

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.