

Elaine Brown (Interlude)

Alicia Keys

Can I do one more really quick?
So he said blow black mother, black mother.
He always announce the title black mother,
this is rap, this is hip hop,
this is all that from the street,
poetry from the street
Black mother
I must confess that I still breath but you are not yet complete.
What could justify my prying?
Stop forgive my coward's hard for blame me, (?) while we sleeping a deep-deep.
And I be days and days and fight especially for my hair,
lack mother I (?) you (?) rapes, heart aches, sweat, and tears.
But I wear on siege night, dark and gloom, a rose I wear to honor you.
And when I follow rose in hand,
you will be free and amen for slave of (?) can't balance out the two damn flies,
I'd rather be without the shame.
A bullet lodged within my brain, black moth
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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