

Boogie Down Productions, Homeless

Yeah...

You could call a man a bum with disgust on your morning run
Cause he lives outside in the street, you don't know this
But you've failed to realise that the one you so despise
Reflects yourself cos every black man is homeless
You could take your Alka-Seltzer while you talk about shelter
You might even wanna talk about a little loan
Cause no matter how rich you become you'll always be two, not one
Cause believe it or not, America ain't your home
We've been taught to say our name, Afro-American, all the same
Not fully American but gettin' there very slowly
Cause to fully be American, you know, you gotta take out the word 'Afro'
Now they've relaxed I hear they might as well call us Toby
See, Afro and black are African, while theft is American
So how can Afro-American make much sense?
Your ancestors come from Africa
By stealing them now you're born in America
So the black man is homeless even though he pays rent
Some black people say "We built this place
So we are American, but of the black race"
Well let me make this little topic known
The Japanese also built this place
In technology and they're winnin' the race
But at the end of the day the Japanese can go home
Do you see the point that I'm getting at?
I'm not a racist, I'm statin' a fact
Blacks are actually prisoners of war
Cause while South Africa continues to fight
We try our best to look more and more white
Proof that the blacks have been stripped of their core
Well, I guess I didn't sing and dance enough
For black radio to play this stuff
But this ain't soft like ice-cream with a sugar cone
I'm only here to state one fact
Wake up African, your colour is black
And every black man is homeless cause he ain't got no home