

Reflection Eternal

"Manifesto"

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Manifesto this is what we want to see happen
for my peoples still breakin graf writin and rappin
I rock the mic right and exact my life's my sacrifice
Take my mic and I'm like a Chinese man with no rice
Oh yeah we flippin through the pages of time to find
design
Like Vaseline on the faces of Black Georgia we shinin
Deeper than petroleum jelly we in the air like
conversations
on celly and just appear like stretch marks on bellies
after givin birth you had to let go, you playin for life
The Manifesto, here comes the beat because I said so
keep pushin
I got the cushion for the seat of your soul
Back in the day they stole our smile, so we clothe our
teeth in gold
and we frontin, from nigga to kid, to Son of God
It's wild dependin on labels for man woman and child
My style just is, all that's seen and all that's heard
God gave us music so we play with our words
So when Tek be in constant meditation like a monk
while Kweli speaks in tongues to get your intellect
drunk

yo we bound to take over the 90% of your brain that
you ain't usin

To us it's life or death we keep you chosin

Every shook eye ain't seen, every goodbye ain't gone

Ain't no rest for the weary yo forever it's on

The Manifesto, establishes a hip-hop order

Movin upon the face of the water, like Reflections

Aiyyo all the real MC's can meet me outside

So we can decide how we gonna change the tide

like the moon we on the Earth takin a ride around the
Sun

Now Son we only just begun, and the journey's far from
done

We all miss you, what your brain gone fishin like Walter
Mosley?

There's an MC that can hold me, supposedly?

No one could come close to me, only, the family really
know me

Hip-Hop's last hope like Obi Wan Kenobi

Through your television I'm shinin light like a train

Comin out like earthworms when it rains, bringin it

like the C.I.A. be bringin in crack cocaine bailin out of
planes

with the George Bush connections, I push Reflection

like I'm sellin izm, like a dealer buildin the system

Supply and the demand it's all capitalism

Niggaz don't sell crack cause they like to see blacks
smoke

Niggaz sell crack cause they broke, my battle lyrics

get conscious minds provoked and ghetto passes
revoked

cause we surrounded by the evil, you know that the
people's minds

is feeble they believe in it, even if it don't make sense

This makin dollars shit, don't take a scholar to

see what's goin on around you, either you widdit or you
ain't

is what it comes down to, have you forgotten?

We pickin 100% designer name brand cotton

They still plottin, my Third Eye is steady watchin

Every shook eye ain't seen, every goodbye ain't gone

Ain't no rest for the weary yo forever it's on

The Manifesto, establishes a hip-hop order

Movin upon the face of the water, like Reflections

(Yeah see that's what I'm talkin about, it be the
slaughter man

We need to break it down because these heads

they don't know what they talkin about

Frontin all this nonsense, yo break it down)

From open mics to solutions I got a collage of answers

and a ten point program, just like the Black Panthers

One: First respect yourself as an artist

If you don't respect yourself then your rhymes is
garbage

Two: Make sure your crew is as tight as you

cause when them niggaz fallin off they gonna bring
you down too

Three: Understand the meaning of MC

The power to Move the Crowd like Moses split the seas

Four: Know your shit and don't ever be blunted

If you don't know what your words mean then your
rhymes mean nothin

Five: Kick facts in the raps, and curse with clarity

What's a curse when language is immersed in vulgarity

Six: We gonna fix industrial poli-tricks

Shit they made an artform out of ridin dicks

Seven: We soldiers for God needin new recruits

So if you rhymin for the loot then youse a prostitute

but Eight: Acknowledge that you need food on your
plate

In order to say your grace make sure your business is
straight

Nine: We buildin black minds with intelligence

and when you freestyle, keep the subject matter
relevant

Ten: Every MC grab a pen

and write some concious lyrics to tell the children

I'll say it again, every MC find you a pen

And drop some concious shit for our children

The Manifesto

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