

Something wonderful

Lowkey

Something wonderful...

To chase it all away

For the women of the world, because women are the world

Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again

I'm just letting you know...

I'm tryna be a good man, I can't speak for the others

Know the saying heaven lies at the feet of your mother

Mine showed me the definition of hard work and

Smiles through her tears even though her heart's hurting

Speaks her mind and never ever bites her tongue

I guess today you can say I'm just like my mum

Great grandmother was in Beirut in '82

In a flat when it got invaded by Israeli troops

Sleeping in the hallway for shelter from the bullets

And that's why I'll always respect her to the fullest

Physically gone, all memories are kept in a picture

In Baghdad my nan slept with a Beretta in her slipper

You're judged as a man by everything you amount to

And the respect that you show the women around you

So think about that stuff when you diss her

That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister

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I'm not claiming to be perfect, I know what a curve is

But a woman's worth isn't just on the surface

I see too many young women craving affection

Degrading themselves for a male's attention

I know it's love that you're certain that you felt

But messing with these different guys you're just searching for yourself

Would it whore-ish to boast how high your score is

When a man does it, a player is what you call him

What if it's all just lies when she talks to guys

Displays promiscuous ways like it's all alright

Would it make you squirm if the tables turned

Is that really what it would take to make you learn

You're judged as a man by everything you amount to

And the respect that you show the women around you

So think about that stuff when you diss her

That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister

I said think about that stuff when you diss her

That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister

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Certain things are too deep to put in a verse

Let me apologize to every single woman I've heart

Or disrespected whether family members or ex's

I wanna make amends for however I left it

Men make them, but the women get harmed in wars

I pray for a heart as pure as Assata Shakur's

We put them down on but on the pedestal we should put them

Behind every good man, there's a good women
Betty Shabazz lost her husband to the handguns
And lost her life when her house was burned down by her grandson
Qubilah saw her father murdered when the hammers passed
So I feel her pain when she tried to murder Farrakhan
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to
And the respect that you show the women around you
So think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister
I said think about that stuff when you diss her
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