

## Talib Kweli & Hi Tek "Good Mourning"

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Good morning, Brooknam, another stop on the train  
We come to a stop that everybody got to make  
Whether you local or express

What's the meanin' of ghettofabulous?  
Not ridin' the back of the bus, I'm a revolutionary  
antagonist  
Some playas is mad at us for just doin' our music out of  
love  
Some underground heads is hatin' 'cause we have fun  
at clubs

I'm probably on some government list for my rhymin'  
You a fool if you don't think they already tapped your  
line  
Medicine is big business so my remedies is herbal  
It's music is for the people so we Reflection Eternal

Listen, you hear the difference between science and  
science fiction  
We blow it out like if you leave on every appliance in the  
kitchen  
At once still rolling kind bud in Cuban blunts  
On the corner watchin' how kids comin' to Brooklyn for  
they fronts

Niggas run past what they need chasing after what  
they want  
Fuckin' chumps, you walk down the street and get  
jumped  
Brooklyn cats like to bubble out of town no lookin' back  
When you a ghetto chef you mastered the art of cookin'  
crack

Some get caught sleepin' on the Mother City so when  
they go  
They come back as tales of niggas we used to know  
Never looked up to see the stars in all they heavenly  
glory  
Just straight ahead 'cause the peripheral is buildings  
with mad stories

Not floors but dramas is played out, shorties get laid  
out  
Like respect and fade out like TV sets  
Into the banks of our memories we'll never forget you  
Lyin' on your deathbed askin' for God to bless you

Good mourning, good afternoon, good night  
What have you done with your life?  
Everybody time comes to be embraced by the light  
You only scared to die when you ain't livin' right, man  
I'm puttin' up a hellafied fight  
Stay awake to the ways of the world

I need you all to be clear on exactly what I'm sayin'  
With your attention span I understand that I ain't playin'  
You mistaken if you somehow think it's just me you  
facin'  
Starin' me down while your enemy is standin' adjacent

My heart is racin' but I know just what I stand for  
We chasin' death carelessly like Jessica 'I care' Moore  
Who said, "Just because no one can understand how  
you speak  
Don't necessarily mean that what you be sayin's deep"

In case you die in your sleep you ask the Lord for a  
blessin'  
Sometimes they sneak up so quiet that the silence is  
deafenin'  
You'll never know who the assassin is until it's your time  
to go  
Your life is flashin', askin' for forgiveness but you move  
too slow

Now the people that you love bear the pain that you  
once harbored  
You was livin' for yourself so you could never be a  
martyr  
Life is hard, death is harder; you somebody baby  
father  
Someone's lover, son of your mother  
Somebody brother, somebody nigga

Now your spirit in the air like a whisper  
Hearin' your name mentioned when we pourin' out  
some liquor  
The days go by quicker and the nights don't seem to  
differ  
It's getting cold, so I shivered and asked my soul to be  
delivered

Good morning, good afternoon, good night  
What have you done with your life?  
Everybody time comes to be embraced by the light  
You only scared to die when you ain't livin' right, man  
I'm puttin' up a hellafied fight  
Stay awake to the ways of the world  
To the ways of the world

Yo, the time come for everybody  
It ain't somethin' you can really prepare for

Yo, yo, Mad Duke, rock, rock on and  
Curtis Mayfield, rock, rock on and  
Grover Washington, rock, rock on and  
My Aunt Hazel, rock, rock on and

Big L, rock, rock on and  
Freaky Tah rock, rock on and  
Jerome Green, rock, rock on and  
Slang Ton, rock, rock on and  
We celebrate life, we celebrate life

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