

## Wynton Marsalis "Where Y'All At"

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You got to speak the language the people  
Are speakin'

Specially when you see the havoc it's wreakin'  
Even the rap game started out critiquin'  
Now it's all about killing and freakin'

All you '60s radicals and world beaters  
Righteous revolutionaries and Camus readers  
Liberal students and equal rights pleaders  
What's goin' on now that y'all are the leaders

Where y'all at? (That's what I'm talkin' about)  
Where y'all at? (Where y'all at?)  
Where y'all at?  
Where y'all at? (Lord have mercy)

Don't turn up your nose  
It's us that's stinkin'  
And it all can't be blamed on the party  
Of Lincoln  
The left and the right got the country sinkin'  
Knocked the scales from Justice hand and  
Set her eyes a-blinkin'

All you patriots, compatriots, and true  
Blue believers  
Brilliant thinkers and overachievers  
All you "when I was young  
We were so naïve's  
Y'all started like Eldridge and now  
You're like Beaver

Where y'all at?  
Where y'all at?  
Where y'all at?  
Where y'all at?

We supposed to symbolize freedom and pride  
But we got scared after King and the  
Kennedys died  
We take corruption and graft in stride

Sittin' around like owls talkin' 'bout "WHO?  
Who lied?"

All you po' folks victims of rich folks game  
All you rich folks gettin' ripped off in the  
Same name  
All you gossips cacklin' "It's a dirty shame"  
And whistle blowers cryin' 'bout who's to blame

Where y'all at?  
Where y'all at?  
Where y'all at?  
Where y'all at?

Well, it ain't about black and it ain't about  
The white  
They'll get together to make your pocket light.  
When you just keep on payin' do your jaws  
Get tight?  
Taxes, that's your real inalienable right

All you afro-wearers and barbershop experts  
Cultists, sectarians, political disconcerts  
Big baggy pants wearers with the long  
White T-shirts  
The good man that counter what the  
Bad man asserts

Where y'all at?  
Where y'all at?  
Where y'all at?  
Where y'all at?

After 9/11 the whole world  
Was ready to love us  
Now everybody can't wait to rub us  
We runnin' all over the world with a blunderbuss  
And the Constitution all but forgot in the fuss

All you feminists and mothers, fathers  
And brothers  
I guess you'd pimp your daughters if you  
Had your druthers  
All you "It's not me" it's always others  
You watch the crimes, you close your shutters

Folks watchin' Fox and CNN News  
Seekin' a cure for the Red, White, and Blues  
Well, it won't matter which side you choose  
If we end up payin' international dues

All you "In my day it used to be" frauds  
All you "So what"s and "Leave it to the Lawd"s  
All you "I'll just deal with whatever cards"  
All you extend adolescent American Bards

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