

Sundiata

Fuse ODG

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
For 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 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 Anances
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