

## I

Harken World!  
Hear this story  
of the white man's crime and the Black Man's Glory.  
They came to Africa to rape our land,  
They shackled our ankles and chained our hands.  
Packed into holes of hell filled slave ships,  
We were destined to torture and the white Man's whip.

Who is this devil in human guise  
Who looks down on us with cold blue eyes?  
He is a beast and a demon which has no mind  
And surely no soul to commit such a crime

## II

Listen My Brothers!  
I want you to hear  
How the man has taught lies all these years,  
We had our heroes and brave men too  
But he was afraid to teach them to you.  
Nat Turner, Gabriel Prosser and Denmark Vesey  
Vowed to extinct the caucasian species.

With swords sharp with freedom and Blackness their hilts  
Many white devils died to pay for their guilt.  
Though brave were our heroes their efforts were vain,  
For they were caught, tried and hanged leaving all the same,

## III

Damn the oppressor!  
He could no longer hide  
How the great Black race had been crucified.  
So his very next step was miseducation  
To keep the Black man down with race degradation.

Keep the slave on his knees with his head in the sand  
Don't let him see he too is a man.  
But the devil failed to keep us down  
In 1865 emancipation came around.  
Now the White man's burden is off our back  
No more cotton picking just because you are Black.

## IV

The Great Proclamation!  
Free at last! Free at last!  
No more kissing the white man's ass?  
Our people were tricked, lied to and deceived  
The white man's prejudice never did leave.  
Now he fell into a Jim Crow bag  
Our struggle for freedom suddenly lagged.

The devil fought us with all of his might  
Politics by day and the Klan by night.  
So we could but stay in our place  
Cursing his back but not his face.

V

Later for the devil!  
He has the audacity  
To say since we're here we ought to be happy.  
Can you honestly dig what he forced us to do?  
We cleaned his kitchen and shined his shoes.  
Against Hitler we fought and for what you ask?  
Not for our own but for the white man's ass.

Fight for his freedom? I cannot hack that!  
Bleed for his america! No days like that!  
But since I'm nailed to a slavery cross  
I'll fight whitey for my life's no loss.

VI

Dig it!  
Until '64 all was cool and quiet  
Then the brothers cut loose with the great Watts riot.  
The man and the cops were all uptight  
And the Soul raised hell all through the night.  
They had gotten the message and had started to learn  
No more "yes massah" it's "Burn, Baby, Burn."

Now finally almost all know better  
At least, we're almost all together.  
Maybe in a few years all will know  
And we can reap what our ancestors have sown.

VII

If you listened and learned you now know the story  
Black is beautiful while white has been gory.  
If you dug my message you won't wait  
Because you too realize that it's already too late.  
If you can see my point you know now's the hour  
For Black pride and Black power.  
If you understand why Black people are rowdy and loud  
Congratulations Brother! You're Black and you're Proud.