

Voices At The Crossroads

K'naan

You into it?
Alright, well let's get into this one
Close your eyes on this one and vibe with me

So
In the beginning there was hum
From a poet whose pulse fell
Drum drum drum!

He would perform prayers and all
Till one day he heard a voice call
Come come come!

Suspicious he moved with vicious caution
Dismisses, he thinks it's a little off

People get held back
By the voice inside them

Yo -
The voice said I'm poised to speak inside you
Rejoice and please let me invite you
To evil, greed and lies too

Yeah -
Confused and dazed he moved in ways he soon became a kunni
Boom boom boom
And knock on his door his heart is no more
And knock on his door his soul is no more

All you folks think I got my price
At which I'll sell all that is mine
You think money rules when all else fails
Go sell your soul and keep your shell
I'm trying to protect what I keep inside
All the reasons why I live my life

So so so -
The poet's got a proposal
He would own his soul but never know
What it feels to be free

He would be the frozen imposed as the chosen on all those opposing
But he would be greed
That's got him there
He's power hungry and proud too

People don't care, people just scared
People don't care, people just prayer

All you folks think I got my price
At which I'll sell all that is mine
You think money rules when all else fails
Go sell your soul and keep your shell
I'm trying to protect what I keep inside
All the reasons why I live my life

So K'naan, you have a unique as far as your life goes.
At the same time, it's very familiar to a lot of people on the planet.
You wanna share with us?

Man, that of the displaced peoples.

Yeah, that's everywhere. I was born and raised in Mogdishu, Somalia.

Um, spent a lot of time here and, you know, around the world traveling doing
my music, my word, you know, spoken word and poetry.

And that's where I groove, you know, that's how I became a full-
on artist is through the word, hip-hop