

Expansion Outro

Reflection Eternal

Reflection
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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
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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, what
Say what, 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 themselves 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