

Talib Kweli & Hi Tek

"Expansion Outro"

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Reflection... (x6)

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah... so we got this tune called "Four Women" right
Originally it was by Nina Simone, and uh
She said it was inspired by, uh, you know, down South
Down South they used to call her Mother Antie
You know, she said no "Mrs.", you know, just Antie,
y'know what I'm sayin'
And uh, she said if anybody ever called her Auntie
she'd burn
The whole God damned place down, y'know what I'm
sayin'
But you know, we're moving past that, y'know what I'm
sayin'
Coming into a new millenium, can't forget our elders

I got off the Two 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 hundred and
seven
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 to get a sense of where she
was at
Imagine that, living a century, the strength of her
memories
Felt like an angel Heaven sent to me
She lived from nigger to colored to negro to black to
afro
Then African-American then right back to nigga
You'd figure she'd be bitter in a twilight, be she aight
Cause she done seen the circle of life
Yo, my skin is black like it's packed with melanin
Back in the days of slaves she'd be packin' like Harriet
Tubman
And, my arms are long like she moves like a song

Feet to corns, hands and calluses but the heart is warm
And, my hair is wooly and attract a lot of energy
Even negative she gotta dead that the head wrap is a
remedy (and)
My back is strong she far from a vagabond
This is the back the master's whip used to crack upon
Strong enough to take all the pain that's been inflicted
Again and again and again and again and then flip it
To the love for her children, nothing else matters
What do they call her, they call her Aunt Sarah

[Hook: Nina Simone]

Harmonizing

[Talib Kweli]

I know a girl with a name as beautiful as the rain
Her face is the same but she suffers in unusual pain
Seems she only deal with losers who be using them
games
Chasing the real brothers away like she confused in the
brain
She try to get in where she fit in on that American
Dream mission
Paid tuition for that receipt to find out her history was
missing
And started flippin', seeing the world through very
different eyes
People asking her what she'll do when it come time to
choose sides
Yo, my skin is yellow it's like the face is blonde
Word is bond, and my hair long and straight, it's like
Sleeping Beauty
See she truly feel like she belong in two worlds
And now she can't relate to other girls
Her father is rich and white, still living 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 from life with hate and spite
inside her mind
To keep her up to the break of light a lot of times
I gotta find myself, I gotta find myself
I gotta find myself, she had to remind herself
They call her Siffronia, the unwanted seed
Blood still blue in her veins, and still red when she
bleeds

[Young Woman]

Don't, don't, don't hurt me again (x8)

[Talib Kweli]

Teenage lovers sit on the stoops of a Harlem

Holdin' hands under the Apollo marquee dreamin' of
stardom
Cause they were born the streets is watching and
schemin'
And now they got them generations facing diseases
That don't kill you they just got problems and
complications
To get you first, yo it's getting worse
When children hide the fact that they pregnant
Cause they scared of givin' 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 a
master
The children of being a slave, they grow a little faster
They bodies become adult while they keep the
thoughts of a child
Her arrival into womanhood was hemmed up for her
survival
Now she 25, barely grown, now on her own
Doing whatever it takes, strippin', working 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 is alright, whatever I wear
when I fix it
It's alright, it's fine, but my hips these sway hips of
mine
Invite you daddy 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 gotta
pay me
Quit with all them questions, sugar, whose little girl am
I
Why, I'm yours if you got enough money to buy
You better stop with them compliments, we running out
of time
You wanna talk, whatever, we can do that it's your dime
From Harlem is where I came, don't worry about my
name
Up on 125 they call me Sweet Thing"

[Hook: Nina Simone]

Harmonizing

Say what, what, what, what, what, what, what, what,
what, what
What, what, what, what, what, what, what, what, what,
what, what, what

Say what, what, what, what, what, what, what, what,
what, what, what, what
What, what, what, what... oooo~

[Talib Kweli]

A daughter come up in Georgia ripe and ready to plant
seed

Left her plantation when she saw a sign even though
she can't read

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

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

She on the run up North to get across to Macy Dixon
In church she learned how to be patient and keep
wishin'

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

She swear the next baby she have will breathe a free
breath

And get milk from a free breast and love being alive
Otherwise they'll have to give up being themself to
survive

Being maids, cleanin' ladies, maybe teachers, and
college graduates

Nurses and housewives, prostitutes and drug addicts
Some will grow to be old women, some will die before
they're born

There'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
enough

I'll kill the first muhfucker to mess with me, I never bluff
I ain't got time to lie, my life's been much too rough
Still runnin' with bare feet, I ain't got nothin' but my sole
(soul?)

Freedom is the ultimate goal

Life and death is small in a hole in many ways

I'm awfully bitter these days

Cause the only parents God gave me; they were slaves

And they crippled me, I got the destiny of a casualty

But I'll live through my babies and I'll change my reality

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

Folks 'round there call me Peaches; guess that's my
name

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