

## Dead Poetic

### "I'm A African"

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Yo turn this motherfucking shit up!  
Ha ha ha  
Rwanda, nigeria, africa's in the house  
My nigga d.r.

[verse 1]

Nigga the red is for the blood in my arm  
The black is for the gun in my palm  
And the green is for the tram that grows natural  
Like locks on africans  
Holdin the smoke from the herb in my abdomen  
Camouflage fatigues, and daishikis  
Somewhere in between n.w.a. and p.e.  
I'm black like steve biko  
Raised in the ghetto by the people  
Fuck the police you know how we do

[verse 2]

Ayo my life is like roots it's a true story  
It's too gory for them televised fables on cable  
I'm a runaway slave watching the north star  
Shackles on my forearm , runnin with the gun on my  
palm  
I'm an african , never was an african-american  
Blacker than black I take it back to my origin  
Same skin hated by the klansmen  
Big nose and lips, big hips and butts, dancin, what

Hook:

I'm a african  
I'm a african, uhh  
And I know what's happenin  
I'm a african  
I'm a african, uhh  
And I know what's happenin  
You a african?  
You a african? , louder  
Do you know what's happenin?  
I'm a african  
I'm a african, uhh  
And I know what's happenin

It's plain to see, you can't change me  
'cause I'm a people army for life

Where you from fool?

[verse 3]

No I wasn't born in ghana, but africa is my momma  
And I did not end up here from bad karma  
Or from b-ball, selling mad crack or rappin  
Peter tosh try to tell us what happened  
He was sayin if you black then you african  
So they had to kill him, and make him a villain  
'cause he was teachin the children  
I feel him, he was tryin to drop us a real gem  
That's why we bucking holes in the ceilin when we  
hearin

Hook

A-f-r-i-c-a, puerto rico, haiti, and j.a.  
New york and cali, f-l-a  
No it ain't 'bout where you stay, it's bout the  
motherland  
(repeat 2x)

[verse 4]

It's like tank top, flip flop  
Knotty dread lock, fuck a cop, hip hop  
Make your head bop  
Bounce to this, socialist movement  
My environment made me the nigga I am  
Uncle sam came and got me and arrested my fam  
Try to infiltrate and murder off the best of my clan  
I'm not american, punk, democrat, or republican  
Remember that, most of the cats we know, be hustlin  
My momma work, all her life and still strugglin  
I blame it on the government and say it on the radio  
(what) and if you don't already know  
All these uncle tom ass kissin niggas gotta go

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