

X-Clan, Funkin lesson

Professor X:

"Freedom or death, we shall all be moved. Vanglorious! This is protected by the red, the black, and the green, with a key, sisssiiiiieeeeeees!"

"Huh!"

Brother J:

Abracadabra,

Allah baby, professor,

All hail Funkin' Lesson,

Sweet tongue, grand writer of scrolls,

Now behold, let the legend unfold,

Born unto cosmos, for no timin',

Space to exist, vibe in the midst of the chaos,

Mourners label me as illogical, mythological,

They couldn't comprehend when I brought the word,

A stick called verb, a black steel nerve,

Teachin' those actors and actresses,

Who write a couple of lines on what black is, really?

Then they label me a sin,

Cause a brother just speaks from within,

I guess I'm darker than the shadow of the darkest alley, that they always scared to go in,

Boo!

I wear boots and beads, bags and braids, stick and scrolls, rings and shades,

Walk in the light of the moon, but I've never been a Batman,

African call it Blackman,

Brother extracts your African steps in your movements, enhance for improvements,

Grand funk, a new home for the phrase,

Funkin' Lesson the pathways,

"Ready or not here we come, get in down on the one which we believe in.

One nation under a groove; can I get it on my good foot, get gone now!"

"Huh!" 4x

Verse 2:

Let me tell you about blackness,

Grits and cornbread how can you act this?

I exist on a plane, where the jar is my brain, I'm livin' to retrieve cells,

Antenae my stick, picture bigger, made of liquor, figure,

The pull of the trigger goes zoom not boom,

Not a bunch of sissies, but saviors braver,

The red, black, and green,

It's just so much more than red, black, and green,

You ask what I mean, but yet the sundial shades on lights and dreams,

Watch too late, oops, upside your head!

You drop through abyss like lead,

Where you goin', what's your speed, what's your pleasure, what's your need,

Trees to branches, roots to seeds, forwards, backwards many degrees,

Questions answers, what's the sum?

We have come,

Professor X:

"Out of the darkness in panther skins comes doctors. Bearing the remedy of your existence. Yes, it gets blacker, with a Nat Turner lick. Martin,

Adam, Malcolm, Huey, there's a party at the crossroads!"

Verse 3:

I returned from the stone crib,

Bringing verbal milk, a stool, and a bib,

Be filled of the black sap, from the tri-womb,

It flows fully un-attuned,

Wheat bread, tastey jam, come take a stroke to the rhythm of the grand-Verbalizer comin' from the temple of void,

Crown from a hat, man from a boy,
Onward ride as I talk of Rah, converse with Horace, create with Ptah,
Arrive to Geb, to roar with Bast, "Aton Tamu" as I ride the raft,
Roof of the world I sit, crosslegged, right over left,
Drums of dance to drums of war,
Who knows the score? Speak no more,
Who watches down with the eyes of black?
To the east backwards, sissssiiiiieeeeees