

## Expansion Outro

Reflection Eternal

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Reflection...

Yeah... so we got this tune called "Four Women" right  
Originally it was by Nina Simone, and uh  
She said it was inspired by, uh, you know, down South  
Down South they used to call her Mother Auntie  
You know, she said no "Mrs.", you know, just Auntie, y'know what I'm sayin'  
And uh, she said if anybody ever called her Auntie she'd burn  
The whole God damned place down, y'know what I'm sayin'  
But you know, we're moving past that, y'know what I'm sayin'  
Coming into a new millenium, can't forget our elders

I got off the Two train in Brooklyn, on my way to a session  
Said "Let me help this woman up the stairs" before I get to steppin'  
We got in a conversation, she said she a hundred and seven  
Just her presence was a blessing, and her essence was a lesson  
She had her head wrapped and long dreads that peeked out the back  
Like antenna to help her to get a sense of where she was at  
Imagine that, living a century, the strength of her memories  
Felt like an angel Heaven sent to me  
She lived from nigga to colored to negro to black to afro  
Then African-American then right back to nigga  
You'd figure she'd be bitter in a twilight, be she aight  
Cause she done seen the circle of life  
Yo, my skin is black like it's packed with melanin  
Back in the days of slaves she'd be packin' like Harriet Tubman  
And, my arms are long like she moves like a song  
Feet with corns, hands with calluses but the heart is warm  
And, my hair is wooly and attract a lot of energy  
Even negative she gotta dead that the head wrap is a remedy (and)  
My back is strong she far from a vagabond  
This is the back the master's whip used to crack upon  
Strong enough to take all the pain that's been inflicted  
Again and again and again and again and then flip it  
To the love for her children, nothing else matters  
What do they call her, they call her Aunt Sarah

I know a girl with a name as beautiful as the rain  
Her face is the same but she suffers in unusual pain  
Seems she only deal with losers who be using them games  
Chasing the real brothers away like she confused in the brain  
She try to get in where she fit in on that American Dream mission  
Paid tuition for that receipt to find out her history was missing  
And started flippin', seeing the world through very different eyes  
People asking her what she'll do when it come time to choose sides  
Yo, my skin is yellow it's like the face is blonde  
Word is bond, and my hair long and straight, it's like Sleeping Beauty  
See she truly feel like she belong in two worlds  
And now she can't relate to other girls  
Her father is rich and white, still living with his wife  
But he forced himself on her mother late one night  
They call it rape, that's right

And now she take flight from life with hate and spite inside her mind  
To keep her up to the break of light a lot of times  
I gotta find myself, I gotta find myself  
I gotta find myself, she had to remind herself  
They call her Siffronia, the unwanted seed  
Blood still blue in her veins, and still red when she bleeds

Don't, don't, don't hurt me again  
Don't, don't, don't hurt me again

Teenage lovers sit on the stoops of a Harlem  
Holdin' hands under the Apollo marquee dreamin' of stardom  
Cause they were born the streets is watching and schemin'  
And now they got them generations facing diseases  
That don't kill you they just got problems and complications  
To get you first, yo it's getting worse  
When children hide the fact that they pregnant  
Cause they scared of givin' birth  
How will I feed this baby, how will I survive, how will this baby shine  
Daddy dead from crack in '85, mommy dead from AIDS in '89  
At 14 the baby hit the same streets they became a master  
The children of the enslaved, they grow a little faster  
They bodies become adult while they keep the thoughts of a child  
Her arrival into womanhood was hemmed up for her survival  
Now she 25, barely grown, now on her own  
Doing whatever it takes, strippin', working out on the block  
Up on the phone talkin' about  
"My skin is tan like the front of your hand  
And my hair, well my hair is alright, whatever I wear when I fix it  
It's alright, it's fine, but my hips these sway hips of mine  
Invite you daddy when I fix my lips my mouth is like wine  
Take a sip, don't be shy, tonight I wanna be your lady  
I ain't too good for your Mercedes, but first you gotta pay me  
Quit with all them questions, sugar, whose little girl am I  
Why, I'm yours if you got enough money to buy  
You better stop with them compliments, we running out of time  
You wanna talk, whatever, we can do that it's your dime  
From Harlem is where I came, don't worry about my name  
Up on 125 they call me Sweet Thing"

Say what, what, what, what, what, what, what, what, what  
What, what, what, what, what, what, what, what, what, what  
Say what, what, what, what, what, what, what, what, what, what  
What, what, what... oooo~

A daughter come up in Georgia ripe and ready to plant seed  
Left her plantation when she saw a sign even though she can't read  
It came from God (praise him!), when life get hard she always speak to Him  
She'd rather kill her babies than let the master get to him  
She on the run up North to get across to Mason-Dixon  
In church she learned how to be patient and keep wishin'  
The promise of eternal life after death for those who God bless  
She swear the next baby she have will breathe a free breath  
And get milk from a free breast and love being alive  
Otherwise they'll have to give up being themself to survive  
Being maids, cleanin' ladies, maybe teachers, and college graduates  
Nurses and housewives, prostitutes and drug addicts

Some will grow to be old women, some will die before they're born  
There'll be mothers and lovers who inspire and make songs  
But me, my skin is brown and my manner is tough  
Like the love I give my babies when the rainbow's enough  
I'll kill the first muhfucker to mess with me, I never bluff  
I ain't got time to lie, my life's been much too rough  
Still runnin' with bare feet, I ain't got nothin' but my sole  
Freedom is the ultimate goal  
Life and death is small in a hole in many ways  
I'm awfully bitter these days  
Cause the only parents God gave me; they were slaves  
And they crippled me, I got the destiny of a casualty  
But I'll live through my babies and I'll change my reality  
Maybe one day I'll ride back to Georgia on a train  
Folks 'round there call me Peaches; guess that's my name