

Auditorium (feat. Slick Rick)

Mos Def

The way I feel sometimes its too hard to sit still
Things are so passionate times are so real
Sometimes I try an chill mellow down blowin smoke
Smile on my face but its really no joke
You feel it in the streets people breathe without hope
They goin' through the motion, they dimmin' down they focus
The focus gettin' clear and the light turn sharp
And the eyes go teary, the mind grow weary
I speak it so clearly sometimes ya don't hear me
I push it past the bass no nations gotta feel me
I feel it in my bones, black, I'm so wide awake
That I hardly ever sleep, my flows forever deep
And its volumes or scriptures when I breath on a beat
My presence speak volumes before I say a word
I'm every where penthouse pavement and curb
Cradle to the grave tall lead you onna shell
Universal ghetto life holla black you know it well Quiet storm vital form pen pushed it right across
Mind is a vital force, high level right across
Shoulders the lions raw voice is the siren
I swing round ring out and bring down the tyrant
Shocked a small act could knock a giant lopsided
The world is so dangerous there's no need for fightin'
Suttins tryna hide like the struggle won't find 'em
And the sun bust through the clouds to clearly remind him
Everywhere penthouse pavement and curb
Cradle to the grave talk'll lead you on a shell
Universal ghetto life holla black you know it well What it is
You know they know
What it is
We know y'all know
What is is
Ecstatic there it is
Huh What it is
You know we know
What it is
They know y'all know
What it is
You don't know? Here it is What it is
You know we know

What it is
They know y'all know
What it is
You don't know? Here it is(And always on time and rockin' ya mind)
Sit and come relax riddle off the mac, its the patch
Imma soldier in the middle of Iraq
Well say about noonish commin' out the whip
And lookin at me curious, a young Iraqi kid (awww)
Carrying laundry, what's wrong G? Hungry?
No, gimme oil or get fuck out my country
And in Arabian barkin' other stuff
Till his moms come grab him and they walk off in a rush I'm like surely hope that we can fix our differences
soon (bye!)
White apples I'm breakin' on
You take everything why not just take the damn food like
I don't understand it, on another planet?
Fifty one of this stuff how I'm gunna manage?
And increasing the sentiment gentlemen
Gettin' down on that middle eastern instruments
Realized trappin' is crap
Walk over kicked one of my fabulous raps (la dee da dee)
Arab pure drop it well wished they Glad Wrap
Now the kid considered like an Elvis of Baghdad

Songwriters

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