

Woven Hand

"Raise The Flag"

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[Brother]

Descending from the tribes of Africa
Inspired by the great black leaders

[Professor X]

Vanglorious
This is protected
By the Red, the Black and the Green
With a key
Zoom

(Dynamic
Articulate
Perceptive
Courageous
Outspoken)

[VERSE 1: Brother]

One man is not a nation, Brother builds a Clan
Carter than the circle creates the better man
The colors, the brothers, the key, the motherland
This causes to assemble this blackman
Red, Black and Green are the colors of the flag on the
rise
Cause a nation should be guised
Another flowing, as I comfort sons and daughters
Knowledge leads the way, so I flow like Nile's waters
African-American rebel of authority
Majority, while I'm so-called minority
Sometimes they ask me, "Why are you the rebel?
Is that the way you choose, attain the bass and treble?"
Yup - "Brother, don't get deep," that's what they tellin
me
Just like a sell-out, while society
Gets stronger and stronger, my race gets weaker and
weaker
Maybe I can make a difference through a mic and a
speaker
So my lyrics flow different than a hip-hop be bop
Mic controller who turns out to be the flop
My wisdom God-given, excercised 'pon a rhythm

Power positive and strictly Bible, that's how I'm livin
Fortress we establish high, so none attack it
Back to the ways of our mathematic blackness
They can't solve it, it's somethin they can't catch
Took respect off our lives, so now I'm snatchin it back
Power flows in the nation, there is life in the key
Let us all bind together in the Red, the Black, the Green

[VERSE 2: Brother J]

One vanglorious way, through the heart, unified
And that should be the guide
For the younger nation, so they can build the tribes
After and beyond keep the colors alive
A message through lyrics and beats composed
Bring composure outstanding direct to those
Who understand what was taken, xeroxed and stripped
naked
Today's pig shall be tomorrow's bacon
Education brings false words, what do they teach?
Everything that I learned I had to self-reach
What do you know of a race that's dyin hourly?
The smartest men in the world, they in a bowery
Or either trapped or brain-washed on a come-up
Kicked to the butt, wake up, are you some kind of nut?
Are you blind, can't you see what's never seen?
We need some unity within the colors of the (Red, Black
and Green)

[VERSE 3: Brother J]

Garvey-like brotherhood flows with the vibe
And with the key, the flag is kept alive
The sense of power, native to a different land
Originality, fact that I understand
A black fist, black power and a black man
X Clan take a stand with the other hand
Usin this as a gimmick, yo man, I'll catch you
Fetch you, kick my foot and then direct you
In the right path, succotash
Don't ask me 'bout the aftermath
You do what? Don't make me laugh
Dummy, I am protected by forces beyond you
Think before you step before the rebel, silly mortal, you
Wearin Mother's tags, and you don't know what they
mean
All you are concerned with is greedy man's green
Sportin your medaillons, cause they matchin with your
outfit
Your posse's wearin it, man, that's so illegit
Without definition you represent the fraudulent
Blessed with blackness, but now you're just doggin it
Tooth for tooth, and a man for man

Ignorance take a pause and we'll all understand
Independence is one thing when unity is stronger
No one to realize the pressure last longer
I'm just one man who fears for the worst
Cause if we don't take a stand someone will step first
And then...

[Professor X]
No justice, no peace
Father Moses, Osiris, Oisis
Patrice Lumumba
Malcolm X
Marcus Garvey
Sonny Carson
The Blackwatch
Sissy!

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