

# Letter To the Free (feat. Bilal)

## Common

Southern leaves, southern trees we hung from  
Barren souls, heroic songs unsung  
Forgive them father they know this knot is undone  
Tied with the rope that my grandmother died  
Pride of the pilgrims affect lives of millions  
Since slave days separating, fathers from children  
Institution ain't just a building  
But a method, of having black and brown bodies fill them  
We ain't seen as human beings with feelings  
Will the U.S. Ever be us? Lord willing!  
For now we know, the new Jim Crow  
They stop, search and arrest our souls  
Police and policies patrol philosophies of control  
A cruel hand taking hold  
We let go to free them so we can free us  
America's moment to come to Jesus Freedom (freedom)  
Freedom come (freedom come)  
Hold on (hold on)  
Won't be long (won't be long)  
Freedom (freedom)  
Freedom come (freedom come)  
Hold on (hold on)  
Won't be long (won't be long) The caged birds sings for freedom to bring  
Black bodies being lost in the american dream  
Blood of black being, a pastoral scene  
Slavery's still alive, check amendment 13  
Not whips and chains, all subliminal  
Instead of 'nigga' they use the word 'criminal'  
Sweet land of liberty, incarcerated country  
Shot me with your ray-gun  
And now you want to trump me  
Prison is a business, America's the company  
Investing in injustice, fear and long suffering  
We staring in the face of hate again  
The same hate they say will make america great again  
No consolation prize for the dehumanized  
For america to rise it's a matter of black lives  
And we gonna free them, so we can free us  
America's moment to come to Jesus Freedom (freedom)

[illegible]

## Songwriters

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