

Black and Strong (HomeSick)

The Last Poets

I'm coming home were I belong
I'm coming home, Real, Black & strong

Write graffittis on the walls of Wall Street
Colours so loud they let the walls speak
As one, Black & Strong

Like the stories of the peoples of a small streets
Give it up, as they all speak, as one
Be black & strong

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Write graffittis on the walls of Wall Street
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Like the stories from the peoples on small streets
Give it up, as they all speak, as one
black & strong

Like the stories of people of a small street
Different but the same as when they all speak
As one,Be black & strong

I see a slave that's on a ship
In fact it's getting gripped
the Great,Great grandson thats a trip, he's equipt
A broken man in tattered rags,a one way ticket
A colour was his name.the chain was his claim,
the game was a four hundred year reign,
Tote that bar,lift that bail,you ran for
the country,you were for jail
He was sold to his master to the highest
bidder,three cows,two horses & a healthy nigger
Bred like they had a burnt face,lost in space
Born to loose,the perfect race,doomed to loose
Doomed to dilapitate in the great United States
The land of the free & the land of the Indian Brave

A plantation for a 20th century slave

I'm coming home.where I belong
I'm coming back Real black & strong
I'm coming home.Real black & strong
I'm coming back where I belong
I'm coming home.....
Real black & strong.....

I'm coming home.where I belong
I'm coming back Real black & strong
I'm coming home.where I belong
I'm coming back Real black & strong
I'm coming home.....
Like a Jones.

The screams,the lands screaming,women
and children screaming,mens dignity and
respect screaming,the screams inside
seperate the emotions,pushing us over
the edge,into self-hatred for the success
and happiness,of large tribes,small tribes
The ancestors all connected by chain, linked
to their past insecurities deja vu
Your mother was once my mother
Your father was once my father
My house,was your place to rest and restore
in the war,in luxouriant & extravagant
Whole houses,I've been hearing off mothers
and sisters smiles and only this guide we trust
The one who consumes are very manhood
The bastard and illegemate ideas wrapped up
in some green & putrid religeon,time is money
Money is time,down to the docks,back in,be in,
thrown in,even the ships have no mercy,
they speak to us of coming evils,subtle
pleasures & general decadance,General Motors
and the Peelberry Doughboy,you will become
the sleazy and slimey characters is someone elses
mind,you will become the kindness that is truly
a weakness,the Ocean is a hears this assault upon our being
It becomes our friend,it shoes it's compassion
Jah,Jah come to me,the waters become a deep and
dark red,the Sharks feast on our desire to be free
Bodies,bodies floating in there own after thoughts

Children, children clinging to dead mothers
In their inability to death, men searching the waters
for families, men searching the water for one last memory of their
families looking Africans dieing searchng for that
final gasp of air, tears now become the dreams
of finally standing still, torn and broken bodies
betrays the very essence of God.

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Like the stories of people of a small street
Different but the same as when they all speak
As one, Be black & strong

From the African Kings and Queens, to the a drug King Pin
knowing the streets of Holice Queens, still a
Monarch will stop cause a chain is still a chain
Like the chains of a child in school learning how
the British rule, like the rubber belonged to you
Like the chains of the Cops undercover faking the
war on Drugs, doing a war on a soul brother life time
bid on a place called Earth, where the 'Heads' turn last
and the 'Addicts' first, if the bricks say master
took us on this trip, our asses whipped
From Malcolm King to Marvin, they fear an ass whoopin'
But the school of one, one out of school of many
Bang, bang another niggers going to jail
(Police Siren)

The screams, the blood, the land, becoming free
We'll make you free,
Because every man just screams for blood
The blood
The land
Becoming free, becomes every man

I'm coming home
I'm coming home
I'm coming home. Real black & strong
I'm coming home. where I belong
I'm coming back Real black & strong
I'm coming home. where I belong
I'm coming back Real black & strong

I'm coming home.Yeh.....

Real black & strong,

Write graffittis on the walls of Wall Street

Colours so loud that when the walls speak

As one,Be black & strong

Like the stories from the peoples on small streets

Give it up, as they all speak, as one

Be black & strong

Look here.Yeh,oh.....

Coming home

Write graffittis on the walls of Wall Street

Colours so loud they let the walls speak

As one, Black

Strong

Bench warrents

Bench warrents snatch away hans on bonds

Hoping,the Criminal Justice System is going

plea bargain away your imagination while

speaking in dead tongues

Hand-cuffed to the dollar signs

And speaking the hollow words "Get out of the car,

You under arrest",take that word insane

and make it work for you

Take that word 'Crazy' and make it poet

Take that word 'Suicidal' and make it

live in some kind and living expression

For those that cannot raise there heads

above the sirens,bcause of the Automatic

weapons,we owe no explanation,we owe

no apologies,ours has been a battle of

Gun battles and bullets, whizzing past

our sensitivity,all mixed up in drugs and alcohol

Climb out of your bottles,climb out of the vapours

climb out of the centuries of being left in the thought

you really wanted to share

Row into the journey of the Sun breaking

into the clouds,the simplicity and the beauty

of 'Good Morning' to your smile.

We used to feel these things

We used to feel these things

We used to be sacred to each others thoughts & expressions

We were true artists,not afraid of giving too much
too soon and looking foolish

We were there at the beginning,we had trust and faith
behind closed doors

We used to speak to each other and the song told of the rainbow
through the rivers mistCooling the passion and warmth
and passing of time

One thing for us,to come home

[Fade Out]

Lyrics submitted by Tony.

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