

Mos Def, If You Can Huh...

Hey, yo man, I think that dudes tryin to break into your car
...what?

New york life... type trife...
Thats why Im tryin to shine the light, yo
Here it come, here it come, here it come, yall

Mos def, blessed with the breath of life so arise and give praises
Turn my face to where the mighty sun raises
My book of rhyme pages, filled with phrases that amaze
I could go on for days
First name dante, last name beze
Build the house of tomorrow with bricks of today
My foundation rests on allah corner stone
Shine the light throught the mic to radiate your zone
See, the world that we know is about to get finished
Im watching last days wind down to final minutes
Got dreams of paradise and my whole fam in it
So I aint got time to play no crime lieutenant
Do you got time to play the crime lieutenant?
See time is the asset, how you gonna spend it
The way you handle yours will be well documented
Its the raw authentic, sandalwood scented
To make you bump the joint and in beyond city limits
Twenty-first, no time to, approach a thing timid
My name is mos def and this is how I get in it

Chorus:

Hey yo, my man (huh?)...
Somethin tight comin through the pipe (what?)
You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed
To incline throughout space and time (yeah)
You dont believe, lend a ear, yo my man (huh?)
Somethin tight comin on your right (what?)
You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed
To incline, I hold the fold to shine (yeah)
If you can huh, you can hear it...
If you can huh, you can hear it, we in your atmos

Shine like black gold, burn like black coal
Make a old timer roll up her sleeves, now thats cold
Behold, the one and only has blessed my testimony
Approach the ceremony authentic, never phony
For delf, but never lonely, keep the kinfolk close
Watch me rip it on pacific and atlantic coasts
With the antidote, for the poisonous snake lies wit
Only wimps put the hiss on tape
You cant get on straight, this is dead on tape
Accompanied by shawn j. with the bid on bait
Put the grid on plate, on the ear or tray
Hot damn it captain kirk and the klingons say
You cant sit on stage, you got to get on the m-o-
T-i-v-a-t-e real life, aint no freebie
My seed cant be needy, no time for freaky-deaky
Im movin on up like george and wheezy
Who said that this was easy, they must have been treetop high
Standin yieldin to our boldfaced lie, we all got to die
So all got to try, to live life right
In the sight of most high, to live life right
In the sight of most high, to live life right
In the sight of most high, to live life right in the sight

Chorus:

Hey yo, my man (huh?)....
Somethin tight comin through the pipe (what?)
You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed
To incline throughout space and time (yeah)
You dont believe, lend a ear, yo my man (huh?)
Somethin tight movin on your right (what?)
You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed
To incline, I hold the fold to shine (yeah)
If you can huh, you can hear it yo, my man (huh?)....
Somethin tight comin through the pipe (what?)
You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed
To incline the pure genuine (yeah)
You dont believe, lend a ear, yo my man (huh?)
Somethin tight movin on your right (what?)
You heard the first time, my rhyme is designed
To incline, I hold the fold to shine (yeah)
If you can huh, you can hear it...
If you can huh, you can hear it, we in your atmos...