

I'm a African

Dead Prez

Yo turn this motherfucking shit up!
Ha, ha, ha, what
Africa's in the house (sample from ((Jungle Brothers: Straight Out The Jungle)))
Uhuru, coupe tete boule kay
Africa's in the house
Rwanda, Nigeria
Africa's in the house
My nigga D.R.
Africa's in the house, they get petrified
Nigga the red is for the blood in my arm
The black is for the gun in my palm
And the green is for the tram
that grows natural like locks on Africans
Holdin' the smoke from the herb in my abdomen
Camouflage fatigues and daishikis
Somewhere in between N.W.A. and P.E.
I'm black like Steve Biko
Raised in the ghetto by the people
Fuck the police, you know how we do Ayo my life is like Roots, it's a true story
It's too gory for them televised fables on cable
I'm a runaway slave watching the north star
Shackles on my forearm, runnin' with the gun on my palm
I'm an African, never was an African-American
Blacker than black, I take it back to my origin
Same skin hated by the klansmen
Big nose and lips, big hips and butts, dancin', what
I'm a African, I'm a African, uhh *louder*
And I know what's happenin
I'm a African, I'm a African, uhh *louder*
And I know what's happenin
You a African? You a African? *louder*
Do you know what's happenin?
I'm a African, I'm a African, uhh *louder*
And I know what's happenin It's plain to see, you can't change me
cuz I'm a people army for life
It's plain to see, you can't change me
cuz I'm a people army for life
It's plain to see, you can't change me
cuz I'm a people army for life
It's plain to see, you can't change me
cuz I'm a people army for life
louder Where you from fool?

No I wasn't born in Ghana, but Africa is my momma
And I did not end up here from bad karma
Or from B-Ball, selling mad crack or rappin'
Peter Tosh try to tell us what happened
He was sayin' if you black then you African
So they had to kill him, and make him a villain,
Cuz he was teachin' the children, I feel him,
He was tryin' to drop us a real gem
That's why we bucking holes in the ceilin' when we hearin' I'm a African, I'm a African, uhh
louder

And I know what's happenin'
I'm a African, I'm a African, uhh *louder*
And I know what's happenin'
You a African? You a African? *louder*
Do you know what's happenin'?
I'm a African, I'm a African, uhh *louder*
And I know what's happenin' A-F-R-I-C-A
Puerto Rico, Haiti, and J.A.
New York and Cali, F-L-A

No it ain't 'bout where you stay, it's 'bout the motherland A-F-R-I-C-A
Puerto Rico, Haiti, and J.A.
New York and Cali, F-L-A

No it ain't 'bout where you stay, it's 'bout the motherland It's like tank top, flip flop, knotty dread
lock,

fuck a cop, hip hop, make your head bop
Bounce to this, socialist movement
My environment made me the nigga I am
Uncle Sam came and got me and arrested my fam
Try to infiltrate and murder off the best of my clan
I'm not American, punk, Democrat, or Republican
Remember that, most of the cats we know, be hustlin'
My momma work, all her life and still strugglin'
I blame it on the government and say it on the radio
(What) and if you don't already know
All these Uncle Tom ass kissin' niggas gotta go

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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