

Ms. Hill

Talib Kweli

Every night, slips away in other words, (yo, who's this?) I should say
there are no words, (y'all heard it) you should say
there are no words, (I mean it's life)
every night, slips away (I mean, what can I say? it's best)
in other words, I should say
there are no words, you should say
there are no words

Ms. Hill, you got skills, that's a gift, it's real
get ill, what you spit got the power to uplift the heel
I wish I could talk to Lauryn
I mean excuse me, Ms. Hill
and let her know how much we love her is real
the industry was beating her up
then those demons started eating her up
she need a savior that'll bleed in a cup, yup
we used to kick it in the salad days
when she look at me like she ain't know me when she see me nowadays
I nod, she nod back, that's how it stay
her songs still better than anything out there
hotter power play
remember how they accused her of saying
she did her album without help
then she went to Rome to sing
and tell the Pope about herself
just after she left the Fugees
started rolling with the Marleys
got back with her crew at Dave Chapelle's Block Party
she made songs about Zion
and trying to be faithful
took the Blackstar on tour in Europe
I was so grateful
speaking for myself but I'm sure I could speak for Dante
I got to watch a show with Nina Simone and Harry Belafonte
we used to chill at Nkiru, her moms was a customer
she used to love to buy the books by Octavia Butler
Parable of the Sower, the main character's name was Lauren
what the album did for black girls' souls was so important
I got concerned when she got sick on the road
she ain't heavy, I'm a brother
and I wish that I could pick up the load, but no

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got your assitant on the the phone
"I need to talk to Lauryn"
and I wanna walk through the storm, and I could be the umbrella
when the rain is pouring

please, this no disrespect to whoever your man is though
this relationship is strictly music like D'angelo
I know you hate Babylon, and wanna see it fall
but they won't let you read your poem at the BET awards
you give us hope, you give us faith, you the one
they don't like what you got to say
but still they beg you to come, whoa
now that's powerful sis, it's black power
we get money, keep our eyes on the final hour
and no I ain't saying you Christ, that would be sacriligious right?
but you can blow up the night, sisters the rats is vicious
the raps the sisters recite with their black fist up
the devil's last wish is a queen that rise past bitches
we used to read Francis Crest or anything
by Third World Press will press
but what the power of the word suggest
hatched ideas in our heads like birds in the nest
you gave birth to a new sound like Don did West, yes
should I be saying all of this while the mic is on?
I might as well let it out because one day I might be gone
I write this song and hope you feel how much we love you
and you play it, cause I really ain't got the words to say it
but yo

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