

Mystic Roots

"Let it go"

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Let it go, You got to live life irie now.
Let it go, You got to love each other now

Let's talk about oppression, I'm guessin, like Stevie, I wonder
'Cause I was taught not to love another brother for his color
Or hate a race that's makin' me hate this country that I live in 'cause it sure don't be the greatest
Forever let's come together and make it better
'Cause I'd quicker give my life for somethin' right than rather let a
racist closed-minded, apartheid, or another David Duke-talkin', high & mighty, stupid motha-f*cker
I've seen a many things that make my head get dizzy
Only thing that makes me happy is all people gettin' busy
No derogatory, like a South-African story
Let's rise up and fight like Denzel back in Glory
Punch out the dumb sh*t, quick with a one-two
Red, Black, White, Brown, or Yellow, ya'll, I love you
Let's come together like Martin Luther King
and everybody in the place "Won't you help to sing!"

It goes back a couple hundred years ago or so I'm taught
The wars, the tribes, in Africa they fought
Like voodoo, the mighty Zulu became the new crew
And conquered all because of power; now what would you do?
Took people from A-land and they land up kings
With some hostages that they would soon want to bring to the white man; who, in his right hand, offered them guns
or money, food, clothing, and don't forget rum
Blacks selling blacks but who woulda thought that a few years later the kings would get caught
Because the white men didn't like them and needed many
'Cause they were too lazy to do the work when there was any

So they stole the rest; robbed from Africa it's breast
And every black could feel what it was like to be
oppressed
Makes me sick that these dicks did such a thing
So in the words of Bob Marley, ya'll: "Won't you help to
sing!"

Let's drop-kick racism with a steel-toed boot
Take it from me, the Dog, and my homies call me Coot
and the letters in my name, they make it better; let us
see
What goes behind them letters: C O O T
Caucasian Opposing Oppression Today
Remember the words of my mentor, Marvin Gaye
"Mercy, Mercy Me" it's hurtin' when I see
a white beat a black to my university
I didn't ask for my color and nor am I glad
that there might have been some racist in my greatest-
granddad
But I doubt it, 'cause like I said before: 'we all are
people'
& Latin, Black, & White you know that we all are equal
The evil: it have fe stop & get dropped
Ask Mystic Roots, the Ku-Klux-Klan them BLOODCLOT!
So with a voice, a song, a dream that I bring
Everybody in the world: "Won't you help to sing!"

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