

King Alfred Plan

Gil Scott-Heron

Brothers and sisters there is a place for you in America
Places are being prepared and readied night and day, night and day
The white boy's plan is being readied night and day, night and day
Listen close to what rap say bout traps like Allenwood P.A.
Already in D.C. to preventatively detain you and me
How long you think it's going to be before even our dreams ain't free
You think I exaggerate check out Allenwood P.A.
And night and day, night and day - the white boy's plotting night and day, night and day
The Jews and Hitler come to mind
The thought of slavery far behind
But white paranoia is here to stay
The white boy's scheming night and day, night and day
What you think bout the King Alfred Plan
You ain't heard; where you been man
If I may paraphrase the government notice reads:
"Should there at anytime become a clear and present danger initiated by any radical element threatening the operation of the government of the United States of America, members of this radical element shall be transported to detention centers until such time as their threat has been eliminated - code KING ALFRED"
Bullshit I bet you say there ain't no Allenwood P.A.
And people ain't waiting night and day, night and day, night and day
There will be without the Motown sound and thunderbird
Following in the echoes of Malcolm's words
There must be black unity, there must be black unity
For in the end unity will be thrust upon us and we upon it and each other
Lock in cages penned, hemmed in shoulder to shoulder - arms outstretched
For just a crust of bread, watermelon, mirages and oasis that does not exist
Cultured up by the bubbling stench of unwashed bodies and unsanitary quarters
Concrete and barbed-wire, babies screaming
Stumbling around in a mental circle because you never cared enough to be black
In the end unity will be thrust upon us - lanketed, stippled
A salty taste in your mouth from blood oozing from cracks and wooly heads
Red pools becoming thicker than syrup slow down your face
Spurs matter from the life force sprung loose from wells
Welled deep by the enforcers of mock justice of the red, white and blue

In the end unity will be thrust upon us
Let us unite because of love and not hate
Let us unite on our own and not because of bobbed-wired death
You dare not ignore the things I say
Whitey's waiting night and day, night and day, night and day, n
ight and day