Jazz

Jazz is the substance and base Of manifestation of Grits for Nubian taste The voice of the horn cries for freedom of imprisonment Releasing the soul from the shackles of environment The bass is like the blood in your veins Pumping breath to your organs so life can maintain Of course we need the skins to keep the timin' Like your heart plays the part of keepin' everything in line Like brain waves the keys sound signals in spurts and harmony Where would you be without the melody The vocalist in this quartet is the Spirit Or better yet the Son of Man So there you have it broken down anatomically Grits illustrated for the ones that doubt Cause the heart is expressed in the music and always has This is what I think about Jazz

Jazz is the mother and Hip Hop's the child She died and revived now her child's runnin' wild Grits is the tool and Hip Hop's the Nation Sent to teach those of Truth and Creation Jazz is the mother and Hip Hop's the child She died and revived now her child's runnin' wild Grits is the tool and Hip Hop's the Nation Sent to teach those of Truth and Creation

The jazz, the jazz, I love the jazz The jazz, the jazz, the jazz, the jazz

Rap is not Hip Hop so let's get it straightened Hip Hop is life and culture not revenue Birthed from the generation of the younger The hunger for equality fathered this child The mother is the music which influenced it's creation Jazz was the cry from the parents of this new Nation Since it's birth I've grown with it even though It's been the target of murder and a victim of rape Yet it still live's never givin' in Takin' deeper breaths grippin' tighter than a vise Many misunderstand it's true meaning They think it's economic and this causes drama Black-birthed, black-grown, black-owned Was the thought intended, but now the plans demented Will a million Blacks even support it's own Creation Until then I'm teachin' other's of the strugglin' Nation

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The jazz, the jazz, I love the jazz And always have it represents my culture My roots stem from a musical background Ancestral voices sing to my spirit In the wind I hear it's messages telling me To stay strong through the hatred of others Love thy enemy sounds so wrong to me The reward is in the end so I feel suicidal Strength unseen is laced in the chords I consume volumes at a time when I hoard My survival lies in my faith in the Savior And the Savor of jazz music in my ear

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