

Mos Def, Modern Marvel

This desire...

[Mos Def Singing]

I come home high and she start to cry
I can't take it..
A brand new excuse does me no use
That won't make it..
She at home with the kids, this is no way to live
What can I say?
I know it's surreal but I'm a hard headed still
Do things my way..

And it's so strong, soo strong
It's like I'm dying..
Trying to hold on, my body says oh no oh out there..
Flying, the price that I pay for the game that I play
Ain't no game at all..
I'm up in the clouds and I'm spiraling down
Nothing breaks the fall..

And it's so strong, so strong
It's like I'm dying..
Try to hold on, my body says oh no oh out there
Flying..
Sounds of the sufferers pray

I come home high and she start to cry
I can't take it..
A brand new excuse does me no use
That won't make it..
She at home with the kids, this is no way to live
What can I say?
I know it's surreal but I'm a hard headed still
Black Dante and it's so strong..
So strong..
So strong..
So strong...

I'm out there flying..
Flying..
Flying..
Flying...

This game is fantastic..desire...

[Mos Def Speaking]

Killers..this life this life
Lovers..this life this life
Hustlers..this life this life
Thieves..this life this life
Gamblers..this life this life
Niggaz..Crackers..Children..Mothers..Fathers..Lovers..Neighbors..Hungry..
Full..the beautiful..the stars..the distance..the close..the stars..
The heavens..this life
The floor..this life this life
The high..this life
The beneath..this life this life
All..all..everywhere..everywhere..anywhere..somewhere..home...

Come on, this how it goes on..
Ghetto people in the world today, get up!
Ha! Look alive, breathe..wooh!

Ha! How it goes...

[Mos Def Rapping]

Mother, mother...
Head in her hands
Her first born son dead in her hands
The whole thing was a setup, a scam
They knew it was set up and planned
Niggaz he worked with wet him and ran, and thas..
Brother, Brother...
But son, I don't see no brother hood
All I see is thugger hood
Get rich and fuck the hood
All they want is some good smoke from the hood
Lookin for the shorty good stroke from the hood
That's how they touch the hood
But when I touch the hood, I'll make it brighter, black
Because I'm brighter, black
And I'm so black I'm bright, shine through the blackest night
Shine when I'm live, shine via satellite
Shout in the hood, we get the picture
Cuz everytime you out in the hood, you got photographers witcha
What's going on? Ha!

Understand this is real life..
This how it goes on, this how it goes on...
It keep going on, this how it goes on...
Ghetto people look alive, get free
Get involved, remain to breathe...Ha! Wooh!

If Marvin was alive now, wow..
What would I say to him?
Where could I start?
How could I explain to him??
I know the minor world would probably look strange to him
Would he feel like today had a place for him?
Global imprisonment, sickness, indifference
When he said, "Save the babies," was we listenin?
When he said, "Mercy, mercy," did he really know..
That decades later we'd still be killin folks?
Or did he hope that we would realize..
That we the first, the son of earth..
The moon and stars, the great beyond..
We black and proud, we brave and strong..
We raise it up, we quiet storm, forever fresh..
And keepin on..?

Ha! Ghetto people look alive and free, ya get real..
This how it goes on, and you say you say
This how it goes on, and you say you say
This how it goes on..
Ghetto people look alive and free and breathe! Ha!
Hold the beat! Stop the beat! Drop the beat!
Hold the beat! Stop the beat! Drop the beat!
Hold the beat! Stop the beat! Drop the beat!
Hold the beat! Stop the beat! Got the beat!

There ain't nothin to be afraid of..
Ghetto people look alive and free, ya get real...
This how it goes on
This how it goes on, keep goin on..
This how it goes on
Now breathe!
Marvelous, marvelous, marvelous, Marvin Modern Marvel...

