

Black Rage

The Last Poets

Grenades in there eyes
& death is there prize
Peace will arise
and destroy there lies

There are bombs standing on the corners of the cities
Waiting to explode at the slightest touch
Baggy stand street boys stand cocked ready to fire
Their eyes are grenades & the pin is about to be pulled
'BOOM' the brother went off
Pressure pulled the trigger
and the brother became a nigger
and nobody could figure how
it happened, what went wrong

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What went wrong, he had a chance
somebody even loved him, even told
him he was better than most
But he went off, chains rattled inside
his brain & the sky was filled with
clouds that day, that didn't even bring rain.
That just the illusion that something was
coming, so he became a gun.
That he could hide in a jacket & make
believe he had an erection all the time.
He could penetrate anything, his tongue
was a curse, his attitude was a bullet.
And he'd shoot you down without a
second thought,

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He became G.I. Joe killing his family
not the enemy, a human gun,made &
manufactured in the United States
of America. There are bombs standing on the
corner of the cities,waiting to explode at
the slightest touch,baggy stand street boys
stand cocked ready to fire.their eyes are
grenades.

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They are warriors looking for a rite of
passage,they are young lions enchanted
by the sound of their roar.They are
diamonds treated like worthless stones
They are rivers with no where to run,they
are dreams unfulfilled,desires buried in
remains of an abandon soul.They are
the beauty of Spring, blinded by the snow-storms
of Winter.Soon they will see their beauty,their
strength, their love & like the rivers flow into
the sea, they will unite as one.Then our
voice will be more powerful than a gun,& as
we speak we will get things done.

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[To fade]

Lyrics submitted by Tony.

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