

# Modern Marvel

Mos Def

This desire...

I come home high and she start to cry  
I can't take it..  
A brand new excuse does me no use  
That won't make it..  
She at home with the kids, this is no way to live  
What can I say?  
I know it's surreal but I'm a hard headed still  
Do things my way..  
And it's so strong, soo strong  
It's like I'm dying..  
Trying to hold on, my body says oh no oh out there..  
Flying, the price that I pay for the game that I play  
Ain't no game at all..  
I'm up in the clouds and I'm spiraling down  
Nothing breaks the fall..  
And it's so strong, so strong  
It's like I'm dying..  
Try to hold on, my body says oh no oh out there  
Flying..

Sounds of the sufferers pray  
I come home high and she start to cry  
I can't take it..  
A brand new excuse does me no use  
That won't make it..  
She at home with the kids, this is no way to live  
What can I say?  
I know it's surreal but I'm a hard headed still  
Black Dante and it's so strong..  
So strong..  
So strong..  
So strong...  
I'm out there flying..  
Flying..  
Flying..  
Flying...

This game is fantastic..desire...

[Mos Def Speaking]

Killers..this life this life  
Lovers..this life this life  
Hustlers..this life this life  
Thieves..this life this life  
Gamblers..this life this life  
Niggaz..Crackers..Children..Mothers..Fathers..Lovers..Neighbors..Hungry..  
Full..the beautiful..the stars..the distance..the close..the stars..  
The heavens..this life  
The floor..this life this life  
The high..this life  
The beneath..this life this life  
All..all..everywhere..everywhere..anywhere..somewhere..home...  
Come on, this how it goes..  
Ghetto people in the world today, get up!  
Ha! Look alive, breathe..wooh!  
Ha! How it goes...  
[Mos Def Rapping]  
Mother, mother...

Head in her hands  
Her first born son dead in her hands  
The whole thing was a setup, a scam  
They knew it was set up and planned  
Niggaz he worked with wet him and ran, and thas..  
Brother, Brother...  
But son, I don't see no brother hood  
All I see is thugger hood  
Get rich and fuck the hood  
All they want is some good smoke from the hood  
Lookin for the shorty good stroke from the hood  
That's how they touch the hood  
But when I touch the hood, I'll make it brighter, black  
Because I'm brighter, black  
And I'm so black I'm bright, shine through the blackest night  
Shine when I'm live, shine via satellite  
Shout in the hood, we get the picture  
Cuz everytime you out in the hood, you got photographers witcha  
What's going on? Ha!  
Understand this is real life..  
This how it goes on, this how it goes on...  
It keep going on, this how it goes on...  
Ghetto people look alive, get free  
Get involved, remain to breathe...Ha! Wooh!  
If Marvin was alive now, wow..  
What would I say to him?  
Where could I start?  
How could I explain to him??  
I know the minor world would probably look strange to him  
Would he feel like today had a place for him?  
Global imprisonment, sickness, indifference  
When he said,