

Talib Kweli "Memories Live"

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Yo, you know what we got to do, man, we need to get a whole CD

Get a collection of all the music and everything we've ever done

(Bringing back sweet memories)

(Bringing back sweet memories)

(Bringing back sweet memories)

(Sweet memories)

Life, living in Flat bush and going to house parties
Red lights, bumping, life is what you make it, then sorry
In my lifetime, ain't done too many things
Better than watching your first son put his sentences together

Yo, it kinda make me think of way back when
I was the portrait of the artist as a young man
All them teenage dreams of rapping, writing rhymes on napkins
Was really visualization, making this shit actually happen

It's like something come through me that truly just consume me
Speaking through the voices of the spirits speaking to me
I think back in the day, I absorbed everything like a sponge
Took a plunge into my past to share with my son

(Sweet memories)

(Bringing back sweet memories)

(Bringing back sweet memories)

(Sweet memories)

Like thoughts out the back of my mind going back in some time
Like when you used to cut and had to go to the back of the line
Look back and you find tracks that make you relax and recline

Now cats rap about packing a nine when they lacking
divine

Inspiration, running out of topics of conversation
Well I drop it in the pocket because rock is my
occupation
I do it remarkably, spark up a leaf and possibly you
could follow me
Tap into your chi

Utilize your spiritual faculty, accurately, use your
memory
To help you see clearly, then get back to me
Actually, nothing's new under the sun
So when life be stressing me, my remedy is
(Bringing back sweet memories)

Like the faces that are woven in the fabric of my
consciousness
From cities where making 21's a big accomplishment
Like when my people understood their prominence
And my past life visions of the continent

Like the first time I saw KRS live, rockin' it
I heard Resurrection by Common Sense, dominant in
my psyche
I chose my direction like Spike Lee
To speak my life through mics, and I never take it
lightly

It might be something you did to bring you down when
you were high
But that karma's a bitch, you steady asking God, why
Like when my parents first split up, yo, I was illin'
Seems like some years they was together for the sake
of the children

And I love them for that, I don't know if they saw that
So, I'ma say it, and convey it when the world play it
I'ma say it, and convey it when the world play it
I'ma say it, and convey it when the world play it

(Bringing back sweet memories, sweet memories)
(Bringing back sweet memories)
(Bringing back)

Like black is beautiful, names from the seventies
Let me tap into your energy, fields of dreams become
my property
When I reach my destiny like a prophecy, especially
when I 'm

(Bringing back sweet memories)

I got deep into my mind, see I got a treasury
That float through my head like a sweet melody
What you telling me, reflection is a collection of
memories
Definitely this is how hip hop was meant to be
Eventually, I knew I'd run into Hi-Teknology

It was only a matter of time like centuries
Check the recipe or technique to how it sound so sweet
I freak with word power, my man speak with beats
If I could make it in New York, I figured anywhere I'd
make it
Came to Cincinnati linked with Mood, and we did
Sacred
Hi-Tek beats became my favorite

Hussle on the Side was the cut
We started to put songs together like, what?
Traveled the world, came back to the crib and hit the
motherland
Yeah, this year we put in work and got some other
plans
In fact, that's where I'll take the fam
When the Reflection joint is done
By the time you hear this, I'll be basking in African sun,
like wow

Yes, we made it, we here

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