

Mos Def

"Auditorium"

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The way I feel sometimes it's too hard to sit still
Things are so passionate, times are so real
Sometimes I try an chill mellow down blowin' smoke
Smile on my face but it's really no joke

You feel it in the streets, the people breathe without
hope
They goin' through the motion, they dimmin' down,
they focus
The focus gettin' clear and the light turn sharp
And the eyes go teary, the mind grow weary

I speak it so clearly, sometimes ya don't hear me
I push it past the bass, no nations gotta feel me
I feel it in my bones, black, I'm so wide awake
That I hardly ever sleep, my flows forever deep
And it's volumes or scriptures when I breath on a beat

My presence speak volumes before I say a word
I'm everywhere, penthouse, pavement and curb
Cradle to the grave, talk'll lead you on a shell
Universal ghetto life holla black, you know it well

Quiet storm, vital form pen pushed it right across
Mind is a vital force, high level right across
Shoulders the lions raw voice is the siren
I swing round, ring out and bring down the tyrant

Shocked, a small act could knock a giant lopsided
The world is so dangerous, there's no need for fightin'
Suttins tryna hide like the struggle won't find 'em
And the sun bust through the clouds to clearly remind
him

Everywhere, penthouse, pavement and curb
Cradle to the grave, talk'll lead you on a shell
Universal ghetto life holla black, you know it well

What it is? You know, they know
What it is? We know, y'all know
What is is? Ecstatic, there it is

What it is? You know, we know
What it is? They know, y'all know
What it is? You don't know? Here it is

What it is? You know, we know
What it is? They know, y'all know
What it is? You don't know? Here it is

Sit and come, relax, riddle off the mac, it's the patch
I'm a soldier in the middle of Iraq
Well, say about noonish commin' out the whip
And lookin' at me curious, a young Iraqi kid

Carrying laundry, what's wrong G, hungry?
No, gimme oil or get fuck out my country
And in Arabian barkin' other stuff
Till his moms come grab him and they walk off in a
rush

[Incomprehensible]
I'm like surely hope that we can fix our differences
soon
White apples, I'm breakin' on
You take everything, why not just take the damn food
like

I don't understand it, on another planet?
Fifty one of this stuff, how I'm gonna manage?
And increasing the sentiment, gentlemen
Gettin' down on that middle eastern instruments

Realized trappin' is crap
Walk over kicked one of my fabulous raps
Arab [Incomprehensible] they well wished they glad
wrapped
Now the kid considered like an Elvis of Baghdad

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