

Wake up, Niggers

The Last Poets

Night, descends, as the sun's light ends
And black comes back, to blend again
And with the depth of the sun
Night blackness become one
Blackness being you
Peeping through the red, the white, and the blue
Dreaming of bars, black civilizations that once flourished and grew
HEY! - WAKE UP, NIGGERS or y'all through!
Drowning in the puddle of the white man's spit
As you pause for some drawers in the midst of shit
And ain't got nothing to save your funky-ass with!
You cool, fool - sipping on a menthol cigarette 'round midnight
Rapping about how the Big Apple is outta sight, when you ain't never had a bite
Who are you fooling? Me, you
Wake up, niggers or ya ALL through!
In Uptown, two roaches are drowned in each other's piss
In Downtown, interracial lovers secretly kiss
While junkies are dreaming of total bliss
Somewhere in the atmospheeeeere, far away from heeeeere
Beyond realms of white dimensions, gathered by suppressed intentions
As their CRIES, cries, cries go unrecognized
Except by their keeper, the Grim Reaper
"SAVE ME!", " a carnity shout, as the lights go out
'cause you ain't paid your 'lectric bill
And the rats and roaches move on in for the kill
As your lips struggle the Grain, that last drought from the wine bottle
And you roll snake eyes, never to realizing that you BLEW
WAKE up, niggers or ya all through!
Sitting in the corner with your minds tied to your behinds
Bonafied members of Niggers Anonymous
Never knowing which way you're going - pimpin' off life
Turning tricks to slick dicks, with candy asses
"All masses are behelding a mind mourning for the Late Great black maaaaaan... "
(Ahhhhhhh-meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeen...)
YOU NIGGERS UNDERSTAND?! UP AGAINST THE WALL
Black male and farmers, are a-blow you away
And you'll never live to see the light of day
And the nightstick, the nightstick it glides GRACEFULLY upside yo' head
That's right, brothers and sisters, YOU livin' dead

When the cock crows, and the night goes
And it saves your ass in the nick of time
As you wake up and you start to find
Yourself, laying up in bed - scratching your ass in hand
Trying to remember where you recall this veneer nightmare
That always leave you feelin' blue
But you still can't place, The Man face, as hard as you try to
HEY! - WAKE UP, NIGGERS OR WE ALL THROUGH!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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