

# Acknowledge Your Own History

Jungle Brothers

You don't know who you are  
Look back into your past, brother  
Look back into your past, sister  
Look back into your past, sister  
Look back into your past, brother

My forefather was a king  
He wore fat gold chains and fat ruby rings  
Nobody believes this to be true  
Maybe it's because my eyes ain't blue  
You ain't gonna find it in your history book  
Come here, young blood, and take a look  
Dig down deep inside this hard cover  
Don't you know you was bought, brother  
All you read about is slavery  
Never about the black man's bravery  
You look at the pictures and all they show is  
Afrikan people with bones in their noses  
That ain't true, that's a lie  
You didn't get that from my lemon pie

Yeah, I cut class, I got a D  
Cause History meant nothing to me  
Except a definite nap  
That's why I always sat in the back  
I'd talk to girls or write a rhyme  
Cause I didn't know (all times are black man's times)  
When I was young my mama told me stories  
Of black peoples' fight to bring us glory  
I used to think these were stories to put me to sleep  
But now I know mama's talk wasn't cheap  
I know Afrika's for Afrikans  
And history's the blood of every woman and man

"Now I begin another search, the incredibly involved  
The incredibly difficult and incredibly frustrating search  
Trying to pull together the history of a people"

Page one, page two, page three  
And still no signs of me  
Yeah, so I looked into the table of contents  
They wrote a little thing about us in the projects  
Only history we make is if we kill somebody  
Rape somebody, but other than that we're nobody  
Speaking like a Brother living in the Jungle  
I know I was here first but I remain humble

Now it's time to rekindle the fire  
A tribe of young brothers with the eye of the tiger

Acknowledge your own, we have a home  
Put on this earth to live and roam

Christopher chose to explore  
DISCOVERED AMERICA! Yeah, sure

He thought the planet was square

Travelled many places, we already had been there  
We left tracks, backtrack back  
First civilisation, you know where that was found at  
Looking for the true black days of glory  
That's history, that's his story

The red's for the blood and the black's for the man  
The green is the colour that stands for the land