

Aeon The Ace

"Afrika"

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Verse 1

â€œIts funny how people knock the country that they came from, made from, raised from, and even got their names from, why/ isn't it televised for what it is (and) cut the lies and show more than juss the poverty retrospective side/ I testify I been a victim sucked into a vision given makin me to be juss another product of the system/ without a proper cause or even tryna listen/ taught to judge but now I know u can't feed on what u given/ yea there's kids I can't deny they can't find food to eat/ can't forget about the homeless who have nowhere to sleep/ the country's full of medicâ€™s but they got no money for the fees/ thereâ€™s the wars and all the men they claim be swingin from the trees../ Well I meanâ€¦/ that's all they really show us on T.Vâ€¦/ The malnutrition poor people and conniving thieves/ I told u lâ€™ve been tellin ya you buyin what they sellin ya but what they don't show, is third world in AMERICA!â€œ

Chorus 2x

â€œThis is my journey my hunger I made it I was out numbered through these stereotypical individuals who belittle u/ they judge and class u their intentions to get rid of u listen/ whatever happened to good morals and principles

â€œâ€œVerse 2

â€œFirst generation African American forced to settle in a place we don't control and then they claim we pick our presidentsâ€¦ no/ how can we call this place home/ the government with eminent domain can even take the place that I own/ they tappin our phones harass and neva leave us alone/ takin our diamond stones they killin for in Sierra Leone/ yea they know its wrong but still they do it/ I guess they didn't care much for all the amputees whoâ€™ve become a product through it. Maybe its me /but I aint neva see the logic to it/ kids hungry cryin with nothin bein provided to um/ it makes me sit and wonder thinkin if they blinded to um/ or infatuated wit continuously lying [to um]/ in America

the father of fathers/ indeed there's a problem when
other countries follow our problems/ makin it harder to
solve em/ mixing the right wit the wrong good wit da
bad/ we see a ghetto to them that may be all that they
have.....â€”â€”

Chorus 2x

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numbered through these stereotypical individuals who
belittle u/ they judge and class u their intentions to get
rid of u listen/ whatever happened to good morals and
principles

Verse 3

Its crazy/ and possibly/ Iâ€™d be rockin deas droppin
dese rhymes awkwardly/ up outta me/ kickin to yall
prophecy/ logically no stoppin me/ swearin to yall
solemnly/ truth without robbery/ coined it I-Ology/ my
street odysseyâ€™s/ get money to gain property as a
monopoly I must control results of my philosophy/ we
ought to see but brought to be victims of our society/
and forcefully we labeled as criminalsâ€” were
minorities/ they claim we kill rape and steal as our
priorities. / Itâ€™s funny how they got minorities killin
minorities. Dear diary I swear/ that everything is
everything aint nothin free so soon they will be chargin
forâ€” airâ€” /the end is soon to come I say to run and
be prepared/ with rifles swords and armor world war
threeâ€” could be near/ since God is number one no
other man I shall fear/ who bleed the same and tear the
same as I shall beware./

Chorus

This is my journey my hunger I made it I was out
numbered through these stereotypical individuals who
belittle u/ they judge and class u their intentions to get
rid of u listen/ whatever happened to good morals and
principlesâ€”â€”â€”â€”â€”â€”

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