

Talib Kweli, Memories Live

[talking]

Yo, you know what we got to do, man, we need to get a whole CD.
Get a collection of all the music and everything we've ever done.

[woman singing]

Bringing back sweet memories (3x)

Life, living in Flatbush and going to house parties
Red lights, bumping, life is what you make it, then sorry
In my lifetime, ain't done too many things
better than watching your first son put his sentences together
Yo, it kinda make me think of way back when
I was the portrait of the artist as a young man
All them teenage dreams of rapping
Writing rhymes on napkins
Was really visualization
Making this shit actually happen
It's like something come through me
That truly just consume me
Speaking through the voices of the spirits speaking to me
I think back in the day, I absorbed everything like a sponge
Took a plunge into my past to share with my son

Bringing back sweet memories (3x)

Like thoughts out the back of my mind
Going back in some time
Like when you used to cut and had to go to the back of the line
Look back and you find
Tracks that make you relax and recline
Now cats rap about packing a nine
When they lacking divine
Inspiration
Running out of topics of conversation
Well I drop it in the pocket because rocking's my occupation
I do it remarkably, spark up a leaf
And possibly you could follow me
Tap into your chi
Utilize your memory
To help you see clearly, then get back to me
Actually, nothing's new under the sun
So when life be stressing me
My remedy is 'bringing back sweet memories'
Like the faces that are woven in the fabric of my consciousness
>From cities where making 21's a big accomplishment
Like when my people understood their prominence
And my past life visions of the continent
Like the first time I saw KRS live, rockin' it
I heard Resurrection by Common Sense
Dominant in my psyche
I chose my direction like Spike Lee
To speak my life through mics, and I never take it lightly
It might be something you did to bring you down when you were high
But that karma's a bitch, you steady asking God why
Like when my parents first split up
Yo, I was illin'
Seems like some years they was together for the sake of the children
And I love them for that
I don't know if they saw that
So I'ma say it, and convey it when the world play it (3x)

Bringing back sweet memories (3x)

Like black is beautiful, names from the seventies

Let me tap into your energy
Fields of dreams become my property
When I reach my destiny like a prophecy
Especially when I 'm 'bringing back sweet memories'
I got deep into my mind, see I got a treasury
That float through my head like a sweet melody
What you telling me
Reflection is a collection of memories
Definitely this is how hiphop was meant to be
Eventually, I knew I'd run into Hi-Teknology
It was only a matter of time like centuries
Check the recipe or technique to how it sound so sweet
I freak with word power, my man speak with beats
If I could make it in New York, I figured anywhere I'd make it
Came to Cincinnati linked with Mood, and we did Sacred
Hi-Tek beats became my favorite
Hussle on the Side was the cut
We started to put songs together like 'What!'
Travelled the world, came back to the crib
And hit the motherland
Yeah, this year we put in work and got some other plans
In fact, that's where I'll take the fam
when the Reflection joint is done
By the time you hear this, I'll be basking in African sun
Like Wow!
We made it
We here