Ballad for Black Boys and Black Men

Former African kings/with American dreams/
Stolen from our homeland/We must understand/
Murdered in Mississippi/Hung in Alabama/
History is not a mystery/They surely challenge ya’/
America’s boys/America’s men/We were slaves/
We singin’ the blues/While our women pray/

They shoot us in New York/Jail us in Baltimore/
Our bodies lie lifeless/We breathe no more/
Locked up in prison cells/We lose our lives there/
Look around, look around/Who really cares??/
Gunned us down in Florida/and in Missouri too/
We’re hated in America/What we gonna do?/

The cops wear Blue/They beat on our Black/
We’re profiled on the streets/Then we’re attacked/
Walking down blocks/Harassed by the cops/
In 2014, Jim Crow treatment hasn’t stopped/
Our brown brothers/Are treated much the same/
Imagine if we left here/Went back to where we came!/

Trek back to Africa/Black boys and Black men/
What would America and the world do then??/
They gave us guns and drugs in LA and Chicago/
Dead and incarcerated brothers surely do know/
This ballad for us I write, I craft, I do sing/
Black boys, Black men, Black warriors, African kings/

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