

Black History

Don Carlos

Ooh ooh ooh
I know, I know
Ooh ooh
My heart is filled with grief when I remember
How they've taken our foreparents from their homeland
Shipped to every corner of this earth
Bound in shackles and chain like their beast

They would be spanked with many strikes by the master
If they should ever not do just what they're told
It really grieves my heart to see
It's pure brutality

Whenever I recall my history
It grieves my heart, you see
How they've treated our foreparents
In the days of slavery

Slavery and brutality
That's all they give me
That's all they give me

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Jah jah