

Kindred

Akrobatik

This is Chuck D. The effects of slavery have had a far reaching effect on black people in America
The scars run deep
Not just the physical, but the emotional and psychological scars as well
And they still hurt today
It's been said before, that we can't know where we are going, without knowing where we have been
Follow along, as Akrobatik takes us on a journey back to how things started for us here
And links topics to what we're dealing with, to this day

It took me six years to build up enough courage to run
and only six hours to be facing the barrel of a gun
Not knowing if it's the last time I'd ever see my sons
and that's punishment enough, still the pain has just begun

Life flashes, whether from the whip lashes
he's threatening to burn me in my own ashes
Brown skin is now purple, it comes full circle,
when the pain that I'll endure is the pain I have to work through

For now my body lies listless
wishing that my wife wasn't forced to witness
Wishes she wasn't forced to be master's mistress
wishes she wasn't forced to be under this disstress

How did we ever get into this mess
we came from kings, now we're wearing rags
eating unmentionable things, the stings
from the welds on my back make me wanna attack
and be a martyr for blacks, but then the whip cracks
and brings me back to reality, madness brutality
that leads to fatalities

And if he knew I was reading books and getting smarter
it would only make him whip me harder
Sometimes I thank God I never had a daughter
but even if I did it might definately connect
through the pain, our soul's kindred

Hmm-mm-mm, we are kindred
through our name

Hurricane Katrina and her aftermath
have long since been forgotten by many of those unaffected by her wrath
felt in 2005
Once again our people have been displaced by the thousands
and were left to fend for themselves
while those more fortunate were able to escape
Let's take a look at what may have been going on
through the mind of victims of America's most infamous natural disaster

I'm on my rooftop, sick and thirsty, asking God for mercy
please spare my wife, she's only thirty
Schoolbuses float atop murky waters, could they have
used them to at least evacuate our sons and daughters?

We sleep because we have no choice, dehydrated
and we can't scream for because we have no voice
Crying for what the helicopters never dropped us
the stench of bodies in piles is evident for miles

Broke with little home, laid off with little income
ghetto life is no joke, I'm broke and then some
My son is on his stomach, body riddled with heavy shakes
I guess we now know what happens when the levee breaks

For now my body lies listless
whishing that my wife wasn't forced to witness
Whishes she wasn't forced to be without me for Christmas
whishes she wan't forced to be under this disstress

How did we ever get into this mess
we came from kings, now I feel I truly know why the caged bird sings
He sings to keep his mind of the pain of things
but the way that we were left to remain, it stings

Stings like the welds on the back of my kin
now replaced by the toxic water attacking my skin
I bet CNN is broadcasting this slaughter
as gasprices rise like the water

I thank God I never had a daughter
but even if I did it might definately connect
through the pain, our soul's kindred

Hmm-mm-mm, we are kindred
through our name