

# Love Created I (Marcus Teaching)

Tarrus Riley

Blessed love, Satta Massagana  
Igziabeher, Negust, Negast  
Kadamawe, Kadamawe, Kadamawe Give us the teaching of Marcus Garvey  
Kebra Negast means Glory of Kings  
Give I and I Selassie I and keep the guy  
With the blue eyes for yourself 'Cause people without a vision perish like suicide  
You tell me its not about color  
Still you refuse to take the picture off the wall  
All you do is trick the brothers, keep them confused  
They don't know who to call in this critical war And you tell me of a paradise in the sky but that's a lie  
And you tell me, I was born in sin and shaped  
In inequity when love created I  
Look how many prophets tried  
To open our eyes, you can't fool me Look how they're treating us  
This new millennium slavery  
I see them hiding the chains  
And still beating us daily And now we mentally poisoned to fight we black skin  
And bleaching ah the in thing far out and far in sin  
You tell me its not about color  
Still you refuse to take the images out your books I know that's not how we look, kush  
Don't take offense when we shout black power  
It carries us through, we been abused  
Put yourself in my shoes And no tell me of a paradise in the sky  
But that's a lie  
Don't tell me, I was born in sin and shaped  
In inequity when love created I Look how many prophets tried  
To open our eyes, you can't fool me  
Kadamawe, Kadamawe, Kadamawe Look how they're treating us  
This new millennium slavery  
I see them hiding the chains  
And still beating us daily And now we mentally poisoned  
To fight we Black skin  
And a bleaching ah the new thing  
Far out and far in, sin You tell me its not about color  
Still you refuse to take the picture off the wall  
All you do is trick the brothers, keep them confused  
They don't know who to call in this, yeah spiritual war So no tell me of a paradise in the sky  
'Cause that's a lie and you tell me  
I was born in sin and shaped in inequity

When love created I and I Look how many prophets tried  
To open our eyes, you can't fool me  
Kadamawe, Kadamawe, Kadamawe So don't tell me of a paradise in the sky  
'Cause that's a lie, no, come tell me  
I was born in sin and shaped in inequity  
When love created I and I and I Look how many prophets tried to open our eyes  
You can't fool me  
Kadamawe, Kadamawe, Kadamawe You can't fool me, no  
You can't fool me, no

Songwriters

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