

Talib Kweli "Ms. Hill"

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Another night slips away
In other words, I should say
There are no words you should say
There are no words

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Ms. Hill, you got skills, that's a gift, it's real
Get ill, what you spit got the power to uplift and heal

I wish I could talk to Lauryn, I mean, excuse me, Ms. Hill
And let her know how much we love her, it's real
The industry was beatin' her up
Then them demons started eatin' her up
She need a savior that'll bleed in a cup, yup

We used to kick it in the salad days
When she look at me like she don't know me
When she see me nowadays
I nod, she nod back, that's how it stay
Her songs still better than anything out that hot or
power play

Remember how they accused her of saying
She did her album without help
Then she went to Rome to sing and tell the Pope about
herself
Just after she left the Fugees, started rolling with the
Marleys
Got back with her crew at Dave Chapelle's Block Party

She made songs about Zion and trying to be faithful
Took Blackstar on tour to Europe, I was so grateful
Speaking for myself but I'm sure I could speak for
Dante
I got to watch a show with Nina Simone and Harry
Belafonte

We used to chill at Nkiru, her moms was a customer

She used to love to buy the books by Octavia Butler
Parable of the Sower, the main character's name was
Lauren
What the album did for black girls' self-esteem was so
important

I got concerned when she got sick on the road
She ain't heavy, I'm a brother
And I wish that I could pick up the load, but no

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Got her assistant on the the phone, I need to talk to
Lauryn
And I wanna walk through the storm
And I could be the umbrella when the rain is pouring
Please, this no disrespect to whoever your man is
though
This relationship is strictly music like D'Angelo

I know you hate Babylon and wanna see it fall
But they won't let you read your poem at the BET
awards
You give us hope, you give us faith, you the one
They don't like what you got to say but still they beg
you to come

Whoa, now that's powerful sis, it's black power
We get money, keep our eyes on the final hour
And no, I ain't saying you Christ, that would be
sacrilegious right?
[Incomprehensible]
Them raps the sisters recite with their black fist up
The devil's last wish is a queen who rise past bitches

We used to read Francis Crest or anything
By third world press will press
But what the power of the word suggest
Hatched ideas in our heads like birds in the nest
You gave birth to a new sound like Donda West, yes

Should I be saying all of this while the mic is on?
I might as well let it out because one day I might be
gone
I write this song and hope you feel how much we love
you
And you play it 'cause I really ain't got the words to say
it, but yo

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There are no words, yeah, yeah

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