

## Talib Kweli & Hi Tek "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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