

# No Chorus

Chrisette Michele

How we gone come outta this?  
Why are we allowin' this?  
Why are we so proud of this?  
I am so not down for this  
This is how they wanted us  
Eye for eye, unjust, injustice  
God forbid I'm different  
Oh shit I'm irreverent

God forbid I'm hesitant  
To group think, elevate  
Every mind, everyone be great  
Why the old folks chasin' fate so late?  
Pass the baton, relay race, cause you tired, I'm running'

Don't die, take a break  
You gunnin', shoot me down, don't teach  
Old folks just preach about the man defeatin'  
And the convo stops too soon

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Judgement and no real direction.  
Just a follow the lecture to a fuck up election  
And they tell me it's Russian  
It's the art of division  
It's the lack of a teacher for the ones craving leaders

Call me "Confusion", for I'm full of dillusion  
But I'm lookin' to you and I can be a student  
You don't listen to me  
How can I listen to you?  
And the convo stops too soon

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How the hell you assume that I know what to do?  
This is political  
What the hell is the news?

They're raising their voices  
I'm supposed to fight  
The valley is dangerous  
They're loosing their minds

I'm loosing mine's too  
My fist is up high  
We voted for her  
And he got assigned  
I just want my acres  
It's been a long time

They still see a slave in my heritage line

A rally in V.A.

We rally the troops

Another is dead

It won't come to an end

When it comes to a head

I hope the marches are lead

By the convo's we pursue

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