

Serengeti

Supa Bwe

On June 9th, 1963

I had attended a voter registration workshop

Ten of us was traveling by the Continental Trailway bus

"It was a State Highway Patrolman and a Chief of Police ordered us out"

I stepped off of the bus to see what was happening (Every time my people grow, they cut us down)

And somebody screamed from the car and said, "Get that one there" (Every time my people grow, they cut us down)

Every time my people grow, they cut us down

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Every time my people grow, they cut us down

Every time my people grow, they cut us down

I'd rather be centerfold than hunted down

White supremacy's tentacles reach all around

Police, domestic military

America the Serengeti (They hunt us down)

They hunt us for the cemetery, they shoot us down

They hunt us for the cemetery, they shoot us down

Police, domestic military (They hunt us down)

America the Serengeti (They hunt us down)

Look, I know botany is not really my thing

I also know to grow some shit, you gotta' let it breathe

My grandma told me flowers get more powers when you sing to 'em

Tried to bury us, they didn't know that we was seeds

Tried to bury truth but, you can smell it when we bleed

That shit fertilize my soul

That shit sacred at my feet

See my niggas from pot soil

Seen these roses from concrete

Seen my city pour concrete over plots that we just bloomed

Over spots that we might meet

I won't sponsor no hypebeast

Conversation, I might tweet

Contemplatin' my bone growth

When these niggas gon' smite me

Know these niggas don't like me

These just Skittles and iced tea

Why you want to Kool-Aid my white tee?

We got FN's and 19's

I can't let you tread on me

Not since 1917, not since 1923

They didn't break the dream of Martin Luther King

They done broke chains but never break bread

Then think it's strange when niggas fight back

(Every time my people grow, they cut us down)

I'd rather be centerfold than hunted down

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Ain't no masquerades
Death to any motherfucka' tryna segregate
The news is fake because they play cadence, they exaggerate
These positions get futile so reevaluate
Who holds the powers in your hands?

They hunt us for the cemetery, they shoot us down
They hunt us for the cemetery
Police, domestic military (They hunt us down)
America the Serengeti (They hunt us down)