

## 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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