

# Black Trek Iv - The Voyage Home

Chubb Rock

Intro/chorus:

Ninety-two! the rebel comes back  
I wanna go home, so won't you please go home  
I wanna go home, so won't you go home  
I wanna go home, so won't you please go home  
I wanna go home, so nigga go home

Verse one:

Yo, it's burning in paris, demaris, the madness, I've had this  
The sadness, even gladys, lost her pips  
It means it's time to make a trip to johannesburg  
I don't care -- what the word is about  
Cause my history has to spout  
From all over the land while I eat some trout  
Cause america, my motherland ain't hearing ya  
If I can catch her, thatcher damn I'll use my derringer  
Political polls calls for death tolls, bullet holes  
Wolves in the fold  
The sum can't be greater than the whole  
But many have died -- died while they cried  
Pearl harbord ninety-two, that's the idea  
I mean port natal it's right there  
The revolution won't be televised this time

The schematics draw from the mind  
Besides physical we need mental fighters  
For the destruction of the vipers  
The coffee without the sugar and the cream is too strong  
And we're back where we belong

Chorus

Verse two:

The winners, legends or beginners  
Get on the scene and then they turn into sinners  
Yes they say they're a born again christian  
Read a Bible but they're really on a mission  
That's hostile so sing your gospel  
Check the region of the first man fossil  
Plain truth embedded in hieroglyphics  
The specifics of american civics get real sticky  
Rap has put it back on track  
With hard core conscious rap  
But magazine fiends aim for the gut  
What should I do? keep my mouth shut?  
Hell no! the editor scandal predator  
Hip-hop predator racist pig etcetera  
Political henchmen why you never mention  
Is it because you're trying to save your pension?  
A lot of power and strength locked away in prison  
Yeah yellow journalism cause we delete love  
And push the word in our songs  
And we're back where we belong

Chorus

Verse three:

We need some kind of power, some kind of skill  
Keep one eye open cause you know they wanna kill us  
Cause we're dangerous to their plan  
We rule the whole damn land  
Basketball, baseball, music, tv, movies, even art  
But they're smart  
Somehow makes us fight among ourselves  
Place pictures of our prophets upon their shelves  
They kill this, kill that one, paid us to kill him  
Such a bright future now looks dim  
But the empire will strike back with much more than a rap  
How're you gonna react  
I once said burn the blueprints on the counterattack to redeem  
Cause racial peace is our dream  
But it's a dream we have that won't come true  
We've been talking peace for a few  
Black is not, it never left  
I don't need no beads placed around my chest  
To be considered a black man  
A picture of malcolm is not on my wall  
He's in my heart, that's smart  
And then there's uncle toms that's partial  
And kids that don't know thurgood marshall  
Grab gold of reality g real strong  
We're going back to where we belong

Chorus