FATIMA

Ananke

Picture the morning, taste and devour
We rise early, pace up the hour
Streets is rustling, hustling they heart out
You can't have the sweet with no sour
Spices, herbs, the sweets and the flower
She came out precisely the hour
Clouds disappear, the sun shows the power
No chance of a probably shower
I feel in love with my neighbor's daughter
I wanted to protect and support her
Never mind, I'm just 12 and a quarter
I had dreams beyond our border
Is it true when they say all you need is just love?
(Is it true?)
What about those who have loved
Only to find that it's taken away?
And why do they say that the children
Have rights to be free?
(To be free)
What about those who I've known
Whose memories still lives inside of me?
Fatima, what did the young man say
Before he stole you away on that fateful day?
Fatima
Fatima, did he know your name
Or the plans we made
To go to New York City?
Fatima
And after school, we studied the lessons
I asked God to slow down the seconds
He does the opposite, that's what I'm guessin'
I better chill and count my own blessings
Fatima, Fatima, what is the matter?
How come you ain't come up the ladder?
So we can be like there is no tomorrow
Damn, you gon' make me wait 'til tomorrow
She spoke Arabic and Swahili,
She'd say, "Upendo anta Habibi"
You so bright, you sound like my TV

Then one day, she never came to meet me
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If beauty was in the eyes of beholder
How come everyone hushed when she walked by?
How come girls would look just to scold her?
How come the angel wanted to hold her?
Fatima, Fatima, I'm in America
I make rhymes and I make 'em delicate
You would have liked the parks in Connecticut
You would have said I'm working to hard again
Damn you shooter, damn you the building
Whose walls hid the blood she was spillin'
Damn you country so good at killin'
Damn you feelin' for persevering
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(Is it true?)
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Now I just want to make it clear
I don't want you to shed a tear
'Cause this here is a celebration
We're not mourning
We're celebrating so baby don't cry
Please don't let the tears fall
(Fatima)
So don't cry

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