

Reflection Eternal

"On Mission"

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chanting in background*

[Talib Kweli]

Blaze one for the Brooklyn crew what

Blaze one for the Cincinnati crew yes

And for the whole world and for the whole world

Chorus

Yo Hi Tek they still sleepin

As a right we still peakin

They still weakin we adventurous thrill seekin

We will begin new ways of freakin it

It's the dawn of the MC who think before he spit

On Mission we intercept your transmission

Bringin exactly what the fans missin

You, bare witness to, the transition like

GIVE ME THAT MICROPHONE, man listen

Yo, I literally

Obliterate MC's who rhymin pitifully

Let's get it straight like degrees of longitude and
latitude

Adjust your position like your attitude

Even cats frontin had to move

Now let's begin, while you testin these better men

You get fucked up like it's your first Friday as freshman

Letter man on the varsity team, I pipe dream

Make they cream freeze like reindeer caught up in high beams

Yo it seems that they sedative like open wounds and I'm lyrically salty

All your shit is faulty, watch me turn jams into revolutionary parties

Stoppin your heart piece, while we write soliloquies wit Sharpies

We stay in the air like aerosol to carry y'all

?Over crept in? MC's like Jerotol

We men in the mirror y'all, your career is like a metaphor for suffering

When we rush in, beat these niggas like percussion

You ain't touchin nuttin

I give instructions and move on your weak production

Drop that African king shit and the royal flushing

Respect the queen, from straight from BK

Stick like girls' legs when they run the Penn Relay

Chorus

"Talib Kweli it's the Reflection" "Hi-Tek"

"When we livin this shit" "Out of the 7-18 we meet the 51-3"

[Talib Kweli]

I blast through your illsuions

Shatterin your shadow as I snatch the light from you

When I want to, confusion is the conclusion you come

to

That's the best you could come up wit

When your brain pattern is scattered and that's why
you dropped that dumb shit

Click first when we hit next when I'm dispersing

Cursing me like ham cuz I'm original when you're like
the King James version

You need a surgeon to put you back together

When your parts is missin like aquarian gospels

We can get more hostile without PEACE

Believe we balance positivity wit negative

Legal and illegal cuz it's relative

If the law prevent me from being a man, then what's
the deal?

In the Hour of Chaos, my microphone's my Black Steel

I grip it wit that sure shot feel

Drivin through your mind, Hi-Tek be on the wheels

We ride up on your heels, talkin back now

You pop more junk than a ?thane or bird?

Fallin flat on your face, you got caught trippin off your
words

Explain that ?simunicy?

You oxy-moron, pimpled faced dummy goin through
puberty

Flippin late night through cable channels lookin for
nudity

You're junior-high, what could you do to me

Nuttin is new to me but I'm still learnin, what

Hip-hop is in our hearts and we On Mission from the

start

To leave our mark up on this rock

Too many people is just livin *repeat*

Chorus

[Talib Kweli]

Listen listen, huh man listen

We intercept the transmission

Bringin exactly what you fans missin

Hi-Tek *echoes*

Uh uh, Talib Kweli yo

Exactly what it's supposed to be yo

None of y'all niggas is close to me, yo

Step back before you get your head cracked

Yo steppin in through set back, I never sweat that

Aiyyo my man C Smith is jet-black

That's okay though, aiyyo

I build these niggas up and then I smash em to the
ground like Play-Dough

And then I lay low

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