

## **Akrobatik f/ Chuck D, Brenna Gethers**

### **"Kindred"**

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[Intro - Chuck D]

This is Chuck D. The effects of slavery have had a far reaching  
effect on black people in America  
The scars run deep  
Not just the physical, but the emotional and  
psychological scars as well  
And they still hurt today  
It's been said before, that we can't know  
where we are going, without knowing where we have  
been  
Follow along, as Akrobatik takes us on a journey  
back to how things started for us here  
And links topics to what we're dealing with, to this day

[Akrobatik]

It took me six years to build up enough courage to run  
and only six hours to be facing the barrel of a gun  
Not knowing if it's the last time I'd ever see my sons  
and that's punishment enough, still the pain has just  
begun

Life flashes, whether from the whip lashes  
he's threatening to burn me in my own ashes  
Brown skin is now purple, it comes full circle,  
when the pain that I'll endure is the pain I have to work  
through

For now my body lies listless  
wishing that my wife wasn't forced to witness  
Wishes she wasn't forced to be master's mistress  
wishes she wasn't forced to be under this distress

How did we ever get into this mess  
we came from kings, now we're wearing rags  
eating unmentionable things, the stings  
from the welds on my back make me wanna attack  
and be a martyr for blacks, but then the whip cracks  
and brings me back to reality, madness brutality  
that leads to fatalities

And if he knew I was reading books and getting  
smarter  
it would only make him whip me harder  
Sometimes I thank God I never had a daughter  
but even if I did it might definately connect  
through the pain, our soul's kindred

[Chorus - Brenna Gethers]  
Hmm-mm-mm, we are kindred  
through our name

[Chuck D]  
Hurricane Katrina and her aftermath  
have long since been forgotten by many of those  
unaffected by her wrath  
felt in 2005  
Once again our people have been displaced by the  
thousands  
and were left to fend for themselves  
while those more fortunate were able to escape  
Let's take a look at what may have been going on  
through the mind of victims of America's most  
infamous natural disaster

[Akrobatik]  
I'm on my rooftop, sick and thirsty, asking God for  
mercy  
please spare my wife, she's only thirty  
Schoolbuses float atop murky waters, could they have  
used them to at least evacuate our sons and  
daughters?

We sleep because we have no choice, dehydrated  
and we can't scream for because we have no voice  
Crying for what the helicopters never dropped us  
the stench of bodies in piles is evident for miles

Broke with little home, laid off with little income  
ghetto life is no joke, I'm broke and then some  
My son is on his stomach, body riddled with heavy  
shakes  
I guess we now know what happens when the levee  
breaks

For now my body lies listless  
whishing that my wife wasn't forced to witness  
Whishes she wasn't forced to be without me for  
Christmas  
whishes she wan't forced to be under this disstress

How did we ever get into this mess

we came from kings, now I feel I truly know why the  
caged bird sings  
He sings to keep his mind of the pain of things  
but the way that we were left to remain, it stings

Stings like the welds on the back of my kin  
now replaced by the toxic water attacking my skin  
I bet CNN is broadcasting this slaughter  
as gasprices rise like the water

I thank God I never had a daughter  
but even if I did it might definately connect  
through the pain, our soul's kindred

[Chorus - Brenna Gethers]  
Hmm-mm-mm, we are kindred  
through our name

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