

# Mos Def, Murder Of A Teenage Life

The murder of a teenage life  
Fire from the cold steel  
The heat from the brights  
The temperature of flesh and the shortness of breath  
The murder of a teenage threat  
The aroma of sesamilla Dollar Superstar  
Skama like a new cocaine tobacco leaf  
Ecstatic tabernists fire water and freaks  
The murder of a teenage chief  
My easy speaking is as easy as it seems to be  
Hungry belly jamma busts off easily  
Balloon bang. POP!  
Hot as a bang spot in Bangkok  
Colder than a pimp glock  
Aim shot, the frame drops  
Pressure pushed him to the earth like a rain drop  
Take not life in vein  
And how the preacher was saying  
Remember!  
Anyways they laid him in a stray box  
Dark suit and gray socks  
The neighborhood is all distraught  
Candles lit the stoop at the park  
Where the family and students are  
Confused, in awe  
They gape into each others arms  
IT'S MURDER!  
New absence from a mothers arm  
Even the warmth from the mother's arms  
Couldn't keep her son from harm  
From standing where the gun was drawn  
Over come, done and done. He's gone  
MURDER!  
Shells fell like a bell that rung  
Blood bursts, body temperature fell and plunged  
And by the time it took the medics to come  
The breath eased out of his lungs  
And his soul eased out of the slums  
And the voice eased out of the drums  
The sirens through their ears, they sung  
MURDER!  
Telephone wire, sneakers hung  
MURDER!  
For the Black and young  
MURDER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
And the Aves they from  
I am from the block the PRESIDENT DID NOT CAMPAIGN ON  
Where the dollar that the working poor slave for is made on  
Where hustlers stretch the yay long  
And hustle hard for an outpost to trade on  
Flip it over and make more  
Where the blocks are yellow taped off  
Where the young blood is trained on Obese to the Fakesoft  
Where the pressure just stays on  
But the lights and the heat don't  
The place where you witness the true power of street folk  
And that's where I'm coming from people  
High post, low key  
Eighth, o-z, and kilo  
Law man, dope man  
Adversary, amigo  
Preacher man, pimp hand  
Both folding their C-notes  
A Black Fist clutching deliverance for the People

Young hand reach out, strong hand reach in  
Slap the devil's hand to make the fucker stop reaching.