

## Dear Black Son

Brother Ali

Dear Black Son, there's people you've never met  
Who fear and hate you for something you never did  
And these people are so self-convinced  
Sometimes they pull the trigger, call that self-defense  
And in that sad insanity  
Their fear is realer to them than your humanity  
But that's their problem, it's not yours  
Listen to your pop for a second  
These are the confessions of a father broken hearted  
Who don't know how to pull his only son out of a target  
They lied when they said it was the bottom where you started  
You were a king long before them ships departed  
You are not defined by anybody else's crimes  
You don't need to answer for what happens in their minds  
You are not confined by their imaginary lines  
You don't need permission to exist with the divine  
In fact, you don't need permission from no one including me  
You need not do anything but be, just breathe  
Whatever you dream let it mean you're free  
Tears on a cheek never made nobody weak  
Sometimes we got to grieve let it burn, let it bleed  
Then let yourself heal, I pray to God it will  
You've got a spirit that a bullet can't kill  
That doesn't make it any less real

They say it takes a man to raise a man  
You're slipping through my hands like grains of sand  
And here I stand, tryna wrestle with the hourglass  
Maybe see how long I can make an hour last  
Raising a man, who's slipping through my hands like grains of sand  
And her I stand, tryna wrestle with the hourglass  
Maybe see how long I can make an hour last

Dear Black Son, I can't protect you like I want to  
I never judge you, all I can do is love you  
And that's all anyone can ever do is love you  
All I can do is wonder how can anyone not love you?  
They recognize divine you  
So they try to find themselves by defining you  
They're living in a myth that they don't want to loose  
And now they're too terrified to face your kind of truth  
But every time you shine, it's proof that they might've threw  
A chain around your body, never conquered you  
They don't always honor you but they love your culture  
Let me show you how to move when the laws approach you  
It's best to keep your hands where they can see them  
And try to understand that you're not even what they're peeping  
They don't see a sweet kid that loves his little sister  
Their mind is seeing five hundred years of pictures  
In fact, they don't visualize a kid  
They see grown man imagery mythic masculinity  
But you are not their fetishes or fears  
Nor my ambition and tears, nothing can interfere  
We've got to trust our seeds once we sow them  
We hold them when they're growing  
But we never really own them  
We love up on them, play with 'em, pray for them

And cling very closely to those moments

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