

I'm a African

dead prez

Yo turn this motherfucking shit up!

Ha ha ha

Uhuru, coupe tete boule kay

Rwanda, Nigeria, Africa's in the house

My nigga D.R.Nigga the red is for the blood in my arm

The black is for the gun in my palm

And the green is for the tram that grows natural

Like locks on Africans

Holdin the smoke from the herb in my abdomen

Camouflage fatigues, and daishikis

Somewhere in between N.W.A. and P.E.

I'm black like Steve Biko

Raised in the ghetto by the people

Fuck the police you know how we do Ayo my life is like Roots it's a true story

It's too gory for them televised fables on cable

I'm a runaway slave watching the north star

Shackles on my forearm , runnin with the gun on my palm

I'm an African , never was an African-American

Blacker than black I take it back to my origin

Same skin hated by the klansmen

Big nose and lips, big hips and butts, dancin, what I'm a African

I'm a African, uhh

And I know what's happenin

I'm a African

I'm a African, uhh

And I know what's happenin

You a African?

You a African?, louder

Do you know what's happenin?

I'm a African

I'm a African, uhh

And I know what's happenin It's plain to see, you can't change me

'cause I'm a people army for life Where you from fool? No I wasn't born in Ghana, but Africa is my momma

And I did not end up here from bad karma

Or from be-Ball, selling mad crack or rappin

Peter Tosh try to tell us what happened

He was sayin if you black then you African

So they had to kill him, and make him a villain

'cause he was teachin the children

I feel him, he was tryin to drop us a real gem
That's why we bucking holes in the ceilin when we hearin I'm a African
I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin
I'm a African
I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin
You a African?
You a African?, louder
Do you know what's happenin?
I'm a African
I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin A-F-are-I-see-A, Puerto Rico, Haiti, and J.A.
New York and Cali, F-L-A
No it ain't 'bout where you stay, it's bout the motherland A-F-are-I-see-A, Puerto Rico, Haiti, and J.A.
New York and Cali, F-L-A
No it ain't 'bout where you stay, it's bout the motherland It's like tank top, flip flop
Knotty dread lock, fuck a cop, hip hop
Make your head bop
Bounce to this, socialist movement
My environment made me the nigga I am
Uncle Sam came and got me and arrested my fam
Try to infiltrate and murder off the best of my clan
I'm not American, punk, Democrat, or Republican
Remember that, most of the cats we know, be hustlin
My momma work, all her life and still strugglin
I blame it on the government and say it on the radio
(What) and if you don't already know
All these Uncle Tom ass kissin niggas got to go

Songwriters

ANDREW MAIR, CLAYTON GAVIN, LAVONNE ALFORD, VONKELI WILLIAMS
Published by
Lyrics © THE ROYALTY NETWORK INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>