

The African Way

K'naan

I take it home
I take Don't think about it, just take it from my rule, it's done
I am sick about it
I feel like I am surviving alone
I got a record and I am not afraid of cops at all
I am like a Ja-Rule poster, cause I am off the wall
Yo, basically the revolution is here
K'Naan and Mwafrika, there's no solution and fair
Yeap, I'm taking it back like clothes that don't fit
That you purchased in a happy-make-home and old shit
I'm so sick my rhyme book throws a fit
I need a vaccination just so I can spit my own shit
Hard to be, when I release these rhymes out of me
I am so ridiculous, I got to compose this
I am sorta a reporter strapped to a little recorder
The warder having a order not to let me in, in order
For me not to cause a slaughter
Lyrically, I am flowing water
Take it easy on me suckers
Harrass more niggas then a sleazy undercover
But seriously, I remember when I was 7
When rap came mysteriously and made me feel 11
It understood me, and made my ghetto heaven
I understood it as the new poor people's weapon
But now it tap ass like a chick with one butt cheek
Dusty foot philosopher came to change things, trust me
From Ethiopia, Tanzania, Somalia
Heathrow airport and customs in Laguardia
Uganda, Kenya, my people, up in Ghana
Kingston, Jamaica, big up, because you know it's time for the African way

It's the African way What more can I say
It's the African way
Live from Revolution radio, welcome East Africa's illest Mwafrika

Na watu wameng'ara ma mini na nini
Kushinda wakizifuruta chini na chini
Utashindwa maana yao kuzivaa ni nini
Vumbi wakati wa jua matope wakati wa mvua
Potholes huwa ni lazima kawaida kwa njia
Nairobi city mji wa Mathree fiti fiti
Boardi zimejazwa graffiti
Ndani speaker biggi biggie za kulipua hiyo muziki
Na AK47 ndio utachekei kwa mikono ya polisi
Wala kutafoutisha na wezi si kitu rahisi
Wote wanataka pesa yako
Na ukikataa wataichukua toka kwa mfuko wako
Bling bling nazo huwanga kwa mashing za ma MC
Na hata nazo kushine kwa MIC bado hawawezi
Na ikiwa sauti yangu yangu ikiwa unlimited kwa vichwa zao empty
Nikiwaambia hata waking'ara NiKE kwa usahihishi wa lyriksi hawataona hiyo ti
ki
Mwafrika na K'naan Canada to Kenya
Hatubabaiki

Cause we doin' it like

Mwafrika na K'Naan
Canada to Kenya

I got a plan to reclaim all of my fam
I got brothers in Japan now that order my damn
I got record-
propelled spit more I heard hip hop started with (sorta death scam)
A lot of people is ignorant and don't understand
They separate it and they celebrate it (part of the plan)
I got my people consider I break a needle in pieces and eat them like reeses
Y'all are just cheesing
Y'all are hate
Y'all are just teasing
Y'all don't believe in the African (y'all just sleeping)
I am sick and tired
I am on a riot
I'm Rap it, like a lion (taste me)
I am so ridiculous, can you believe how vivid this shit is
Got theories like conspiracists, this shit is sick
A lyricist before I even spoke a word of English
I'm serious
I got it locked and y'all are just visitors
Just get busy
And snap your neck back and forth till you get busy
And tell your mother, tell your brother and tell your Aunt Lizzy
And you know you got to know some things before you get with me
Just break it down
Before I was born, I knew I was the shit
I used to kick so much, I was born with a broken hip
I had a twin brother, I used to battle day in
But I was so sick, the little nigga stayed in
I knew the doctor was shocked when I was first dropped
Cause I had a gold chain, a fade and a high tie
Be buoyant, rocking around, ego destroying
I won't chill, till I hear the people enjoying