Ms. Hill

Talib Kweli

Another night slips away
In other words, I should say
There are no words you should say
There are no words
Another night slips away
In other words, I should say
There are no words you should say
There are no words
Ms. Hill, you got skills, that's a gift, it's real
Get ill, what you spit got the power to uplift and heal
I wish I could talk to Lauryn, I mean, excuse me, Ms. Hill
And let her know how much we love her, it's real
The industry was beatin' her up
Then them demons started eatin' her up
She need a savior that'll bleed in a cup, yup
We used to kick it in the salad days
When she look at me like she don't know me
When she see me nowadays
I nod, she nod back, that's how it stay
Her songs still better than anything out that hot or power play
Remember how they accused her of saying
She did her album without help
Then she went to Rome to sing and tell the Pope about herself
Just after she left the Fugees, started rolling with the Marleys
Got back with her crew at Dave Chapelle's Block Party
She made songs about Zion and trying to be faithful
Took Blackstar on tour to Europe, I was so grateful
Speaking for myself but I'm sure I could speak for Dante
I got to watch a show with Nina Simone and Harry Belafonte
We used to chill at Nkiru, her moms was a customer
She used to love to buy the books by Octavia Butler
Parable of the Sower, the main character's name was Lauren
What the album did for black girls' self-esteem was so important
I got concerned when she got sick on the road
She ain't heavy, I'm a brother
And I wish that I could pick up the load, but no
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Ms. Hill, you got skills, that's a gift, it's real
Get ill, what you spit got the power to uplift the heal
Got her assistant on the the phone, I need to talk to Lauryn
And I wanna walk through the storm
And I could be the umbrella when the rain is pouring
Please, this no disrespect to whoever your man is though
This relationship is strictly music like D'Angelo
I know you hate Babylon and wanna see it fall
But they won't let you read your poem at the BET awards
You give us hope, you give us faith, you the one
They don't like what you got to say but still they beg you to come
Whoa, now that's powerful sis, it's black power
We get money, keep our eyes on the final hour
And no, I ain't saying you Christ, that would be sacrilegious right?
[Incomprehensible]Them raps the sisters recite with their black fist up
The devil's last wish is a queen who rise past bitches
We used to read Francis Crest or anything
By third world press will press
But what the power of the word suggest
Hatched ideas in our heads like birds in the nest
You gave birth to a new sound like Donda West, yes
Should I be saying all of this while the mic is on?
I might as well let it out because one day I might be gone
I write this song and hope you feel how much we love you
And you play it 'cause I really ain't got the words to say it, but yo
Another night slips away
In other words, I should say
There are no words you should say
There are no words, yeah, yeah
Another night slips away
In other words, I should say
There are no words you should say
There are no words
Ms. Hill, you got skills, that's a gift, it's real
Get ill, what you spit got the power to uplift and heal
Another night slips away
In other words, I should say
There are no words you should say
There are no words

Another night slips away
In other words, I should say
There are no words you should say
There are no words

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