

Paris, Assata's Song

Yeah, yeah..
One time, one time..
Goin out, goin out..
To all the sisters.. this one's for y'all..

Thinkin of you, and how the perception came to pass
Of a Queen bein just a piece of ass
So I ask you how that sound
That's for the sisters I missed the last time 'round
Because I can't forget what you been through
I can't forget the hardships and what you do
So I'm payin you the ultimate respect
Because I love you and that's what you should get
And it's a shame that it comes as a surprise
From the man in the land of do or die
That the word could ever reach and educate
It ain't nuttin' but a style to set it straight
And I'm raised right so ladies still first
But smooth with the groove for the fools that doubt ya worth
Still thinkin of a master plan
to protect and respect cause the fact is I love the black woman

{*jazz interlude*}

And anyway, I remember there was a time
When I would see you and try and go for mines
Push up in the guts for a month or two
Leave a stamp, break camp, y'all know the rules
And if somethin went wrong it was yo' fault
The time was cut short and so were the phone calls
And someone would ax if I know you
Come up in my face and I would be like, "What - who?"
But then I seen that the game was ignorant
The time had come for me to break away from that
Don't you know there ain't no future in hurtin our own
It's bad enough that the trust and love are gone
So I strive for, one to provide for
And hold and take and elevate and guide for
So many people wanna destroy
But I can't and I won't stop ever bein true to black woman

{*LONG jazz interlude*}

Now brothers, one last note to help us
Keep check of some are livin life reckless
Runnin with women who don't have respect for self
And too foul to wanna get help, huh
And sista you don't need a man
who cheats and mistreats and beats you bad
It's better to have nuttin than somethin at all
And end up like a case bein worse than a close call
So listen to the message in the song
It ain't nuttin but a way to make us strong
Quit bein so quick to chase the juice
And diss us tryin to taste another's fruit
In the land of Ameri-K-K-Ka
I gotta hold my own and stay down wit'cha
Cause everybody wants to wreck
But I'ma love ya and show respect, I need ya black woman

{*jazz music to fade*}