

# Memories Live

Reflection Eternal

Yo, you know what we got to do, man, we need to get a whole CD  
Get a collection of all the music and everything we've ever done

Bringing back sweet memories  
Bringing back sweet memories  
Bringing back sweet memories

Life, living in Flatbush and going to house parties  
Red lights, bumping, life is what you make it, then sorry  
In my lifetime, ain't done too many things  
Better than watching your first son put his sentences together  
Yo, it kinda make me think of way back when  
I was the portrait of the artist as a young man  
All them teenage dreams of rapping  
Writing rhymes on napkins  
Was really visualization  
Making this shit actually happen  
It's like something come through me  
That truly just consume me  
Speaking through the voices of the spirits speaking to me  
I think back in the day, I absorbed everything like a sponge  
Took a plunge into my past to share with my son

Bringing back sweet memories  
Bringing back sweet memories  
Bringing back sweet memories

Like thoughts out the back of my mind  
Going back in some time  
Like when you used to cut and had to go to the back of the line  
Look back and you find  
Tracks that make you relax and recline  
Now cats rap about packing a nine  
When they lacking divine  
Inspiration  
Running out of topics of conversation  
Well I drop it in the pocket because rocking's my occupation  
I do it remarkably, spark up a leaf  
And possibly you could follow me  
Tap into your chi  
Utilize your spiritual faculty  
Accurately use your memory  
To help you see clearly, then get back to me  
Actually, nothing's new under the sun  
So when life be stressing me  
My remedy is 'bringing back sweet memories'  
Like the faces that are woven in the fabric of my consciousness  
From cities where making 21's a big accomplishment  
Like when my people understood their prominence  
And my past life visions of the continent  
Like the first time I saw KRS live, rockin' it  
I heard Resurrection by Common Sense  
Dominant in my psyche  
I chose my direction like Spike Lee  
To speak my life through mics, and I never take it lightly  
It might be something you did to bring you down when you were high  
But that Karma's a bitch, you steady asking God why

Like when my parents first split up  
Yo, I was illin'  
Seems like some years they was together for the sake of the children  
And I love them for that  
I don't know if they saw that  
So I'mma say it, and convey it when the world play it  
I'mma say it, and convey it when the world play it  
I'mma say it, and convey it when the world play it

Bringing back sweet memories  
Bringing back sweet memories  
Bringing back sweet memories

Like black is beautiful, names from the seventies  
Let me tap into your energy  
Fields of dreams become my property  
When I reach my destiny like a prophecy  
Especially when I 'm 'bringing back sweet memories'  
I got deep into my mind, see I got a treasury  
That float through my head like a sweet melody  
What you telling me  
Reflection is a collection of memories  
Definitely this is how hiphop was meant to be  
Eventually, I knew I'd run into Hi-Teknology  
It was only a matter of time like centuries  
Check the recipe or technique to how it sound so sweet  
I freak with word power, my man speak with beats  
If I could make it in New York, I figured anywhere I'd make it  
Came to Cincinnati linked with Mood, and we did Sacred  
Hi-Tek beats became my favorite  
Hustle on the Side was the cut  
We started to put songs together like 'What! '  
Traveled the world, came back to the crib  
And hit the motherland  
Yeah, this year we put in work and got some other plans  
In fact, that's where I'll take the fam  
When the Reflection joint is done  
By the time you hear this, I'll be basking in African sun  
Like Wow!  
We made it  
We here