

Touch You

Reflection Eternal

Oh, what's up, everybody? This is Rick James
Talib Kweli, DJ Hi-Tek, Reflection Eternal

We make the music that change your life
'Bout to touch you just right
All night we gonna to shine the light
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Piakhon floating on the mighty clouds of joy
Building a future, yo, for my daughter and baby boy (Uh huh)
I moved from the hood, yet the shit still in me
And your opinion is nothing to me, I have plenty
Like bein' out of prison with a roof over my dome
And possessing the gift such as sparking the microphone
Accumulate the provolone
Makin' it happen with Talib, a Nattian cat, we got 'em snappin'
Roberta Flack-in' the track and, killin' em softly without flossin'
But yet the shine is glossy and
The run the lyrical train through your brain shit
Strategy pain, I'm on some Clubber Lang shit
With the iron, ain't no use in you trying, I ain't lyin'
Through your ears mesmerize 'em
It's about time the genuine started risin'
Once again replace bullets with words, try to make it fun again

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'Bout to touch you just right (Right, right right)
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If they put my life on the screen then it's got to be the IMAX
I live large, stroke your mind 'til you reach climax
Terrorist hijack on Hi-Tek fly tracks
Front, don't try that, my niggas got my back
You gotta relax, ease back
What's that all about with the feedback?
All up in my mouth, we don't need that
Enjoy life, open up a tree sack
Take a trip, pass thought, no passport, just leave that
Asphalt is the place to be at
Where the people fire burn so bright you can see that, believe that
It ain't light music (No)
We make the right music (True)
Keep it tight music (Yes)
Affirmin' life music (Come on)

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'Bout to touch you just right (Uh, uh uh)
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It's like girls got the bass all up in they hips
My favorite part on the face is the shape of the lips
Yeah, I wanna touch you there (Right there)
Your mind is my concubine when I deliver shivers up your spine
Words eatin' at your soul ike the bread and wine
My brain is embedded with rhymes that's ahead of they time
I rock the better design, you cats ain't got the touch
You all suck, like getting head from a dime
I, run up in 'em and, touch 'em with the rhythm and
Clutch 'em if they tremblin', it's a rush like adrenaline
At point break, the joint shake when you play this (Yeah)
Your crew is haters when we come through with the newest/latest (Like that)
Reflection Eternal
Shine light bright like the day 'til the sky turn purple
And the moon arrive, reflecting through the night
That touch you just right

With the rhythm, the rhythm, God bless the rhythm
It's the rhythm, the rhythm; yes y'all, the rhythm
Shorty on the dance floor giving me rhythm
Hi-Tek make y'all nod y'all neck to the rhythm
And

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All night we gonna to shine the light
'Bout to touch you just right (Uh, uh)

Yeah yeah yeah
Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh, yeah yeah yeah yeah
Uh, uh, uh, uh uh; uh, uh, uh uh uh
Uh, uh, uh, uh uh; uh, uh, uh uh uh
Clap your hands everybody
Clap your hands everybody
Clap your hands everybody
Come on, clap your hands everybody