

Saul Williams "Black History Month"

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Can you feel it? Nothing can save you
I?m tougher than bullets so baby pray to your savior
I never been shot but I bet you I?m braver
I?m taking my spot, nigga, I ain?t afraid to be me
Sometimes I find it very hard to be, who? Me
(The inevitable rise and liberation of NiggyTardust)

Yo the banana peels are carefully placed
So keep your shell toes carefully laced
The illest nigga got peppered and maced
Now amplify this, turn up the bass

Picture me lampin? in the company car
Rims like Tibetan prayer wheels, nigga what? I?m a star
I cruise the block like a feather back and forth
?Til I land as the song in your ear or the book in your
hand

Now the whole fuckin' world ?bout to know who I am
Got your whole system up in my trunk
That ?dog eat dog? make my woofers bark: atomic
crunk
All my trill niggas know who be bringin' da funk
Lees and shell toes like it?s Black History Month

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There was one bore witness to the rays of the sun
Synthesized in her own image, photo negative shun
The development of Parliament the phallic bop gun
Thus, the mothership connection spawned the birth of
the drum

Ancient drum begat drum kingdom go, kingdom come

Ancient sector of the scepter risen up to the sun
Hidden hand of man begat patented clone of the drum
Boom bap strapped into a wire, tightly coiled and re-
spun

Trigger sound, trigger gun, drum machine, machine
gun
Bodies piled, carefully filed under beats
That were once reprogrammed to become unplugged
concert of sun
Every ray with sample clearance, every two begat one

Boom bop hard as a gun, white cross-trainers,
unstrung
Let these suckas know the cost of making Harriet run
Let the North Star be your guiding post when turned
from the sun
Until knowledge reigns supreme over nearly everyone

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