Good Mourning

Talib Kweli & Hi-Tek

"Good morning, Brook-nam"
Another stop... on the train
(wake up... wake up... wake up...)
We come to a stop that everybody got to make...
Whether you local or express[Talib Kweli]
What's the meanin of ghettofabulous
Not ridin the back of the bus
I'm a revolutionary antagonist
Some playas is mad at us for just doin our music out of love
Some underground heads is hatin cause we have fun at clubs
I'm probably on some government list for my rhymin
You a fool if you don't think they already tapped your line
Medicine is big business so my remedies is herbal
It's music is for the people so we Reflection Eternal
Listen, you hear the difference between science and science fiction
We blow it out like if you leave on every appliance in the kitchen
at once; still rolling kind bud in Cuban blunts
On the corner watchin how kids comin to Brooklyn for they fronts
Niggas run past what they need chasing after what they want
Fuckin chumps, you walk down the street and get jumped
Brooklyn cats like to bubble out of town no lookin back
When you a ghetto chef you mastered the art of cookin crack
Some get caught sleepin on the Mother City so when they go
They come back as tales of niggas we used to know
Never looked up to see the stars in all they heavenly glory
Just straight ahead cause the peripheral is buildings with mad stories
Not floors but dramas is played out, shorties get laid out
like respect and fade out like TV sets
into the banks of our memories (let it be) we'll never forget you
Lyin on your deathbed askin for God to bless you
[Hook: Talib Kweli]
Good mourning, good afternoon, good night
What have you done with your life?
Everybody time comes to be embraced by the light
You only scared to die when you ain't livin right, man
I'm puttin up a hellafied fight
{*Hi Tek scratch: "Stay awake to the ways of the world"*}[Talib Kweli]
I need you all to be clear on exactly what I'm sayin
With your attention span I understand that I ain't playin

You mistaken if you somehow think it's just me you facin
Starin me down while your enemy is standin adjacent
My heart is racin but I know just what I stand for
We chasin death carelessly like +Jessica+, I +Care Moore+
Who said, "Just because no one can understand how you speak
don't necessarily mean that what you be sayin is deep"
In case you die in your sleep you ask the Lord for a blessin
Sometimes they sneak up so quiet that the silence is deafenin
You'll never know who the assassin is until it's your time to go
Your life is flashin, askin for forgiveness but you move too slow
Now the people that you love bear the pain that you once harbored
You was livin for yourself so you could never be a martyr
Life is hard, death is harder; you somebody baby father
Someone's lover, son of your mother, somebody brother
Somebody nigga, now your spirit in the air like a whisper
Hearin your name mentioned when we pourin out some liquor
The days go by quicker and the nights don't seem to differ
It's gettin cold, so I shivered and asked my soul to be delivered
[Hook: Talib Kweli]
Good mourning, good afternoon, good night
What have you done with your life?
Everybody time comes to be embraced by the light
You only scared to die when you ain't livin right, man
I'm puttin up a hellafied fight
{*Hi Tek scratch: "Stay awake to the ways of the world"*}[Talib Kweli]
Yo, the time come for everybody.
It ain't somethin you can really prepare forYo, yo, Mad Duke, rock rock on and
Curtis Mayfield, rock rock on and
Grover Washington, rock rock on and
My Aunt Hazel, rock rock on and
Big L, rock rock on and
Freaky Tah rock rock on and
Jerome Green, rock rock on and
Slang Ton, rock rock on and
We celebrate life. {*echoes*}
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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