

## Paris

### "Assata's Song"

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Yeah, yeah..  
One time, one time..  
Goin out, goin out..  
To all the sisters.. this one's for y'all..

[Paris]

Thinkin of you, and how the perception came to pass  
Of a Queen bein just a piece of ass  
So I ask you how that sound  
That's for the sisters I missed the last time 'round  
Because I can't forget what you been through  
I can't forget the hardships and what you do  
So I'm payin you the ultimate respect  
Because I love you and that's what you should get  
And it's a shame that it comes as a surprise  
From the man in the land of do or die  
That the word could ever reach and educate  
It ain't nuttin' but a style to set it straight  
And I'm raised right so ladies still first  
But smooth with the groove for the fools that doubt ya  
worth  
Still thinkin of a master plan  
to protect and respect cause the fact is I love the black  
woman

[jazz interlude]

[Paris]

And anyway, I remember there was a time  
When I would see you and try and go for mines  
Push up in the guts for a month or two  
Leave a stamp, break camp, y'all know the rules  
And if somethin went wrong it was yo' fault  
The time was cut short and so were the phone calls  
And someone would ax if I know you  
Come up in my face and I would be like, "What - who?"  
But then I seen that the game was ignorant  
The time had come for me to break away from that  
Don't you know there ain't no future in hurtin our own  
It's bad enough that the trust and love are gone  
So I strive for, one to provide for

And hold and take and elevate and guide for  
So many people wanna destroy  
But I cain't, and I won't, stop ever bein true to black  
woman

[LONG jazz interlude]

[Paris]

Now brothers, one last note to help us  
Keep check of some are livin life reckless  
Runnin with women who don't have respect for self  
And too foul to wanna get help, huh  
And sista you don't need a man  
who cheats and mistreats and beats you bad  
It's better to have nuttin than somethin at all  
And end up like a case bein worse than a close call  
So listen to the message in the song  
It ain't nuttin but a way to make us strong  
Quit bein so quick to chase the juice  
And diss us tryin to taste another's fruit  
In the land of Ameri-K-K-Ka  
I gotta hold my own and stay down wit'cha  
Cause everybody wants to wreck  
But I'ma love ya and show respect, I need ya black  
woman

[jazz music to fade]

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