

Panthers & Powder

Skyzoo

Rest in peace to Bobby Hutton
And all the legacies it wouldn't seem like I'm in touch with
The prowl underground that they leave out the discussion
Call it "finder's keepers" and then see how y'all adjusting
I was lucky where I never had to look far
It was like a lullaby before daddy took off
Singing how "we got to free Huey, we got to free Huey"
The vision bright enough where you could probably see it through me
With my fist up in the air same shade as little Sambo
Reach for my umbrella I was raised to let a cannon blow
Pancakes for everyone who need to get their plate filled
Pistols in the kitchen for whoever feel a way still
Younger me, taught that the world is under me
And to stand above it is to never stand comfortably
White man come for me?, know I ain't the typical
10 point program, honor it like it's biblical
All praise due here, and know what to do
If they bring Charles Gain through here, the shit I overheard, uh
Knew the code just like I would get to know a bird
The revolution wasn't televised but it was spoken word

And I heard every part of it
The bravery and all the worry at the heart of it
Fully loaded clips, no bargaining
Admiring the beauty within all of it
And Alton looked at me like "tell me what you thought of it"

"All power to the people"
'Cause your flag on the scale meant ya'll power wasn't equal
Taught to take it back, shoot you down to help me reach you
Stories ain't alone, you'll be bound to get this sequel
Stand to know the risk, yet and still the Lord's with you
Hand up over fist vs. Bill O'Neals and Roy Mitchells
I was privy to it, me and mine is blessed to say
That we can living proof it, the same pride as yesterday
Is here tomorrow right?
But if you got some spare time that I can borrow right?
Then I'd love to put this on pause
Grew up off of strength, I come from pushing the cause
Built different now, I'd love to push you some raw
Built for the crown, won't none of them be ignored
They stole my beret so pardon me if I call for applause
For living through the death of my history
Reparations every time I get ki'
My 40 and a mule is when they load 40 in a mule
For every for every member they took from us, cordially confused
Panther in my blood, shameful of my business
But the way business been going, shame ain't too expensive

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All power to the people
Always