

Sho Baraka

"Chapter 1: Bethesda"

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Featuring J.K. & L.I.B.E.R.T.Y

[Verse 1: Sho Baraka]

Yeah, I feel the pain of a 70's soul single
Who just saw the death of one of its soul leaders
I wanna sell records but yet I feel eager
To write political tunes that give a certain ñnger
To talk to God they told me to climb a mountain
I'm thirsty for His revelation, where's the colored
fountain?
As grace rains on the concrete garden
I guess it's common sense now that that's water for
chocolate
Mommies tried to keep their babies off the street
Police got rap sheets so ya kids gettin' beat, beat
Hit after hit video in the crowd and still not enough
evidence
I'm on my Harriet Tubman maybe my sojourner
More like Martin Luther the King than Nat Turner
I roll with a team of newly redeemed sinners
That know we have to lose our life to be winners (live)

[Hook]

Clouds will come the rain will fall
Sometimes sun won't shine at all
From pain inside cries will soar
But I'm hopin' that you hold all things together

[Verse 2: Sho Baraka]

Yeah, every pastor ain't corrupt, every church don't
suck
But the people are thinkin', who will speak for us?
A nation of people who bleach their skin
Keep ñghtin' my bro, you'll ñnd that peace within
Or that young brown sister with a pure gold voice
Or that unborn child who has had no choice
Third world pains, kids dyin' of aids
Abort a child cuz 2 adults had childish ways
Pretty offensive - I'm still in the zone
I have a Chris Rock goal - keep my daughter off the
pole

That's two-fold - stripping and politickin'
Cuz to me homie I don't really see much difference
Promise a bunch of stuff you never get
Exit with the same concerns you came in with
To all my people who grindin' - what up tho'?
To all my people who dyin' - what up ghost?
To all my people who grindin' - what up tho'?
To all my people who dyin' - what up ghost?

[Hook]

Clouds will come the rain will fall
Sometimes sun won't shine at all
From pain inside cries will soar
But I'm hopin' that you hold all things together

[Verse 3: Sho Baraka]

Born in Alberta, died in Atlanta
Had 2 parents plus raised by grandma
Told I was different cuz I spoke with a grammar that
was proper
Cuz my momma tried to raise me with manners
I'm a lover, I'm a husband, I'm an artist, I'm a father
I'm a ñ-íghter, a believer, I'm an actor, I'm an author
I ran up son of Adam, I'm just lookin' for the pardon
A vegan avoidin' the beef that started in the garden
I'm on my Oscar Grant and invisible children,
Jena Six, Rakeem Boyd, I am Bobby Tillman
I'm on my thief on the cross the prodigal son
And I was the sheep that was lost
I'm on my mover and shakers a student of the panthers
Also learned in the quakers
I'm on my Zora Neale, Absalom Jones,
Harlem renaissance with a Paul Robeson poem
I'm on my George Washington Carver
A humble servant who gave all glory to the Father
I'm on my Rembrandt with a ñ-tted cap, C.S. Lewis if
he would ever rap
I'm on my Lord touch down, I love life but you can come
back now
I'm on my son of a king, a fresh prince, diverse being,
the talented 10th

[Outro]

(To all my people who grindin' - what up tho'?
To all my people who grindin' - what up tho'?
To all my people who dyin' - what up ghost?
To all my people who dyin' - what up ghost?)
Wade in the water
Wade in the water children
Wade in the water
God's gonna trouble the water

Wade in the water
Wade in the water children
Wade in the water
God's gonna trouble the water

God's gonna trouble the water...

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