

Limahl

"Neva Again"

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[Kam]

Lift every voice and sing
Yeah, but we gon' lift every fist and swing
So save the negro spiritual
It's 1992 and niggaz need a miracle
And no more song and dance
like we shall overcome, and ain't got a chance
Y'all stuck on "I have a dream"
Need to put the picket sign down and get on the team
Stand up and do somethin
Stop beggin for a meal, cause everything is real
Nigga look at yourself, you in hell
Claimin wel-fare, or should I say fare-well
Mr. Christian, you was too spooky
Now Bush wanna slave, and Russia wanna nuke me
And the most you can tell me is love thy enemy?
Stay off the Hennesey
Pops I want freedom, so hand me the nine
You can pray for yours, but I'ma go get mine
Now how long has it been?
For a hundred and thirty-seven years, but neva again

[Kam]

God bless America.. but for what?
How bout God damn America, the slut (yeah)
Now I can name that tune
Cause the land of the free is sellin negroes at noon
But how soon we forget
Mention the holocaust, niggaz have a fit
Sorry it's real but I'm fresh out of tears
Cause lynch that nigga's still ringin in my ears
I want freedom, justice, equality, Islam
So it's hard to keep calm
when I'm accused of bein racist for lovin my people
first
Now they wanna put me in a hearse
but black people never made white slaves
And we was too lovin to put Jews in a oven
But the pilgrims wasn't so friendly then
And by the way, I never ate a Indian
So who's the real savage?

Six feet tall on the average
Mark the number of the God damn beast
To the East my brother to the East say neva again

[Kam]

Oh say can y'all see?
It's the home of the slave, land of the never free
America me, the so called negro
with another verse, so here we go
As long as y'all been givin me hell
No wonder there's a crack in the Liberty Bell
to tell on America the Beautiful
The bitch need a facelift, for this race myth
And now for you to pull a caper, kidnap rape her
The penalty is DEATH
Cause we ain't forgave or forgot
blacks bein murdered, tortured and shot
Six hundred million, one-eighty-sevens
It's bringin wrath down from the heavens
So let my people go Pharoahe, the arrow
is point at your dome, and if we don't make it home
Cancel Christmas
Like EPMD we got some "Unfinished Business"
From way back, payback for your sin
So paleskin, tell a friend, neva again

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