

La Femme Fetal

Digable Planets

It was 8:49 on a beautiful 9th day of July
There was not a cloud to speak of so the orange sun hung
Lonely in the sky
I lay prone in my catbeat home
Listening to fine nappy Jackie and his jazzcat's horn
Sliding in a tape of Bird on Verve when suddenly rang my phone
"Hey, Butterfly," the voice said
"Slip on some duds, comb out your fro and slide on down to my pad
The vibe here is very pleasant and I truly request your presence
A problem of great magnitude has arose
And as we speak it grows"
"Damn, what could it be?" I thought
A juice I bought and rolled on down to her spot
Seeing bros I know, slapping fives I arrived and pressed G-5
And there was Nikki
Lookin' some kind of sad with tears fallin' from her eyes
She sat me down, and dug my frown and began to run it down
"You remember my boyfriend Sid, that fly kid who I love?
Well, our love was often a verb and spontaneity has brought a third
But due to our youth and economic state, we wish to terminate
About this we don't feel great, but baby, that's how it is
But the feds have dissed me
They ignored and dismissed me
The pro-lifers harass me outside the clinic
And call me a murderer, now that's hate
So needless to say, we're in a mental state of debate"
"Hey, beautiful bird" I said, digging her somber mood
"The fascists are some heavy dudes
They don't really give a damn about life
They just don't want a woman to control her body
Or have the right to choose
But baby that ain't nothin'
They just want a male finger on the button
Because if you say war, they will send them to die by the score
Aborting mission should be your volition
But if Souter and Thomas have their way
You'll be standing in line unable to get Welfare while they'll be out
Hunting and fishing
It has always been around, it will always have a niche
But they'll make it a privilege, not a right
Accessible only to the rich
Hey, Pro-lifers need to dig themselves
Because life doesn't stop after birth
And for a child born to the unprepared
It might even just get worse
The situation would surely change if they were to find themselves in it
Supporters of the H-Bomb, and fire-bombing clinics
What type of shit is that? Orwellian, in fact
If Roe v. Wade was overturned, would not the desire remain intact
Leaving young girls to risk their healths
And doctors to botch, and watch as they kill themselves
I don't want to sound macabre
But hey, isn't it my job
To lay it on the masses and get them off their asses
To fight against these fascists
So, whatever you decide, make that move with pride
Sid will be there and so will I

An insect 'til I die"

Rhythms and sounds

Spinning around

Confrontations

Across the nation

Your block

My block

Dreadlocks

What a shock

Land of the free

But not me, not me...