

# 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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