

Mine Again

Public Enemy

I boarded a plane headstrong
Landed with a smile on my face
To give service back to the land that's our home
I long for coming back to Africa

So it's cool to be black until it's time to be black
Ain't never too late to go back and give back
So I let born-afters know I rap for Africa
To give to the motherland, to see what's mine again
Be of service, land of dark faces
Split, colonized in 53 places
The greed went on 'til everything was gone
Wiped out by previous wars, I work on
Graves of the poor
To clean up this mess left by the west
My duty to the African, tell my next of kin
In a song, but damn, nothing around me
And what the hell I step on?

With my head on straight
I was gone too damn long
Over 450 years, to be exact
Not paying attention, I stepped on a mine

On the edge of motherland, around my head
Compromised in this Christian missionary position
Fear, there must be some way up out of here
Whatta bitch, mother eff it in a clean up ditch effort
Stepped on some bomb shit that a past war left it
Kids dying in them nearby diamond mines
Out here working that worldwide grind
Hope somebody finds me out left behind
Silent ticks killing me softly, Malaria
But DeBeers, they the ones got me sick
Isolated while I waited with thoughts in my head
About my sole intention to save my brothers and sisters

My thoughts is racing as my tears run down my face
I came back to help repair what's mine
If I move, I'm a goner

My sole intention to save my brothers and sisters
How we became boy instead of mister
I came too far here to be called some nigger
My foot on some bomb, I'ma end up worse than a drifter
Myself and what my foot stuck on?
360 degrees
Mine again, mine again

Was it all worth it?
Is Africa really ours?
This mine got me thinking
All this death and destruction
Let's not forget about the corruption
To rob the motherland of its resources
Is Africa mine?
Or the people who sit in the seat of power?

Mine again, mine again