer limit,  
See you can stand tall or crawl and act timid"  
The Black Thought with the Black Star, infinite

(Chorus and ad libs to fade)

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