

Modern Marvel

Mos Def

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
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
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
'Cause 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

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