

# Soul, 1971

## Sho Baraka

Fellas I'm ready to get up and do my thing (go ahead)

I wanna get into it man, you know (go ahead)

Like I, you know I'm the man, don't you? (go ahead)

Can I count it off?

One, two, three, four I'm groovin' for the activists and graduates

I'm an advocate for those feeling abandonment

In the favelas and slums, the ghetto inhabitants

It's like 'Can anything good come outta Nazareth?'

The only thing good came outta Nazareth

(This is the groove, tell me, can you handle it?)

Yeah I'm schooled in the ways of runaway slaves

I'm brave, I'm unchained, I'm Frederick Douglass with a fade

I kidnapped greatness and left no ransom

I'm the grandson of Muhammed Ali, but more handsome

The solar cat call away with our dancing

Call me Eve before I show my fruit, let me get at 'em

Picking up the pieces in a world that's fallen

They imprisoned by ignorance, I'm begging your pardon

I'm charming, I am George Washington Carver in a garden

With some food, but some prefer starving

The LP is sold out, yeah I'm missing the bargain

The industry is Walmart, they missing the target

Suited for success, bow ties and top hats

If greatness had a score this is the soundtrack Oh lord

Oh lord

Oh lord

Oh lord

Come on now

I'm the man ain't I? (you the man)

I'm the man ain't I? (you the man)

I will not keep on losing

I'ma keep on grooving

I'm the man ain't I? (you the man)

I'm the man ain't I? (you the man)

I will not keep on losing (hell naw)

The finish line keeps on moving I'm grooving for a Coltrane and Athanasius

Bonhoeffer and Harlem

Now, you speaking my language

I'm contagious, educated and dangerous

(I've been running for my life but I don't know where the race is)  
If you've never seen a frown you'll never love a smile  
Only insecure boys, they fighting for a crown  
You never been a servant, then you'll never be a king  
Woke up in two thousand and fifteen like you've never had a dream  
Bad schools, bad food, bad predatory lenders  
Bad debt, no investment, just mandatory spenders  
On spinners, on spinners, need something on spinners  
Churches ain't saving they just decorating sinners  
When the liquor store is your neighbour, they'll probably grow up a drunk  
When the courts keep you from court you'll probably learn to dunk  
They took the cheese and they put it in the trap  
I got a gift from the Lord so maybe I should rap  
Yeah, I know poor is a state of mind  
Huh, and I'm tryna cross the border line  
In due time, you gon' learn to love me  
No matter what you do, you can't take the groove from me

Songwriters

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