

# Black Fist (feat. Tito Lo)

David Banner

I'm in the booth bruh, gimme, gimme five minutes Pump your black fist, pump your black fist  
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Pump your black fist, pump your black fist These crackers got drones. They are flying their saucers

Keep your white Jesus, don't pray to your crosses

They are burning our churches, K.R.I.T. pass me the UZI

I know how to work it; I know how to Squirt it

No Martin, No Luther, No King, No Marching No choirs don't sing

The same christian lovers that raped our GrandMothers and hung our GrandFathers from trees  
They are enemies!

Blood on the leaves, blood on the streets, blood on our feet

I'm sick of walking, I'm sick of dogs getting sicced on us, I'm sick of barking

I'm sick of spitting written sentences listeners don't get

Don't get, don't get, don't get!

Because they got Chains on their brains and that is not a diss

Shout out to TIT!!! Pump your black fist, pump your black fist

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I ain't African I'm Ethiopian

Put some royal seeds in her fallopian

You can hope I win (hoe) or hope I lose

Bitch long as we made it trill to HOPE again!

I hope I get into Heaven, I hope we forgiven

I hope Jesus far as I know look like "Ned the Wino" when I see Florida Evans

Them 7's outweighing them 6's

I'm staying religious, cause we stay in the trenches

And gotta play where they lynch us, done came to my senses

I bet them crackas never came through my fences

Ya burn up ya cross, and I'll burn up ya corpse

Then I turn and bang and do the same to the witness

Hang 'em and dangle 'em in the street looking up at his feet

So you never forget this we did this for Martin and Malcolm, even Mandela

Jimmie Lee Jackson and then Medgar Evers

For Clyde Kennard, hard labor slaving in the yard

For Huey, for Hampton, for Bobby we GODLY

For Jordan Davis we gon' play this, for Sandra Bland we gon' stand

I'm still out here stomping, for Janaya Thompson, from the Coast to Compton its LO...

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Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>