

Jazz

Grits

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
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The jazz, the jazz, I love the jazz
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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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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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