

Open Hand

Kojey Radical

We no longer need to close our fists for the revolution
The open palm may show you, our separation
Is man made. Made in aid of cementing
Thoughts that turn John Doe to Adolf
Where they see we weeds we see seeds see
We no longer need to close our fists for the revolution

I've seen
Flowers grow and petals fall from mountains
Surrounded by estates and suburban terrace housing
Heard notions of positivity discarded like pieces
Of puzzles. Muzzled echoes of greatness in fear
Society may not feel the same elations
We no longer need to close our fists for the revolution
We must be heard

From the depths of our bellies
From the lump in our throats
When questioned on our perceptions
But fail to mention
We must continue to be and be in unison

Be and be in unison

Like troops with with lowered arms and
Open palms
We no longer need to close our fists for the revolution

It's amazing
To witness the hierarchy of
Power you deem acceptable
How the masses would rather
Hand decisions to the individuals
Individuals back to masses
In termly political rituals
Stand beside me
Not as followers as thinkers
So we no longer have to look
Up for guidance we can look
Side by side
What side are you on
We are no different

No age
No class
No Color
No Race
Like troops with with lowered arms and
Open palms
Where they see we weeds we see seeds see
We no longer need to close our fists for the revolution
Oh he must be
Worthless if his occupation
Doesn't match your level of patients
Oh he must be urban if his cadence
Drops vowels lower than where
His trousers sit

Oh he must be
They don't know my history
Oh he must be
They don't know my history

For the knowledge they ripped it out the pages
Call us thugs and beasts when we protest on stations
Because embedding of thoughts is what has
A nigga run a nigga to the slave ships
Stop snitching
Patience
All I ask is patience
Fear the brother on my shoulder
Because he could take my life right now
And we act like we don't know no better

I so solemnly swear
No I don't really give a fuck
No I don't really give a fuck
One hand up
Other hand gripped on my nuts
Shake shake
Man I spent your advance on my lunch

No I don't really give a fuck
No I don't really give a fuck
One hand up
Other hand gripped on my nuts
Shake shake
Man I spent your advance on my lunch

You can't say that
You can't say
No you can't black
You can't say

My brother what you afraid of?
We ain't got to cry no more
My brother what you afraid of?
We ain't got to cry no more
My brother what you afraid of?
We ain't got to hide no more
My brother what you afraid of?
We ain't got to die no more