

# 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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