

## Akrobatik "Remind My Soul"

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Yeah, it's gettin' wild out here  
It makes me wonder how a black man could ever raise  
a child out here  
You know the old krumbnsnatcha's in this land of decay  
So why we killin' for the crumbs when there's so much  
to stay?  
We're no longer supposed to be slaves  
I bet Harriet Tubman will be turnin' in her grave  
Like remind my soul

Of the time we were great before the self hate

My elders all feel the same there's no bravery  
We're supposed to fight for freedom not just the end of  
slavery  
Are we too selfish to even bless the kids with jewels  
So our youth don't get played out for fools?  
Will they get program how to behave?  
Malcolm X must be turnin' in his grave  
Like remind my soul

Of the time we were great before the self hate  
The time we were great before the self hate (x3)  
The time we were great  
Wait, we still great, but

I met up with this dread, said "Peace, Respect"  
To set respect and not seen that around here yet  
Black man kill himself for limited amount of wealth  
And them disrespecting women saw him disrespect  
himself  
I agree for what the dread haven't get off of his chest  
Bob Marley will be disturbed from his rest  
Like remind my soul

Of the time we were great before the self hate

Can't work a dead end 9 to 5 for what  
To be another victim of social security cuts?  
I gotta cut myself from the chains and run free  
Empower myself to be my own authority  
People die so I don't have to be a runaway slave

Nat Turner must be turnin' in his grave  
Like remind my soul

Of the time we were great before the self hate  
The time we were great before the self hate (x3)  
The time we were great  
Wait, we still great, but

We thought to worship these rappers and athletes and  
actors  
Many who think they better in the walk right passed ya  
It's what you do off camera and off the court  
That really makes you worthy of the people support  
But some brothers get those millions and forget how to  
behave  
Arther Ashe must be turnin' in his grave  
Like remind my soul

Of the time we were great before the self hate

We crabs in a barrel, you ain't gettin out until I do first  
And that's why the guns burst  
Whatever happened to strenght in numbers?  
Some of the greatest minds on the planet are among  
us  
But so many start on strugglin' and never get saved  
Man, Martin must be turnin' in his grave  
Like remind my soul

Of the time we were great before the self hate  
The time we were great before the self hate (x3)  
The time we were great

Remind my soul  
Of the time we were great before the self hate yo  
Yeah

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