

Mos Def, Moon In Cancer

Yo, this is to the entire critical mass, my nigga Ty Shawn (?), Jah Born and Big 2.

This how we do, check it out:

Yeah

Day light disappears from sight,
sun bleeds on the bricks,
and brings forth the night,
the red serenade,
give shade to backstreets,
heads adjust the EQ,
for the bass in they jeeps,
sound like the drum
of a neighboring tribe,
absorb the vibe,
feels good close my eyes,
and swept out the loot
by the crisp night air,
I gotta stay aware,
God there's demons out here,
adjust the headset,
'fore I begin this trip,
insert the cassette,
press play on the deck,
the horns echo,
and I slip back in the zone,
it's time for
the high plains man to roll,
yo I be dealing with men but,
some say mellowdramat,
linguilly acrobat,
staying fluent in style,
I work my way
through your town
as the day goes down,
I got observatory view
of the sight and sounds,
I feel completely out of place,
in this wack rap race,
I'm the type of black man,
that need color and space,
heads be dealing with waste,
they be moving in haste,
heard there's something to prove,
want to stare in ya face,
brothers want to compete,
when there aint shit to win,
they playing high post now,
unprepared for the end,
they wanna profile they style,
like they got it so sweet,
it ain't about what ya earn,
it's about what you keep,
man passes by,
in an aimless stroll,
barefoot in the street,
as the night grows cold,
in reply to our sorrow,
he begins to dance,
he claps his hands,
share an awkward glance,

CHORUS

Mos Def:

Sun is Falling. . . Moon is rising. . .

Ces (in Background):

A yes yes ya'll. . . a break a break ya'll . .
a feel free ya'll . . . and ya don't stop

VERSE

Mos Def:

Keep leaning to myself
Aint got too many friends,
while they be lookin' for rocks,
I be searchin' for gems,
I got nothin' to lose,
might as well be a winner,
try to radiate the light,
as the world get dimmer
papa haven't ya heard.
there is power in words,
I contemplate to elevate
the average man on the curb,
who be slingin' his rock,
catchin' hell from the cop,
got the world on his back,
being male being black,
and it's crazy mad stress,
the city don't rest,
can't maintain ya poise
for the goddam noise,
so I'm watching my clock
until the day drifts off,
at night I reason with myself
so I can get shit off,
might be reading a book,
I might be drinking the stout,
I might be thinkin' it over,
might just need to be out,
I might be tryin' to get money,
I might be dealing with honeys,
might be geekin' off these devils,
cause they so fuckin' funny,
smokin' a stoge on the D-train chillin',
checkin' the skyline off the watchtower buildin',
images of black in the hills and the valleys,
from the tight business men
to the gods in the valley (peace God),
a basehead with the moldy shades,
a little girl with pretty eyes and her hair in braids,
a mother rests on her seat,
rubs her feet,
pulls back into sleep,
thousand fathoms deep,
(bah bah bah bah)

CHORUS

VERSE

Ces:

As the night time falls
I creep through the dark
I check out the scenes,
in Fort Green park,
lost souls in empty memory lanes,
no life to live,
and no goals to gain,
there's negatory provisions

thats all around us,
it's systematic and frantic,
the devil hounds us,
set to prevail I take back the night,
wake up my soul,
take back my life,
I sit back,
and I wait for the right time,
but I'm already here,
its in the night time,

CHORUS

VERSE

Mos Def:

Moonlight starts to fade away,
sun creeps up the bricks,
and brings forth the day,
sun is high and it's AM again,
a time for the killers to slay men again,
I'm real short and brisk,
doing business things,
I want this shit to be over,
got no time to play,
so if you want to help,
then do me this favor,
cut the nonsense
and let me handle this paper,
time is money,
and money is time,
ain't a damn thing free
so I must get mine,
it's 10 to closin,
yo son got to jettin',
headed back to the Brack
to watch the sun set.

CHORUS