

## 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, pimped 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'  
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'

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  
Aiiyyo my man see Smith is jet-black  
That's okay though, aiiyyo  
I build these niggas up and then I smash em to the ground like Play-Dough  
And then I lay low