Black President

Jamal Al-Amin

And though it seems heaven sent
We ain't ready to have a black president
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We ain't ready to have a black presidentYes, we can change the world
Change the world, they saidAnd though it seems heaven sent
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We ain't ready to have a black presidentYes, we can change the world
The world, the world, the worldThey forgot us on the block
Got us in the box, solitary confinement
How violent are these cops?
They need an early retirementHow many rallies will I watch?
I ain't got it in me to march
I got a semi to spark
The game's in a droughtPublic housin, projects cookin up in the Pyrex
My set, my click either gettin money
Or runnin from homicide trial
That's if they ain't died yet tryin to be richStill I'm pledgin allegiance
A predicate felon, a ghetto leader
Lendin my poetical genius
To whoever may need itI bleed this from Queensbridge
Now livin with my feet up
Never defeated
So a president's neededYou know these colored folks and Negroes
Hate to see one of their own succeedin
America, surprised us
And let a black man guide usAnd though it seems heaven sent
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The world, the world, the worldWhats the black pres. thinkin on election night?
Is it how can I protect my life
Protect my wife, protect my rights?
Every other president was nothin' less than whiteExcept Thomas Jefferson and mixed Indian blood
And Calvin coolers, KKK is like What the fuck?

Loadin' they guns up, loadin' up mines too, ready to ride
Cause Im ridin with my crew he dies, we die too, yeahBut on a positive side
I think Obama provides hope and challenges minds
Of all races and colors to erase the hate
And try and love one another, so many political snakesWe in need of a break, Im thinkin' I can trust this brotha
But will he keep it way real?
Every innocent nigga in jail gets out on appeal
When he wins, will he really care still? I feelAnd though it seems heaven sent
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The world, the world, the worldSay a prayer for, do we have to?
You ain't right
Jeremiah wrong pastor
In love with a slave masterSincerely yours, USA most brave rapper
Jesse car-jacker, Uncle Tom kidnapper
Ask around, Bentley Coupe off the Richter
Bitch called life, I pimped her, what?Politics, politricks, Klan-shooter
Deacon for defense, progress producer
Nothin on the stove, a survival-booster
Gotta do what we gotta doWe ain't got no governors comin through to help
Anythin we need done, we gotta do for self
New improved JFK on the way
It ain't the 60's again, niggas ain't hippies againWe ain't fallin for the same traps
Standin on the balconies where they shot the King at
McCain got apologies, ain't nobody hearin that
People need honestyAnd though it seems heaven sent
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The world, the world, the worldIt is my distinct honor and privilege
To introduce to you the next
President of the United States
Barack Obama

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