

## **Delerium F/ Jacqui Hunt**

### **"Strange Fruit"**

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Chorus: Shawn Chapelle

Southern trees, bare us strange fruit  
Blood on the leaves, blood at the roots  
Black bodies swingin, in the Southern breeze  
All that strange fruit hangin... hangin from the trees

Verse One: Danja Mowf

Check it out, here's a story that's true (aight)  
They had me locked up, for this crime I didn't do  
This white girl identified me, as a rapist  
Had me wishin I was Harry Houdini, the great escapist  
But wait it's, more check it out the plot thickens (aight)  
Cause Shorty started tellin more tales than Charles Dickens  
She said I kidnapped her, trapped her, slapped her  
then after, I tapped her, I fled through the pasture  
NAH, not me cuz, knew I'd get acquitted  
But seemed every white face in town knew I did it  
or done it, shit about a hundred, approachin white figures  
bearin triggers screaming, "Kill that nigger!"  
I'm gettin nervous just a little concerned  
cause in the South where I'm from niggaz will get burned  
Cause them whitey's on some next shit -- some hang  
you by your neck shit  
Oh well, I'm in jail man; I figure I'm protected (right..)

Chorus

Verse Two: Danja Mowf

Yeah, should have expected not to trust the police  
Them cops ain't even yell "Freeze!" they just gave the  
mob the keys (uh)  
They beat me like I stole somethin, pistol-whipped me  
like a stickup  
Tied my hands behind my back, tied my feet to the  
bumper

of a pickup, truck, now I'm gettin shucked like corn  
Bein drug through the town, face down  
to the gravel, my clothes and skin unravel  
I guess I'm guilty, the lynch mob dropped the gavel  
They took me to a tree, hung me naked by my wrists  
When I beg and I plead I can't take it like this  
they shoved a pole in my mouth (what?) cause you see  
down South  
Lynchin was a show, ERYBODY came out  
See the mothers brought they daughters, to come and  
check the slaughters  
And fathers brought they sons, to see how it was done,  
they brung  
everyone, from the old to the young  
Cause it really was nuttin to see a nigga get hung, word

Chorus

Verse Three: Danja Mowf

Yeah, I hung bloody, down by the muddy  
water of the Missi-ssippi for my slaughter  
The order in this court was plantatation mutilation  
I felt the cool sensation of a knife point  
slicin through the joint of each toe, each finger  
each thumb and, face it that's for touchin on a white  
woman  
My screams and tears brought more celebration and  
cheers  
than twelve o'clock on New Year's  
A girl couldn't see, someone raised her higher  
so she could watch them breakin out my teeth with the  
wire plier  
My one desire was to meet my Messiah but they  
wouldn't let me die-ah  
sayin, "Nigger we gon' fry ya in the fire"  
I prayed that death was movin near; that's when  
they castrated me and kept my nuts as souveneirs (uh)  
Gasoline cleaned my wounds like liquor  
Saw the match flicker, begged em do it quicker  
Ahh yes, the smell of burning flesh  
A hundred angry bullets, penetrate my chest  
Sweet death long awaited, I hang as a monument  
A warning simply stated for a people that they hated  
But nowadays, the table's turned like a wrench (aight)  
Cause white folks no longer have a reason to lynch  
(why?)  
Cause when it comes down to it (uh-huh) there's no  
need to pursue it  
when you got A MILLION NIGGAZ round the country  
that'll do it

Think!

Chorus (repeat 2X)

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