

Letter To My Countrymen

Brother Ali

I used to think I hated this place
Couldn't wait to tell the president straight to his face
But lately I changed, nowadays I embrace it all
Beautiful ideals and amazing flaws
Got to care enough to give a testament
'Bout the deeply depressing mess we're in
It's home so we better make the best of it
I wanna make this country what it says it is
Still dream in the vividest living color
No matter how many times my love been smothered
Who's ever above us won't just let us suffer
All of this struggling got to amount to something
This is a letter to my countrymen
Especially those my age and younger than
We're up against an ugly trend
Everybody's hustling don't nobody touch their friends
No group singing and dancing
No anthem nobody holds hands, and...
Instead they give a handheld
And make you shoulder life's burden by your damn self
One thing that can't be debated
Power never changed on it's own you got to make it
That's why community is so sacred
That's the symbol that we make when we raise fists

"Sooner or later"