

Sho Baraka**"Chapter 9: Jim Crow"**

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[Hook]

I feel I'm trapped in a crazy place
Asking the Lord for amazing grace
I see the masses wanna change me
I'm waiting for someone to save me until then, until
then
I guess I'm stuck here on n*gga island
Yeah, where n*ggas be wylin
Yeah, and color is violence
Yeah, moment of silence (hello)
I guess I'm stuck here on n*gga island
Yeah, where n*ggas be wylin
Yeah, and color is violence
Yeah, moment of silence

[Verse 1]

Yeah, I am the invisible man though I have a soul I
am from an invisible land
They gave me a slave pen for my freedom of speech
Yeah I'm tryin' to leave the island but swimming
through bleach
Come on son, why you always ruin the mood
Race talks happen every time you enter the room
Cuz there's ignorance in the masses
Too many people think racism is past tense
We fight for blackness but we don't know what black
is
I know it ain't the zero sum of white man
They wanna know how to reach the hood like there's
magic
Like we're all the same, huh like we're not dynamic
Hollywood wants to pimp us to get dough
Exploit us but give us money somebody say ho
Yeah let's thank those movies and them TV shows
Be a token or a player, Uncle Tom row
Or be a magic negro until the day I'm gone
Hope the white man reach his goal but never reach my
own
Or an oversexed male, even a coon
A young man who loves ignorance praisin' his doom,
until then

[Hook]

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[Verse 2]

Say hello to the great cultural brain wash
Washin' my brain from some of the things that race
taught
Miseducate, colonize, divide
Teach beauty is straight hair and the bluest of eyes
And because of lies I'm debating i-ve percenters
How the mid-east movement gon' be a white man's
religion
How the privileged man say it's time to move forward
And say the game's fair when he monopolize the board
And corporate greed just manipulates the poor
Outside the hood I don't see liquor stores
I know God is sovereign and I should pray about it
But a man won't stop it if it increases his profits
And most ain't realistic with the show
They make music for the streets but I don't see 'em at
the show
So instead of truth they'd rather be duped
I guess they want me to make more songs for youth
groups, until then...

[Hook]

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Yeah, moment of silence

[Verse 3]

Yeah I got a double consciousness but I'm still in touch
Cops got my hands in the air so I ain't feelin' much
Lookin' for protection all I can see is tyrants
I'm i-ghtin' them coons and thugs racists and dyin'
honors
That lady you call ho, that's my lover
That woman you call b*tch, that's my mother
Them boys that you killed, them my brothers
Send the ship to the island we can rescue some others
Did they i-ght for civil rights so we could sit on gold
I can't walk in your shoes, you keep sellin' your soul
No, ain't much Booker T when you look at me
But a whole lot of the boys makin' noise until then

[Hook]

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Yeah, moment of silence

[Outro]

Hey here we are, put on a show
Dance a jig, go Jim Crow
Hey here we are, put on a show
Dance a jig, go monkey go
Hey here we are, put on a show
Dance a jig, go Jim Crow
Go Jim Crow, say go Jim Crow
Go Jim Crow, say go monkey go
Yeah it's what you want me to do right?
It's what you want me to do right? Are you entertained?
Are you entertained?

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