

On Mission

Reflection Eternal

Blaze one for the Brooklyn crew what
Blaze one for the Cincinnati crew yes
And for the whole world and for the whole world

Yo Hi Tek they still sleepin'
As a right we still peakin'
They still weakin' we adventurous thrill seekin'
We will begin new ways of freakin' it
It's the dawn of the MC who think before he spit
On Mission we intercept your transmission
Bringin exactly what the fans missin'
You, bare witness to, the transition like
Give me that microphone, man listen

Yo, I literally
Obliterate MC's who rhymin' pitifully
Let's get it straight like degrees of longitude and latitude
Adjust your position like your attitude
Even cats frontin' had to move
Now let's begin, while you testin' these better men
You get fucked up like it's your first Friday as freshman
Letter man on the varsity team, I pipe dream
Make they cream freeze like reindeer caught up in high beams
Yo it seems that they sedative like open wounds and I'm lyrically salty
All your shit is faulty, watch me turn jams into revolutionary parties
Stoppin' your heart piece, while we write soliloquies wit Sharpies
We stay in the air like aerosol to carry y'all
?Over crept in? MC's like Jerotol
We men in the mirror y'all, your career is like a metaphor for suffering
When we rush in, beat these niggas like percussion
You ain't touchin' nuttin'
I give instructions and move on your weak production
Drop that African king shit and the royal flushing
Respect the queen, from straight from BK
Stick like girls' legs when they run the Penn Relay

"Talib Kweli it's the Reflection" "Hi-Tek"
"When we livin this shit" "Out of the 7-18 we meet the 51-3"

I blast through your illusions
Shatterin' your shadow as I snatch the light from you
When I want to, confusion is the conclusion you come to
That's the best you could come up wit
When your brain pattern is scattered and that's why you dropped that dumb sh
it
Click first when we hit next when I'm dispersing
Cursing me like ham 'cause I'm original when you're like the King James vers
ion
You need a surgeon to put you back together
When your parts is missin' like aquarian gospels
We can get more hostile without peace
Believe we balance positivity wit negative
Legal and illegal 'cause it's relative
If the law prevent me from being a man, then what's the deal?
In the Hour of Chaos, my microphone's my Black Steel
I grip it wit that sure shot feel
Drivin' through your mind, Hi-Tek be on the wheels

We ride up on your heels, talkin' back now
You pop more junk than a thane or bird?
Fallin' flat on your face, you got caught trippin' off your words
Explain that simunicy?
You oxy-moron, pimpled faced dummy goin' through puberty
Flippin' late night through cable channels lookin' for nudity
You're junior-high, what could you do to me
Nuttin' is new to me but I'm still learnin', what

Hip-hop is in our hearts and we On Mission from the start
To leave our mark up on this rock
Too many people is just livin'
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Listen listen, huh man listen
We intercept the transmission
Bringin' exactly what you fans missin'
Hi-Tek
Uh uh, Talib Kweli yo
Exactly what it's supposed to be yo
None of y'all niggas is close to me, yo
Step back before you get your head cracked
Yo steppin' in through set back, I never sweat that
Aiyyo my man see Smith is jet-black
That's okay though, aiyyo
I build these niggas up and then I smash em to the ground like Play-Dough
And then I lay low