Brother

Gil Scott-Heron

We deal in too many externals, brother.
Always afros, handshakes, and dashikis.Never can a man build a working structure for black capitalism.
Always does a man read Mao or Fanon.I think I know you would-be black revolutionaries too well.
Standing on a box on a corner, talking about blowing the white boy away.
That's not where it's at, yet, brother.Calling this man an Uncle Tom,
And telling this woman to get an afro,
But you won't speak to her if she looks like hell, will you, brother?Some of us been checking you act out kinda closely.
And by now it's looking kinda shaky, the way you been rushing people with your super-black bag.
Jumping down on brothers with both feet because they are after their B.A.
But you're never around when your B.A. is in danger.
I mean your black ASS.I think it was a little too easy to forget that you were a negro before Malcolm.
You drove your white girl through the village every Friday night,
While the grass roots stared in envy and drank wine.
Do you remember?You need get your memory banks organized, brother.
Show that man you call an Uncle Tom just where he is wrong.
Show that woman that you are a sincere black man.All we need you to do is SHUT UP AND BE BLACK.
Help that woman.
Help that man.
That's what brothers are for, brother.

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