

Akrea

"Remind My Soul"

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Yeah, it's gettin' wild out here
It makes me wonder how a black man could ever raise
a child out here
You know the old krumbstatcha's in this land of decay
So why we killin' for the crumbs when there's so much
to stay?
We're no longer supposed to be slaves
I bet Harriet Tubman will be turnin' in her grave
Like remind my soul

Of the time we were great before the self hate

My elders all feel the same there's no bravery
We're supposed to fight for freedom not just the end of
slavery
Are we too selfish to even bless the kids with jewels
So our youth don't get played out for fools?
Will they get program how to behave?
Malcolm X must be turnin' in his grave
Like remind my soul

Of the time we were great before the self hate
The time we were great before the self hate (x3)
The time we were great
Wait, we still great, but

I met up with this dread, said "Peace, Respect"
To set respect and not seen that around here yet
Black man kill himself for limited amount of wealth
And them disrespecting women saw him disrespect
himself
I agree for what the dread haven't get off of his chest
Bob Marley will be disturbed from his rest
Like remind my soul

Of the time we were great before the self hate

Can't work a dead end 9 to 5 for what
To be another victim of social security cuts?
I gotta cut myself from the chains and run free
Empower myself to be my own authority

People die so I don't have to be a runaway slave
Nat Turner must be turnin' in his grave
Like remind my soul

Of the time we were great before the self hate
The time we were great before the self hate (x3)
The time we were great
Wait, we still great, but

We thought to worship these rappers and athletes and
actors
Many who think they better in the walk right passed ya
It's what you do off camera and off the court
That really makes you worthy of the people support
But some brothers get those millions and forget how to
behave
Arther Ashe must be turnin' in his grave
Like remind my soul

Of the time we were great before the self hate

We crabs in a barrel, you ain't gettin out until I do first
And that's why the guns burst
Whatever happened to strenght in numbers?
Some of the greatest minds on the planet are among
us
But so many start on strugglin' and never get saved
Man, Martin must be turnin' in his grave
Like remind my soul

Of the time we were great before the self hate
The time we were great before the self hate (x3)
The time we were great

Remind my soul
Of the time we were great before the self hate yo
Yeah

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