King Sun "Be Black"

Visit "Be Black" on MotoLyrics.com

(Richard Pryor) Have any of you ever been to Africa, Back to the motherland 'It's somethin... *echoes*

All these lovely... brothers and sisters
The subject at hand is about your own people
The poison animal eaters, slaves of a mental death in
power
And our next speaker, well... we know who he is

Verse One:

This is not a rhyme about the racial times
And if you don't want to hear it then pay it no mind
What I'm about to say may get you all upset
So I apoligize and the wise don't sweat
The matter at hand is toward the black
That live a falsehood life and that's no way to act
You don't wear gold because you can't afford it
The medallion was cheap, so you went out and bought
it

From a Chinese man, or some Korean fella
I bet you think your money went to help Mandela
Oh really, has the past been forgotten?
Dressin how they used to in the days of pickin cotton
Martin Luther King did a lot for us
But today it's cool to play the back of the bus
I study 120, I'm right and exact
So I think I should reveal what it is to be black

Verse Two:

Now everybody's wearin the red black and green Here's the point: do you know what it means? Red for the bloodshed, black for the people Green for the land to be utilized equal "Yo I'm from Africa" boy you're just a faker Name one city "Uhh, Jamaica!" WRONG... and I think that's a shame An African look with an American name You might fool others but you can't fool Sun Wanna build with the brother, then I am the one Play connect the dots, all the way to the motherland

What have you done for your nation my brotherman You can't even do the right things for self Then you got the nerve to criticize somebody else If it wasn't for Chuck you wouldn't know of Farrakhan I understand that the man is a paragon Open up your eyes and ears and try to learn Stop perpetratin with your false concern Even some rappers, frontin in their videos Nothing but Oreos, tryin to be memorial

I'm not impressed, by the way some stars Perpetrate to be original, you know who you are I diss my people who choose to lack Cause there's more to learn on how to be black

Verse Three:

And then they say I'm prejudiced, cause I like redbones But nowadays original girls are headstrong Not as a whole, but the majority I know Are too busy frontin yo, tryin to be fly though You might hear this and think I'm trippin But knowledge the wisdom before you start flippin As modern day God, I do analysis To find out what makes them hard like callouses Instead of being sweat, truthful and soft They wanna be false and that turns me off Your hair's not real, neither are your eyes And your makeup is swine plus a big disguise Your clothes are tight, I can see every inch And then you wonder how I get this urge to pinch Sellin your sex, without makin love I'm not Keith to be Sweat-in you and that's unheard of If I got dollars, I'm good for your number If I look fine, I get a one night slumber Wham, bam, but no thank you ma'am Wanna knock the boots but you don't know who I am This is not a diss to my black sista If I screamed on ya daughter, pardon me mista The point I'm makin, such a visual fact Teach her to be original, and how to be black

Groove to this Move to this

Verse Four:

I know you're probably mad and would like to roast me But get yourself together, before you approach me Cause I'm no sucka, I say what I feel I might hurt your feelings, but at least I'm real The way to be black is to strive for goals
You're no longer the people who was bought and sold
My advice to you is a word to the wise
Snap out of the negative, into the civilized
This place around you was meant to down you
Kings and Queens but yet they still won't crown
Sun Born Allah has a goal no doubt if you're black
And you're proud you better live that out...

Visit King Sun page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.