

Reflection Eternal

"FOR WOMEN"

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Talib Kweli] (Spoken)

Yea, so we got this tune called "For Women" right

Originally, it was by Nina Simone

She said it was inspired by, you know

Down south. In the south, they used to call her Mother
Antie

She said No Mrs.

Just Antie

She said if anybody ever called her Antie

she'd burn the whole goddamn place down

I'm over past that

Coming into the new millenium, we can't forget our
elders

[Talib Kweli]

I got off the 2 train in Brooklyn on my way to a session

Said let me help this woman up the stairs before I get
to steppin'

We got in a conversation she said she a 107

Just her presence was a blessing and her essence was
a lesson

She had her head wrapped

And long dreads that peeked out the back

Like antenna to help her get a sense of where she was

at, imagine that

Livin' a century, the strenght of her memories

Felt like an angel had been sent to me

She lived from nigger to colored to negro to black

To afro then african-american and right back to nigger

You figure she'd be bitter in the twilight

But she alright, cuz she done sseen the circle of life yo

Her skin was black like it was packed with melanin

Back in the days of slaves she packin' like Harriet
Tubman

Her arms are long and she moves like song

Feet with corns, hand with callouses

But her heart is warm and her hair is wooly

And it attract a lot of energy even negative

She gotta dead that the head wrap is her remedy

Her back is strong and she far from a vagabond

This is the back of the masters' whip used to crack
upon

Strong enough to take all the pain, that's been

Inflicted again and again and again and again and
flipped

It to the love for her children nothing else matters

What do they call her? They call her aunt Sara.

Woman singing in the background

[Talib Kweli] (+ Background Vocals)

I know a girl with a name as beautiful as the rain

Her face is the same but she suffers an unusual pain

Seems she only deals with losers who be usin' them
games

Chasin' the real brothers away like she confused in the
brain

She tried to get it where she fit in

on that American Dream mission paid tuition

For the receipt to find out her history was missing and
started flippin

Seeing the world through very different eyes

People askin' her what she'll do when it comes time to
chose sides

Yo, her skin is yellow, it's like her face is blond word is
bond

And her hair is long and straight just like sleeping
beauty

See, she truly feels like she belong in 2 worlds

And that she can't relate to other girls

Her father was rich and white still livin' with his wife

But he forced himself on her mother late one night

They call it rape that's right and now she take flight

Through life with hate and spite inside her mind

That keep her up to the break of light a lot of times

(I gotta find myself) (3X)

She had to remind herself

They called her Safronia the unwanted seed

Blood still blue in her vein and still red when she bleeds

(Don't, don't, don't hurt me again) (8X)

[Talib Kweli] (+ Background Vocals)

Teenage lovers sit on the stoops up in Harlem

Holdin' hands under the Apollo marquis dreamin of stardom

Since they was born the streets is watchin' and schemin'

And now it got them generations facin' deseases

That don't kill you they just got problems

and complications that get you first

Yo, it's getting worse, when children hide the fact that they pregnant

Cuz they scared of giving birth

How will I feed this baby?

How will I survive, how will this baby shine?

Daddy dead from crack in '85, mommy dead from AIDS in '89

At 14 the baby hit the same streets they became her master

The children of the enslaved, they grow a little faster

They bodies become adult

While they keepin' the thoughts of a child her arrival

Into womanhood was heemed up by her survival

Now she 25, barely grown out her own

Doin' whatever it takes strippin', workin' out on the block

Up on the phone, talkin' about

(my skin is tan like the front of your hand)

(And my hair...)

(Well my hair's alright whatever way I want to fix it,

it's alright it's fine)

(But my hips, these sweet hips of mine invite you
daddy)

(And when I fix my lips my mouth is like wine)

(Take a sip don't be shy, tonight I wanna be your lady)

(I ain't too good for your Mercedes, but first you got to
pay me)

(You better quit with all the question, sugar who's little
girl am I)

(Why I'm yours if you got enough money to buy)

(You better stop with the compliments we running out
of time,)

(You wanna talk whatever we could do that it's your
dime)

(From Harlem's from where I came, don't worry about
my name,)

(Up on one-two-five they call me sweet thang)

Scratches + Woman singing in the background

[Talib Kweli] (+ Background Vocals)

A daughter come up in Georgia, ripe and ready to plant
seeds,

Left the plantation when she saw a sign even thought
she can't read

It came from God and when life get hard she always
speak to him,

She'd rather kill her babies than let the master get to
'em,

She on the run up north to get across that Mason-Dixon

In church she learned how to be patient and keep
wishin',

The promise of eternal life after death for those that
God bless

She swears the next baby she'll have will breathe a free

breath

and get milk from a free breast, And love beeing alive,

otherwise they'll have to give up being themselves to survive,

Being maids, cleaning ladies, maybe teachers or college graduates,

nurses, housewives, prostitutes, and drug addicts

Some will grow to be old women, some will die before they born,

They'll be mothers, and lovers who inspire and make songs,

(But me, my skin is brown and my manner is tough,)

(Like the love I give my babies when the rainbow's enuff,)

(I'll kill the first muthafucka that mess with me, I never bluff)

(I ain't got time to lie, my life has been much too rough,)

(Still running with barefeet, I ain't got nothin' but my soul,)

(Freedom is the ultimate goal,

life and death is small on the whole, in many ways)

(I'm awfully bitter these days

'cuz the only parents God gave me, they were slaves,)

(And it crippled me, I got the destiny of a casualty,)

(But I live through my babies and I change my reality)

(Maybe one day I'll ride back to Georgia on a train,)

(Folks 'round there call me Peaches, I guess that's my name

