

If You Can Huh You Can Hear

Mos Def

Hey, yo man, I think that dude's tryin to break into your car
...what?

New york life... type trife...

That's why I'm tryin to shine the light, yo

Here it come, here it come, here it come, y'all

Mos def, blessed with the breath of life so arise and give praises

Turn my face to where the mighty sun raises

My book of rhyme pages, filled with phrases that amaze

I could go on for days

First name dante, last name beze

Build the house of tomorrow with bricks of today

My foundation rests on allah corner stone

Shine the light throught the mic to radiate your zone

See, the world that we know is about to get finished

I'm watching last days wind down to final minutes

Got dreams of paradise and my whole fam in it

So I ain't got time to play no crime lieutenant

Do you got time to play the crime lieutenant?

See time is the asset, how you gonna spend it

The way you handle yours will be well documented

It's the raw authentic, sandalwood scented

To make you bump the joint and in beyond city limits

Twenty-first, no time to, approach a thing timid

My name is mos def and this is how I get in it

Chorus:

Hey yo, my man (huh?)....

Somethin tight comin through the pipe (what?)

You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed

To incline throughout space and time (yeah)

You don't believe, lend a ear, yo my man (huh?)

Somethin tight comin on your right (what?)

You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed

To incline, I hold the fold to shine (yeah)

If you can huh, you can hear it...

If you can huh, you can hear it, we in your atmos'

Shine like black gold, burn like black coal

Make a old timer roll up her sleeves, now that's cold

Behold, the one and only has blessed my testimony

Approach the ceremony authentic, never phony

For delf, but never lonely, keep the kinfolk close

Watch me rip it on pacific and atlantic coasts

With the antidote, for the poisonous snake lies wit

Only wimps put the hiss on tape

You can't get on straight, this is dead on tape

Accompanied by shawn j. with the bid on bait

Put the grid on plate, on the ear or tray

Hot damn it captain kirk and the klingons say

You can't sit on stage, you got to get on the m-o-

T-i-v-a-t-e real life, ain't no freebie

My seed can't be needy, no time for freaky-deaky

I'm movin on up like george and wheezy

Who said that this was easy, they must have been treetop high

Standin yieldin to our boldfaced lie, we all got to die

So all got to try, to live life right

In the sight of most high, to live life right

In the sight of most high, to live life right

In the sight of most high, to live life right in the sight

Chorus:

Hey yo, my man (huh?)....
Somethin tight comin through the pipe (what?)
You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed
To incline throughout space and time (yeah)
You don't believe, lend a ear, yo my man (huh?)
Somethin tight movin on your right (what?)
You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed
To incline, I hold the fold to shine (yeah)
If you can huh, you can hear it yo, my man (huh?)....
Somethin tight comin through the pipe (what?)
You heard the first time, the rhyme is designed
To incline the pure genuine (yeah)
You don't believe, lend a ear, yo my man (huh?)
Somethin tight movin on your right (what?)
You heard the first time, my rhyme is designed
To incline, I hold the fold to shine (yeah)
If you can huh, you can hear it...
If you can huh, you can hear it, we in your atmos'...