

Mos Def "Modern Marvel"

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This desire...

[Mos Def Singing]

I come home high and she start to cry
I can't take it..
A brand new excuse does me no use
That won't make it..
She at home with the kids, this is no way to live
What can I say?
I know it's surreal but I'm a hard headed still
Do things my way..

And it's so strong, soo strong
It's like I'm dying..
Trying to hold on, my body says oh no oh out there..
Flying, the price that I pay for the game that I play
Ain't no game at all..
I'm up in the clouds and I'm spiraling down
Nothing breaks the fall..

And it's so strong, so strong
It's like I'm dying..
Try to hold on, my body says oh no oh out there
Flying..
Sounds of the sufferers pray

I come home high and she start to cry
I can't take it..
A brand new excuse does me no use
That won't make it..
She at home with the kids, this is no way to live
What can I say?
I know it's surreal but I'm a hard headed still
Black Dante and it's so strong..
So strong..
So strong..
So strong...

I'm out there flying..
Flying..
Flying..

Flying...

This game is fantastic..desire...

[Mos Def Speaking]

Killers..this life this life

Lovers..this life this life

Hustlers..this life this life

Thieves..this life this life

Gamblers..this life this life

Niggaz..Crackers..Children..Mothers..Fathers..Lovers..Neighbors..Hungry..

Full..the beautiful..the stars..the distance..the close..the stars..

The heavens..this life

The floor..this life this life

The high..this life

The beneath..this life this life

All..all..everywhere..everywhere..anywhere..somewhere..home...

Come on, this how it goes on..

Ghetto people in the world today, get up!

Ha! Look alive, breathe..wooh!

Ha! How it goes...

[Mos Def Rapping]

Mother, mother...

Head in her hands

Her first born son dead in her hands

The whole thing was a setup, a scam

They knew it was set up and planned

Niggaz he worked with wet him and ran, and thas..

Brother, Brother...

But son, I don't see no brother hood

All I see is thugger hood

Get rich and fuck the hood

All they want is some good smoke from the hood

Lookin for the shorty good stroke from the hood

That's how they touch the hood

But when I touch the hood, I'll make it brighter, black

Because I'm brighter, black

And I'm so black I'm bright, shine through the blackest night

Shine when I'm live, shine via satellite

Shout in the hood, we get the picture

Cuz everytime you out in the hood, you got photographers witcha

What's going on? Ha!

Understand this is real life..
This how it goes on, this how it goes on...
It keep going on, this how it goes on...
Ghetto people look alive, get free
Get involved, remain to breathe...Ha! Wooh!

If Marvin was alive now, wow..
What would I say to him?
Where could I start?
How could I explain to him??
I know the minor world would probably look strange to
him
Would he feel like today had a place for him?
Global imprisonment, sickness, indifference
When he said, "Save the babies," was we listenin?
When he said, "Mercy, mercy," did he really know..
That decades later we'd still be killin folks?
Or did he hope that we would realize..
That we the first, the son of earth..
The moon and stars, the great beyond..
We black and proud, we brave and strong..
We raise it up, we quiet storm, forever fresh..
And keepin on..?

Ha! Ghetto people look alive and free, ya get real..
This how it goes on, and you say you say
This how it goes on, and you say you say
This how it goes on..
Ghetto people look alive and free and breathe! Ha!
Hold the beat! Stop the beat! Drop the beat!
Hold the beat! Stop the beat! Drop the beat!
Hold the beat! Stop the beat! Drop the beat!
Hold the beat! Stop the beat! Got the beat!

There ain't nothin to be afraid of..
Ghetto people look alive and free, ya get real...
This how it goes on
This how it goes on, keep goin on..
This how it goes on
Now breathe!
Marvelous, marvelous, marvelous, Marvin Modern
Marvel...

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