

Waheedah's Hands

Brother Ali

Damn Brother what's wrong with you
I think that somebody as strong as you
Should have a better memory for what it was that brought you through
I know it's hard for you to discard what's carved in you
And I don't think that's what it is I need to talk to you
I'm not a hypocrite, I just forget
And right now, the shit I'm livin' with has got me in the thick of it
I'm strugglin'
I can feel my knees bucklin'
But all that sufferin' never made my faith muscles thin
My defense mechanism is inaction
My whole outside world is a distraction
I lose track of what day and week it is
And I forget about is my family of believers
But I with them for ten years and they raised me
It pains me that they ain't been seeing my face lately
My daily prayin' is damn near a special occasion
As a human I neglected my station

Ooh child
Say why
Ooh child
Say why
From his hands
Clappin' church on Sunday mornin'
From his hands
You stay here I don't want it
Say, baby don't you run so fast

Might pound on a piece of glass
Put yourself in Jesus' hands
C'mon sang

Nineteen years old I used to preach to the people and
Teach they children that God's voice was deep within
Travel overseas learning how to live and breath
What I believe ain't waterin' my seeds child
I carried my head all off balance
Too spiritual to develop raw talents
That Brother walk around with his head in the clouds
Till real life came and punched him dead in the mouth
Brought him out there no where near prepared
Not secure enough to admit he was scared
So he flipped the scene
But he
Still extreme
And the only thing that changed is his Yang became Ying
Changed in the place where the ?Juma? resumed
While he tried to get his crew out the Room With A View
Those old ladies words still ingrained in his brain
When he prays he remembers their names
Please Allah don't let my heart get heart get too far gone
Or let me die while I'm riding out the groove that I'm on
It's goes Hebrew