

# Letter to My Countrymen (Instrumental)

## Brother Ali

Verse 1:

I used to think I hated this place  
Couldn't wait to tell the president straight to his face  
But lately I changed, nowadays I embrace it all  
Beautiful ideals and amazing flaws  
Got to care enough to give a testament  
'Bout the deeply depressing mess we're in  
It's home so we better make the best of it  
I wanna make this country what it says it is  
Still dream in the vividest living color  
No matter how many times my love been smothered  
Who's ever above us won't just let us suffer  
All of this struggling got to amount to something  
This is a letter to my countrymen  
Especially those my age and younger than  
We're up against an ugly trend  
Everybody's hustling don't nobody touch their friends  
No group singing and dancing  
No anthem nobody holds hands, and...  
Instead they give a handheld  
And make you shoulder life's burden by your damn self  
One thing that can't be debated  
Power never changed on it's own you got to make it  
That's why community is so sacred  
That's the symbol that we make when we raise fists

Chorus:

"Sooner or later" x2

Verse 2:

We don't really like to talk about the race thing  
The whole grandparents used to own slaves thing  
Pat ourselves on the back in February  
Looking at pictures of Abe Lincoln and the great King  
But the real picture's much more embarrassing  
We're still not even close to really sharing things  
The situation of oppressed people  
Shows what we feel it means to be a human being  
What does it mean to be American?  
I think the struggle to free is our inheritance  
And if we say it how it really is

We know our lily skin still give us privilege  
Advantages given to the few  
That are built into the roots of our biggest institutions  
That's the truth in life we got to choose  
Do I fight in the movement or think I'm entitled to it  
This is not a practice life  
This is the big game we got to attack it right  
Each one of us is headed for the grave  
This old crooked world won't be saved by the passive type  
This is a letter to my countrymen  
Not from a Democrat or a Republican  
But one among you that's why you call me brother  
Ain't scared to tell you we're in trouble 'cause I love you

Chorus:

"Sooner or later" x2

Verse 3:

They tell me I'm a dreamer, they ridicule  
They feel defeated, old, bitter, and cynical  
Excuse me but I see it from a different view  
I still believe in what a driven few could really do  
I know that the masses want to sleep  
And they would just rather hear me rapping to the beat  
But I want to pass this planet to my son  
A little better than it was when they handed it to me  
So I wrote a letter to my countrymen  
I'll be happy if it only reaches one of them  
Reporting live A-L-I, your brother  
Mourning in America, dreaming in color

Dr. Cornel West:

My dear Brother Ali,

I think you know deep down in your soul that  
something, something just ain't right.  
You don't want to be just well adjusted to injustice  
and well adapted to indifference. You want to be  
a person with integrity who leaves a mark on the world.  
People can say when you go that you left the world  
just a little better than you found it. I understand. I want  
to be like that too.

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