

I came with the spirit of Sundiata  
I can never be afraid  
I came with the energy of Shaka  
You go think say I craze  
I came as the child of my father  
I give thanks and praise  
And I came with the spiritual armour  
Make the anointing spray

First of all, make I pour before man proceeds  
There's a silent war up in DRC  
F your poverty porn and the thrills you seek  
The New Africa is born to fulfil the dream  
Can't forget the powers that's instilled in me  
I know say there's powers that be shielding me  
I told them from Band Aid to BBC  
That we the Africans who know what the children need

So fall back, we can kick it on our own  
Black man stand up, we sitting on the throne  
Ruling everywhere, yeah, we killing up the globe  
And we building back at home  
In a different kind of zone

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You'll never ever ever ever know what it feel like  
Pretend to be someone else in a real life  
You could never be yourself 'cause it feel like  
For the sake of the salary  
You had to put your pride to the side  
It cost to have a dream

My CV was written in European  
Said I was captured through the euro lens  
Too much baggage being African  
We used to pretend to Caribbean  
Now I feel it in my soul  
Do Re Mi Burkina Faso

But they will never show or give us the glory  
The hunter the hero till the lion start tell his story

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Welcome to SONA  
We are the Sons Of the New Africa  
Where the Sounds Of Nature Anchor us  
From the land of Suya, Okadas, Nkrumah and Ankaras  
From Sakumono, Ojuelegba, Nairobi to Accras  
We sing the Songs Originally Narrated by Ancestors  
To create Science, Ointments, Navigation, Algebras

We birthed the Sojourners, Obasanjo, Nelsons, Angelas  
We survived Oppression, Neglect and Adversity  
'Cause we Saw Opportunity and Negotiated Advantages  
No longer Sub-par, Ok-ish, Novice or Amateurs  
Black is excellence  
African is excellence

We fought against the fires they used to try and burn us  
Did they forget that we were children of the sun?  
So we rose from the ashes  
Filled with the Spirits Of the New Africa  
Where the Sounds Of Nature Anchor us  
From Stories Of Naughty Ananses  
To Surviving Overnights of Atrocities

This is SONA  
This is honour  
'Cause they came for our Sounds  
Then they came for our Organs  
They came for our Nature  
Then they came for Africa  
And now it's time we took it back