

# Akrobatik, Kindred

feat. Chuck D, Brenna Gethers

[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 definitely 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 definatly connect  
through the pain, our soul's kindred  
[Chorus - Brenna Gethers]  
Hmm-mm-mm, we are kindred  
through our name