I'm A African

Dead Prez

Yo, turn this motherfucking shit up
Ha ha ha, Uhuru, coupe tete boule kay
Rwanda, Nigeria, Africa's in the house
My nigga DR
Nigga the red is for the blood in my arm
The black is for the gun in my palm
And the green is for the tram that grows natural
Like locks on Africans
Holdin' the smoke from the herb in my abdomen
Camouflage fatigues, and daishikis
Somewhere in between N.W.A. and P.E.
I'm black like Steve Biko
Raised in the ghetto by the people
Fuck the police you know how we do
Ayo, my life is like Roots it's a true story
It's too gory for them televised fables on cable
I'm a, a runaway slave watching the north star
Shackles on my forearm , runnin' with the gun on my palm
I'm an African , never was an African-American
Blacker than black I take it back to my origin
Same skin hated by the klansmen
Big nose and lips, big hips and butts, dancin', what
I'm a African, I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin'
I'm a African, I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin'
You a African? You a African?, louder
Do you know what's happenin'?
I'm a African, I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin'
It's plain to see, you cant change me
'Cuz I'm a people army for life
Where you from fool?
No I wasn't born in Ghana, but Africa is my momma
And I did not end up here from bad karma
Or from B-Ball, selling mad crack or rappin'
Peter Tosh try to tell us what happened
He was sayin' if you black then you African
So they had to kill him, and make him a villain

'Cuz he was teachin' the children
I feel him, he was tryin' to drop us a real gem
That's why we bucking holes in the ceilin' when we hearin'
I'm a African, I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin'
I'm a African, I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin'
You a African? You a African?, louder
Do you know what's happenin'?
I'm a African, I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin'
A-F-R-I-C-A, Puerto Rico, Haiti, and J.A.
New York and Cali, F-L-A
No it aint 'bout where you stay, it's bout the motherland
A-F-R-I-C-A, Puerto Rico, Haiti, and J.A.
New York and Cali, F-L-A
No it aint 'bout where you stay, it's bout the motherland
It's like tank top, flip-flop
Knotty dread lock, fuck a cop, hip-hop
Make your head bop
Bounce to this, socialist movement
My environment made me the nigga I am
Uncle Sam came and got me and arrested my fam
Try to infiltrate and murder off the best of my clan
I'm not American, punk, Democrat, or Republican
Remember that, most of the cats we know, be hustlin'
My momma work, all her life and still strugglin'
I blame it on the government and say it on the radio
(What)
And if you don't already know
All these Uncle Tom ass kissin' niggas got to go

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