History

Mos Def

Kweli say, "Everybody act according to the season that they born in" Some are the night, some are the morning, some at noon Some in winter, some in June, it's all cool, it's the natural The science is a jewel for me and mines, yours and you Let's move, tell you a little about mine, yo I was born in a season where the world was quiet and cold Celebrations were going on Some were happy, some were sad Some felt bad from being good Some felt good from being bad, feelings pass and change But they never leave, they here to stay Holiday, holiday, happy birthday, teenage love, the first cut run deep Soul on flesh, this is the Brooklyn streets Year of the Ox, seven and three, M.D., the history Every soul got one of these, it's where you been and where you be And without understanding you cannot proceed Complete, it start then it end then it just go round again, again Again and again, brand new Again and again, so fresh Again and again, newness I was born in the decade of decadence Where they worship what they have, Ford was president Do the math, the war was ended When the North Vietnamese stormed the city of Saigon We was like, "Bye", we was gone, let bygones be bygones I'm gone, spread love, it's the Brooklyn way Where they hug you with the firearm side arm Like new school clothes, Black Star official Smash when we do a show, it's facts, no mystery I'm down with the crew like Mussolini in Italy I rock with The Roots like the Giving Tree Powerful, bigotry at work, me and my people got history These rappers dumb it down considerably We get it poppin' like a hit chorus The flow is historic, they can't get rid of us Ubiquitous and we lay the law like Leviticus Ten years ago we made history so they missing us And don't call it a come back in particular Even if it blend into ephemera

Or fade into peripheral transition of the minister's original
We're broadcast clear without diminishing
Black Star stove top burning soul temperatures, administers
Alkalines, aminos and minerals, it's sensuous
Served over Dilla time signatures
It's miracle material, remember it's right now foreverness

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