

# We Could Be Free

Vic Mensa

We could be free  
If we only knew we were slaves to the pains of each other  
One thing I believe I could learn  
To see my enemy as my brother  
Then we could be free, truly  
And love could wash away our sorrows  
I'm not afraid to bleed  
If it means, we'll make them better today not tomorrow

One day I dream of telling my momma  
"You ain't gotta work no more"  
Same for my father, born in Ghana, down on that dirt road floor  
As far as he came I can't complain, but pain is so subjective  
Spend so much time countin' issues, I forget to count  
My blessings  
Watch my cousins back at home, getting water out a well  
While I watch my brother stacking stone, whippin' water by the scale  
Tryna' get a mill' on the other side  
They ain't got a meal, we don't recognize we in heaven  
So we think we live in hell  
It's been getting kinda hard to tell  
But

Sometimes I wake up and I look up at the sky  
Asking why I'm alive when the realest niggas died  
And my pride won't let me give up, lord as hard as I try  
In those times I try to remember

That we could be free  
If we only knew we were slaves to the pains of each other  
One day, I believe I'd learn  
To see my enemy as my brother  
Then we could be free, truly  
And love could wash away our sorrows  
I'm not afraid to bleed  
If it means, we'll make them better today not tomorrow

I don't want to wait for the afterlife  
I don't want a vigil by candle light  
I don't want to be the new sacrifice  
I don't want to turn into a poltergeist  
Be a ghost at night full of broken dreams  
Momma cryin' at an open casket  
Cold as ice in a suit, 3 piece  
All dressed up for Sunday masses  
Pastor said put faith in God  
But faith alone can't make things right  
Who the fuck is you to patronize  
Somebody's son whose daddy died?  
Why they flood Baton Rouge?  
Why the city singing Alton's blues?  
Why, why, why, why?  
I feel like Jadakiss every time I watch the news  
What the fuck I got to lose?  
So I'm down to bleed if it means things improve  
You fools, saying "all lives matter"  
But it's black lives you refuse include

Blocked from the polls  
Locked in the hood, trying to stop you from voting and stop you from growing  
And cops keep blowing and blowing  
Keep black people locked into cotton  
They don't want you to own, but

Sometimes I wake up and I look up in the sky  
Asking why I survived all the days that I could have died  
Who am I in my place  
To contemplate suicide?  
In those times I try to remember

That we could be free, truly  
If we'd only knew we were slaves to the pains of each other  
But I believe I'd learn  
To see my enemy as my brother  
Then we could be free, you and me  
And we could wash away our sorrows  
I'm not afraid to bleed, if it means  
We'll make them better today not tomorrow

Love (love)  
Love (love)  
To love my enemy as my brother  
(Yeah yeah yeah)  
Make my enemy my brother  
Woah, oh, oh, oh  
Enemy my brother