

Reflection Eternal

"Chaos"

Visit "[Chaos](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

featuring Bahamadia

[Talib Kweli]

We your rhyme sayers we lead you like a beacon
of light out of the chaos cuttin down overzealous
players who stare we're the winners of the game
Walk in we'll prepared climbin the stairways
to heaven while you scared of the people livin under
ground heard the sound of the clap made you wonder
If it was a gun the crowd or some thunder
All of that was out my window when I was younger
Now I'm much older, lyrical clap MC's
If you don't know by now, let me acquaint you with my
steez
(C'mon) I don't get on stage and waste your time
Niggaz got a lot to say but they just can't rhyme
They just babies, I snatch em out they incubators
Attach them to respirators, they breathin hard like
Darth Vader
Hard as candy and suck like Now or Later
After a while your style's tasteless and it GOT NO
FLAVOR
[Bahamadia]

Projects my eyesights to the heavens like dead or wise
sages

Release what I hold save it through my book of rhyme
pages

Scripts be ageless, like scrolls from dead sea

The cadence off and on like the motion of Tai Chi

Ba-ha-ma-D, wor-dy, to Reflect, Eternally

Science to a remedy to help and get my people free,
but

little support, got my thesis on freeze

My only option's doin bootlegs for the Japanese

Get about eight G's, a heavy buzz overseas

Sacrifice a pill to mainstream and do what I believe,
cause

down to the chromosomes I'm a purist to this artform

Enlighten who I touch and let the world catch on

[Talib Kweli + Bahamadia]

Yeah, we your rhyme sayers, who lead you like a
beacon

of light, out of the chaos, cuttin down overzealous

players who stare, we're the winners of the game

Walk in well prepared, climbin the stairways

to heaven while you scared of the people livin under-

-ground heard the sound of the clap, made you wonder

If it was a gun, the crowd, or some thunder

All of that was out my window when I was younger

[Bahamadia]

Oppose for the nine, how no content sections of the
earth

Walkin vexed, out of my sticks, laced on every verse

My cells begin to peak at least a hundred thousand
hertz

Meanin my joint's prevalent in Fat Beats and Footworks

I cater to these markets first, cause they gravitate to
me

And appreciate the vision of what I do musically

[Talib Kweli]

Mmm, mmmm, mmmm, mmm!!

I walked in and they stared, see how they screwin me

Break you down, til you ain't the man you used to be

Domination of my jurisdiction, people's addiction to lies

It blurs the lines between the fact and fiction

Now we back omission, I fix your face for you, keep
yappin

You start to hate the man in the mirror like Michael
Jackson

[Bahamadia]

Majors they try to hold me captive but mine are figure
factions

But the foundation of hip-hop hold my braincells for
ransom

I chance none, fuck them spots on charts and number
one

If it's meant, then I'll accept it gracious when the time
comes

This grassroots curriculum, got me sprung like
twisted ankles

Experience is missable, so I approach it from all angles
and

inject some substance deep inside of rap's core

Take an MC and back to where it was before

[Talib Kweli]

Call us Liberty like the Bell of Philadelphia scenery

Me and Bahama-D, style free like Mumia need to be

Seein me, feelin me, we right here on the level

Turnin hardrocks to pebbles, exposin the devil

Lyrical olympian like John Carlos winnin gold medal

Take that bass out yyour voice you talk to me in treble

I'm _Serious_ as Steady B so you know I ain't playin

I'm stimulatn, makin crowds MOVE like organizations
in Philly

Keep it positive, my prerogative is exercise

See through the chaos with my third eye

Word I exhibit the exquitiness, since a child I was vivid

Throw your hands in the air if you with it, dig it

[Talib Kweli + Bahamadia]

Yeah, we your rhyme sayers, who lead you like a
beacon

of light, out of the chaos, cuttin down overzealous

players who stare, we're the winners of the game

Walk in well prepared, climbin the stairways

to heaven while you scared of the people livin under-

-ground heard the sound of the clap, made you wonder

If it was a gun, the crowd, or some thunder

All of that was out my window when I was younger

[Talib Kweli]

Seven-eighteen, to five-one-three

We meet at two-one-five

Reflection Eternal, Bahamadia, yes yes

[Xzibit]

Yo listen the fuck up y'all

It's Mr. X to the Z Xzibit

Broadcastin with the home grown

That's right, they straight out of my backyard

The Beat Junkies, on Rawkus Records understand me?

It's Soundbombing 2

Visit [Reflection Eternal](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.