

Letter to the Free (feat. Bilal)

Common

Southern leaves, southern trees we hung from
Barren souls, heroic songs unsung
Forgive them father they know this knot is undone
Tied with the rope that my grandmother died
Pride of the pilgrims affect lives of millions
Since slave days separating, fathers from children
Institution ain't just a building
But a method, of having black and brown bodies fill them
We ain't seen as human beings with feelings
Will the U.S. Ever be us? Lord willing!
For now we know, the new Jim Crow
They stop, search and arrest our souls
Police and policies patrol philosophies of control
A cruel hand taking hold
We let go to free them so we can free us
America's moment to come to Jesus Freedom (freedom)
Freedom come (freedom come)
Hold on (hold on)
Won't be long (won't be long)
Freedom (freedom)
Freedom come (freedom come)
Hold on (hold on)
Won't be long (won't be long) The caged birds sings for freedom to bring
Black bodies being lost in the american dream
Blood of black being, a pastoral scene
Slavery's still alive, check amendment 13
Not whips and chains, all subliminal
Instead of 'nigga' they use the word 'criminal'
Sweet land of liberty, incarcerated country
Shot me with your ray-gun
And now you want to trump me
Prison is a business, America's the company
Investing in injustice, fear and long suffering
We staring in the face of hate again
The same hate they say will make america great again
No consolation prize for the dehumanized
For america to rise it's a matter of black lives
And we gonna free them, so we can free us
America's moment to come to Jesus Freedom (freedom)

