

# Dead Nigga Blvd., Pt. 2

## Meshell Ndegeocello

You sell your soul like you sell a piece of ass  
Slave to the dead white leaders on paper  
Welfare cases, rapists and hoes  
All reinforced by your TV show  
Exotic and beautiful videos  
Yeah, a jail's a sanctuary for the walking dead  
Fucks with your head when every black leader ends up dead  
Somebody said, Our greatest destiny is to become white  
But white is not pure and hate is not pride  
Just 'cause civil rights is law doesn't mean that we all abide  
Tell me are you free? Campaign for every dead nigga boulevard  
So y'all young motherfuckers can drive down it in your fancy cars  
Free, try to hold on to some Africa of the past  
One must remember it's other Africans that helped enslave your ass  
Everybody's just trying to make that dollar  
Remember what Jesse used to say? I am somebody  
No longer do I blame others for the way that we be  
'Cause niggas need to redefine what it means to be free  
I can't even tell my brothers and sisters that they're fine  
This absence of beauty in their heart and mind  
Stopped breastfeeding the child, you put 'em on the cow  
And now you wonder why they act wild  
You see brown folks are the keepers of the earth  
Unifiers of the soul and mind  
Not these wannabe gaudy pimps and thugs  
Wearing diamond watches from African slave mines  
Perhaps to be free is to all love those who hate me  
And die a beautiful death and make pretty brown babies  
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Remember what Jesse used to say? I am somebody  
No longer do I blame white folks for the way that we be  
Niggas need to redefine what it means to be free  
Understand young folks  
When you put property rights ahead of human rights  
Understand you're tampering with nature  
That's right, you see, property rights is controlled by man

And human rights is controlled by nature

Songwriters

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