

Common Sense

"Lo - A Song For Assata"

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c

(Common)

In the Spirit of God.

In the Spirit of the Ancestors.

In the Spirit of the Black Panthers.

In the Spirit of Assata Shakur.

We make this movement towards freedom

for all those who have been oppressed, and all those in
the struggle.

Yeah. yo, check it-

There were lights and sirens, gunshots firin

Cover your eyes as I describe a scene so violent

Seemed like a bad dream, she laid in a blood puddle

Blood bubbled in her chest, cold air brushed against
open flesh

No room to rest, pain consumed each breath

Shot twice wit her hands up

Police questioned but shot before she answered

One Panther lost his life, the other ran for his

Scandalous the police were as they kicked and beat her

Comprehension she was beyond, tryna hold on

to life. She thought she'd live with no arm

that's what it felt like, got to the hospital, eyes held
tight

They moved her room to room-she could tell by the
light

Handcuffed tight to the bed, through her skin it bit

Put guns to her head, every word she got hit

"Who shot the trooper?" they asked her

Put mace in her eyes, threatened to blast her

Her mind raced till things got still

Opened her eyes, realized she's next to her best friend
who got killed

She got chills, they told her: that's where she would be
next

Hurt mixed wit anger-survival was a reflex

They lied and denied visits from her lawyer

But she was buildin as they tried to destroy her

If it wasn't for this german nurse they woulda served
her worse

I read this sister's story, knew that it deserved a verse
I wonder what would happen if that woulda been me?
All this shit so we could be free, so dig it, y'all.

(Cee-lo vocals)

I'm thinkin' of Assata, yes.
Listen to my Love, Assata, yes.
Your Power and Pride is beautiful.
May God bless your Soul.

(Common)

It seemed like the middle of the night when the law
awakened her
Walkie-talkies cracklin, I see 'em when they takin her
Though she kinda knew,
What made the ride peaceful was the trees and the sky
was blue
Arrived to Middlesex Prison about six inna morning
Uneasy as they pushed her to the second floor in
a cell, one cot, no window, facing hell.
Put in the basement of a prison wit all males
And the smell of misery, seatless toilets and
centipedes
She'd exercise, (paint?,) and begin to read
Two years inna hole. Her soul grew weak
Away from people so long she forgot how to speak
She discovered freedom is a unspoken sound
And a wall is a wall and can be broken down
Found peace in the Panthers she went on trial with
One of the brothers she had a child with
The foulness they would feed her, hopin she's lose her
seed
Held tight, knowing the fight would live through this
seed
In need of a doctor, from her stomach she's bleed
Out of this situation a girl was conceived
Separated from her, left to mother the Revolution
And lactated to attack hate
Cause federal and state was built for a Black fate
Her emptiness was filled with beatings and court dates
They fabricated cases, hoping one would stick
And said she robbed places that didn't exist
In the midst of threats on her life and being caged with
Aryan whites
Through dark halls of hate she carried the light
I wonder what would happen if that woulda been me?
All of this shit so we could be free.
Yeah, I often wonder what would happen if that woulda
been me?
All of this shit so we could be free, so dig it, people-

(Cee-Lo)

I'm thinkin' of Assata, yeah.

Listen to my Love, Assata, yeah.

Your Power and Pride, so Beautiful...

May God bless your Soul.

Oooh.

(Common)

Yo

From North Carolina her grandmother would bring

news that she had had a dream

Her dreams always meant what they needed them to mean

What made them real was the action in between

She dreamt that Assata was free in they old house in Queens

The fact that they always came true was the thing
Assata had been convicted of a murder she couldna done

Medical evidence shown she couldna shot the gun

It's time for her to see the sun from the other side

Time for her daughter to be by her mother's side

Time for this Beautiful Woman to become soft again

Time for her to breathe, and not be told how or when

She untangled the chains and escaped the pain

How she broke out of prison I could never explain

And even to this day they try to get to her

but she's free with political asylum in Cuba.

(Cee-Lo vocals)

I'm thinkin' of Assata, yeah.

Listen to my Love, Assata, yeah.

We're molded from the same mud, Assata.

We share the same Blood, Assata, yeah.

Your Power and Pride, so Beautiful...

May God bless your Soul.

Your Power and Pride, so Beautiful...

May God bless your Soul.

Oooh.

(Assata)

Freedom! You askin me about freedom. Askin me
about freedom?

I'll be honest with you. I know a whole more about what
freedom isn't

than about what it is, cause I've never been free.

I can only share my vision with you of the future, about
what freedom is.

Uhh, the way I see it, freedom is-- is the right to grow,
is the right to
blossom.

Freedom is -is the right to be yourself, to be who you
are,
to be who you wanna be, to do what you wanna do.
(fade out)

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