

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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