

gospel?

Noname

God will make a way
God will make a way
Oh, yes, he will

Uh, make believe, mustard seed
Move the mountain, assume the outcome is safety and permanent housing
I run with a falcon, a tree spotter taught me accountin'
I'm 'bout to get these white people caught up, in they bed of lies
Webster dictionary cries, colonize the native tongue
Missionary bible belt, motherland overrun
My gun heavy, I'm about to unload
This is a ode to Haiti, Mozambique, Martinique, Trinidad, Grenada
Wherever black people sleep, pray for them
Pray for me, pray for me, pray for me

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
The storm will come, but best believe
The sun will shine
So if we put up a fight
Everything will be just fine

I'm not gon' lie
I'm not surprised to hear The Fugees is FBI
We were weaponized
Tell my niggas expect TECs and expect the best disguise
Can't eat the food due to special effects of the pesticides
Traded in our fears of a white god in exchange for eternal pride
This Kalashnikov kill crackers
Banana mags, send his ass back to the Caucasus mountains
Controlled burns got me forewarned about water fountains
For four Os, I'll get you forwards
Not you movin' backwards, see
This mean G-O-D givin' orders directly
Gainin' obsessive decadence, gettin' over depressions
Gifted open develop while givin' hope in these lessons
I tend to spoken aggressions
Don't need no scope, no compressor
My voice be my only weapon
Bidness for black women and children only, like rose water
Except I left no one behind and didn't need a cracker to do it
Creatin' a path of safe passage to through it
Baby, my black is the truest
You pray for me, I pray for you back to imbue it

The storm will come, well best believe
The sun will shine
So if we put up a fight
Everything will be just fine
We go through the ups and downs and in and outs
That's just life
But if we put up a fight
Everything will be just fine
We're gonna be just fine (Just fine)
Oh, fine (Oh, just fine)
Oh, oh (Just fine)
Oh, oh, oh (Oh, just fine)
I know we will be just fine

If we keep on pushin'
If we keep on pushin'
If we keep on workin'

I remember stadiums so packed
The trees outside the gates heavy with black joy
Just to get a glimpse of the comrades
Our boys back from the bush
The crowd sway to the gospel of liberation
Poised for revolution
Little red book in my father's breast pocket, the ground shook
History movin' under foot, I was on his shoulders on tenterhooks
The leader spoke slow and focused, powerful pauses
Flanked by soldiers with dead eyes
The sun catch his wire rimmed glasses
Told him roll the boulder, lo and behold
Lazarus was alive
Squintin' in the light, stinking of death
Mouth dry, red dust, a ghoulish prize
They never say what happened after, no surprise
Coulda guessed what happened to us
But at the time, mesmerized by MiG-23s in the sky
Sonic boomin'
I'll never forget the rush of pride
Women ululatin', men drunk
Strong spirits, duelin' drums
The calloused thumbs of mbira players
The ride home at dusk
Faring students and strangers
Feelin' like we won
Road blocks manned by mere boys
Wide smiles and long black guns