

Approximately Free

Black Thought

Oh, oh
When we feel the greed, so close
Only free approximately
When we could be so close
Only free approximately

Look, this American history of thuggery
Put me right in the city of brotherly love where our sisters and mothers be
Up on the auction block like it was Christy and Southerly's
We were prized property and livestock
When the king cotton was a cash crop
And the red, white, and blue was backdrop
But we never got to see a jackpot
If I'm honest, man, the birth of this mission began with a song on the sonogram
As the contraband, we worked and we waited but never quite got to the promised land
And I'm speakin' the truth, regardless of what you been teachin' the youth
This go to whoever still seekin' a proof
We dealin' with more than a leak in the roof
A glitch in the system, a chink in the armor
Or just a depiction for sake of the drama
Or playin' a victim, a sensitive father who charted the ships
Comin' into the harbor, they did us too dirty to not be discussed
Beat us until we forgot we was us, so how could our liberty not be a must?
Okay, if I'm free, then I'm not free enough
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We in the trap like muskrats, fuck that
Handcuffed where the crust and the dust at
It's funny how it's only us that touch that
Well, you can trust Black never get guts lack
Free what's that, where that at, who's that
I even think full when I gotta move back
And I'm civilized, why I gotta prove that?
Everything I work for, I gotta lose that?
I'm in the fight like Mike with the zeitgeist
One thing I never known is a nice life
Tippin' on a tightrope and I don't like heights
And they never let a nigga roll the dice twice
We ignite like flint when the match hit
I've been left for dead but I'm not yet
Look at me, I'm still out chea'
Boxin' with a shadow of a doubt, how I got chea'
And the team that I'm rockin' with do not forget the truth
Or the consequence, we not convinced by these court documents
It's common sense why we the opposites of optimists
Approximately short of who we are
But absolutely more than mulignan
These complicated times is too bizarre
It's like we kinda close but no cigar

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If you are doing your best to make things right, then go harder. To repair that damage done, the distrust built, the scars left behind, your best ain't good enough; we need more. Every day should be Juneteenth, every month should be Black History or Black Music Month. We on our way but we got a ways to go. Look, as long as black and brown people are being denied basic human rights and so-called blind justice is all but colorblind, as long as there's an agenda to ban content like The 1619 Project, other works of art that speak to the uncomfortable, ugly truth of this nation, we ain't free. We playin' free and doin' a bad impression. That's why I say approximately, almost. Round-a-bout, dance dance, not quite, listen.

Only free
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