

# Black America Again

Common

Here we go, here, here we go again  
Trayvon'll never get to be an older man  
Black children, they childhood stole from them  
Robbed of our names and our language, stole again  
Who stole the soul from black folk?  
Same man that stole the lamb from cheap black smoke  
And made the whip crackle on our back slow  
And made us go through the back door  
And rap for black bodies on the slave blocks  
Now we slave to the blocks, on 'em we spray shots  
Leaving our own to lay in a box  
Black mother's stomachs stay in a knot  
We kill each other, it's part of the plot  
I wish the hating will stop (war)  
And the battle with us  
I know that black lives matter and they matter to us  
These are the things we gotta discuss  
The new plantation, mass incarceration  
Instead of educate, they'd rather convict the kids  
As dirty as the water in Flint, the system is  
Is it a felony or a misdemeanor  
Maria Sharapova making more than Serena  
It took Viola Davis to say this  
The rose of the help and the gangsters is really all they gave us  
We need Avas, Ta-Nehisis, and Cory Bookers  
The salt of the Earth to get us off of sugar and greasy foods  
I don't believe the news or radio, stereotypes we refuse  
Brainwashed in the cycle to spin  
We write our own story, black America again

You know, you know, you know. One way of solving a lot of problems we got is  
to let a person feel like somebody and a man can't get himself together until  
he knows who he is and be proud of what and who he is, and where he come  
from, and where he come from

Hot damn, black America again  
Think of Sandra Bland as I'm staring in the wind  
The color of my skin, they comparing it to sin  
The darker it gets, the less fairer it has been  
The hate the hate made, I inherited it from them  
But I ain't gon' point the finger, we got anointed singers  
Like Nina, Marvin, Billy, Stevie  
Need to hear them songs sometimes to believe me  
Who freed me? Lincoln or Cadillac  
Drinking or battle raps so is it Godspeed that we travel at?  
In danger denied on habitat  
The guns and dope man y'all can have it back  
As a matter of fact, we them lab rats  
You build the projects for us now you want your hood back  
I guess if you could rap you would express it to  
That PTSD, we need professionals  
You know what pressure do, it make the pipes bust  
From schools to prison y'all, they tryna pipe us  
Tell your political parties invite us  
Instead of making broke laws to spite us  
You know, you know we from a family of fight trust  
Fought in your wars and our wars

You put a nigga in Star Wars, maybe you need two  
And then, maybe then we'll believe you  
See black people in the future  
We wasn't shipped here to rob and shoot ya  
We hold this truth to be self evident  
All men and women are created equal, including black Americans

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We are rewriting the black American story  
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