

# Good Mourning

Reflection Eternal

Good mourning, 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

What's the meaning of ghetto fabulous?  
Not riding 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

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  
("Stay awake to the ways of the world")

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

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"

Yo, the time come for everybody  
It ain't somethin you can really prepare for

Yo, 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 Greene, rock rock on and  
Slang Ton, rock rock on and  
We celebrate life... [\*echoes\*]