

Reflection Eternal, Expansion Outro

Yeah, we got this tune called "Four Women" right....

Originally it was by Nina Simone....

She said it was inspired by down south, south east, ...they called her Mother Antie...

You know, she said no "misses", just Antie...you know what im sayin?...

She said if anybody ever called her Antie, she'd burn the whole god damn place down...

But you know,..we're movin' pass that,..you know what im sayin?...

Comin' into the new millenium, we can't forget our elders..

(Verse 1)

I got off the 2 train in brooklyn, on my way to a session/
Said lemme help this woman up the stairs before I get to steppin'/

We got into a conversation, she said she a hundred and seven/
Just her presence was a blessin', and her essence was a lesson/
She had her head wrapped, and long dreads that, peeped out the back like an antenna to help her/
Imagine that, living a century, the strength of her memories, felt like an angel had been sent to me/
She lived from nigga, to colored, to negro, to black, to Afro then, African American, and rite back to
You'd figure she'd be bitter in the twilight/
But she a'ight, cause she done seen the circle of life/
Yo, her skin is black like its packed with melanin, back in the days as slaves she be packin'like Har
Her arms are long and she moves like a song, feet with corn, hands with calluses but the heart is w
Her hair is wooly, it attract alot of energy, even negative, she gotta dead-that, the head-rap is a rem
Her back is strong and she far from a bag of bones, this is the back the master's whip used to crack
Strong enough to take all the pain that's been inflicted, again and again and again and again and th
To the love for her children, nothin' else matters/
What do they call her? They call her A'nt Sarah/

(Singing)

(Verse 2)

I know a girl with a name as beautiful as the rain/
Her face is the same, but she suffers an unusual pain/
Seems she only deal with losers who be using them games/
Chasin' the real brothers away like she confused in the brain/
She try to get in where she fit in, on that American dream mission, payed tuition, filled up a seat to
And started flippin', seein' the world with very different eyes/
People askin' her what she'll do when come time to choose a side/ yo
Her skin is yellow just like her face is blonde, word is bond and her hair is long and straight just like
See she truely feel like she belong in two worlds, and that she can't relate to other girls/
Her father was rich and white still living with wife, but he forced himself on her mother late one nite
And now she take flight through life with hate and spite inside her mind that keep up 'til the break o
I gotta find myself, I gotta find myself, I gotta find myself, she had to remind herself/
They call her Saphronia, the unwanted seed/
Blood still blue in the vein and red when she bleeds/

(Refrain)(Repeat x8)

Don't-Don't-Don't hurt me again

(Verse 3)

Teenage lovers sit on the stoops up in Harlem/
Holdin' hands under the Apollo Marquis dreaming of stardom/
Since they was born, the streets been watchin' and schemin' and now it got them, generations facin
And complications that get you first, yo, its gettin' worse when children hide the fact that they prege
How will i feed this baby? how will i survive? How will this baby shine? Daddy died from crack in '85
At 14 the baby hit the same streets then became a master/
The children of the enslaved, they grow a little faster/
They body become adult while they keep the thoughts of a child/
Her arrival into womanhood was hinged up by her survival/
Now she's 25, barely grown, out on her own, doin' whatever it takes, strippin', workin' out on the blo
My skin is tan like the front of yo hand/ And my hand? Well my hands alright, what ever way i wann
But my hips, these sweets hips of mine invite you daddy and when i fix my lips my mouth is like win
Take a sip don't be shy, tonight i wanna be you lady. I ain't too good for your Mercedez but first you
She betta quit wit all them questions sugar, Who's little girl am I ? Well im yours if you got enough r
You better stop with them compliments, we runnin' out of time/
You wanna talk, whatever we can do that, its your dime/

From Harlem is where i came, Don't worry about my name/
Up on One-Two-Five, they call me "Sweet thing";

(Refrain)

Sayin' what...wha-what what what
what what wha-what what what
what what wha-what what what
what...wha-what what
Singin' what what wha...what
nigga what what wha...what?
what what wha-what what what
wha.....

(Verse 4)

A daughter, come up in Georgia, ripe and ready to plant seeds/
Left the plantation when she saw a sign even though she can't read/
It came from God (right), when life get hard, she always speak to Him/
She'd rather kill her babies than let the Master get to 'em/
She on the run up north to get across the Macy Dickson/
In church she learned how to be patient and keep wishin'/
The promise of eternal life after death, for those that God bless/
She swear the next baby she have would breathe a freed breath/
And get milk from her freed breast, and love being alive/
Otherwise they would have to give up being themselves to survive/
Being maids, cleaning ladies, maybe teachers, college graduates, nurses or house wives, prostitute
Some will grow to be old women, some will die before they born/
They'll be mothers and lovers who inspire and make songs/ But me?
My skin it brown and my manner is tough/
Like the love i give my babies when the rain was enough/
I kill the first muthafucka to mess with me, i never bluff/
I aint got time to lie, my life has been much too rough/
Still runnin' with barefeet, i aint got nothin' but my sole/
Freedom is the ultimate goal/
Life and death are small inna hole in many ways, i've oftenly been in these days/
Cause the only parents God gave me, they were slaves/ And it crippled me
I got the destiny of a casualty/
But i live though my babies and change my reality/
Maybe one day i'll back to georgia on a train, folks 'round there call me "Peaches";/
Guess that's my name.....