

Blacks & Blues

atlas

I don't worry, I tell you
I am a man who believed that I died 20 years ago
And I live like a man who is dead already
I have no fear whatsoever of anybody or anything

Southern trees, fallen leaves
Strange fruit, bitter seeds
Sewn into the scorched earth
Witnesses at my birth
Said I should've been aborted, propaganda they reported
Taught that I was prone to violence so they liked to draw me wild'n
Eating watermelon in a cage on monkey island
The self-portrait is of suffering and smiling
Raised on table scraps
White cotton, bent blacks
Overseer riding by
Whip in hand horseback
Read between the lines and see the centuries of blood
Dripping to the soil making Alabama mud
And California love can't erase these thoughts
So I'm sitting here writing out my pain in a park
Feeling like I just passed through the darkest of darks
The humble mockingbird awaiting now the song of the lark
Been wading in the water and praying for dawn's light
Baptized in the fire so my eyes shine bright

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Singing a song called bruised in the key of blues
Dark berries, bittersweet, rocking dirty shoes
Worn out souls
From marching towards freedom
Feet blistered for the
Victory of sitting & eatin
Complex now
The struggle can't explain how
It's black face on television
Selling dope with a smile
The blood of former slaves around my way
Pitching powder to the flock that followed MLK
And hey, we still cattle getting herded by the gentry
Looking for the promised land at best you get deferred entry
Last poet
My mouth is an African drum
Find the rhythm in the silence
Beat it out with my tongue
And my cast iron, got the heart of a lion
The blood of the lamb, the scriptures in the palm of my hand
You can read it when I lay my Ms across your chest
I be the final revelation of that gospel text

Run, nigga, run
The pater's gonna get you
Run, nigga, run

You gotta get away
That nigga run, that nigga flew
Nigga lost his Sunday shoes
Run, nigga, run
The pater's gonna get you
Run, nigga, run
You gotta get way