

# A Song for Assata

Common

In the Spirit of God.  
In the Spirit of the Ancestors.  
In the Spirit of the Black Panthers.  
In the Spirit of Assata Shakur.  
We make this movement towards freedom  
for all those who have been oppressed, and all those in the struggle.  
Yeah. yo, check it-

There were lights and sirens, gunshots firin  
Cover your eyes as I describe a scene so violent  
Seemed like a bad dream, she laid in a blood puddle  
Blood bubbled in her chest, cold air brushed against open flesh  
No room to rest, pain consumed each breath  
Shot twice wit her hands up  
Police questioned but shot before she answered  
One Panther lost his life, the other ran for his  
Scandalous the police were as they kicked and beat her  
Comprehension she was beyond, tryna hold on  
to life. She thought she'd live with no arm  
that's what it felt like, got to the hospital, eyes held tight  
They moved her room to room-she could tell by the light  
Handcuffed tight to the bed, through her skin it bit  
Put guns to her head, every word she got hit  
"Who shot the trooper?" they asked her  
Put mace in her eyes, threatened to blast her  
Her mind raced till things got still  
Opened her eyes, realized she's next to her best friend who got killed  
She got chills, they told her: that's where she would be next  
Hurt mixed wit anger-survival was a reflex  
They lied and denied visits from her lawyer  
But she was buildin as they tried to destroy her  
If it wasn't for this german nurse they woulda served her worse  
I read this sister's story, knew that it deserved a verse  
I wonder what would happen if that woulda been me?  
All this shit so we could be free, so dig it, y'all.

I'm thinkin' of Assata, yes.  
Listen to my Love, Assata, yes.  
Your Power and Pride is beautiful.  
May God bless your Soul.

It seemed like the middle of the night when the law awakened her  
Walkie-talkies cracklin, I see 'em when they takin her  
Though she kinda knew,  
What made the ride peaceful was the trees and the sky was blue  
Arrived to Middlesex Prison about six inna morning  
Uneasy as they pushed her to the second floor in  
a cell, one cot, no window, facing hell.  
Put in the basement of a prison wit all males  
And the smell of misery, seatless toilets and centipedes  
She'd exercise, (paint?,) and begin to read  
Two years inna hole. Her soul grew weak  
Away from people so long she forgot how to speak  
She discovered freedom is a unspoken sound  
And a wall is a wall and can be broken down  
Found peace in the Panthers she went on trial with  
One of the brothers she had a child with

The foulness they would feed her, hopin she's lose her seed  
Held tight, knowing the fight would live through this seed  
In need of a doctor, from her stomach she's bleed  
Out of this situation a girl was conceived  
Separated from her, left to mother the Revolution  
And lactated to attack hate  
Cause federal and state was built for a Black fate  
Her emptiness was filled with beatings and court dates  
They fabricated cases, hoping one would stick  
And said she robbed places that didn't exist  
In the midst of threats on her life and being caged with Aryan whites  
Through dark halls of hate she carried the light  
I wonder what would happen if that woulda been me?  
All of this shit so we could be free.  
Yeah, I often wonder what would happen if that woulda been me?  
All of this shit so we could be free, so dig it, people-

I'm thinkin' of Assata, yeah.  
Listen to my Love, Assata, yeah.  
Your Power and Pride, so Beautiful...  
May God bless your Soul.  
Oooh.

Yo  
From North Carolina her grandmother would bring  
news that she had had a dream  
Her dreams always meant what they needed them to mean  
What made them real was the action in between  
She dreamt that Assata was free in they old house in Queens  
The fact that they always came true was the thing  
Assata had been convicted of a murder she couldna done  
Medical evidence shown she couldna shot the gun  
It's time for her to see the sun from the other side  
Time for her daughter to be by her mother's side  
Time for this Beautiful Woman to become soft again  
Time for her to breathe, and not be told how or when  
She untangled the chains and escaped the pain  
How she broke out of prison I could never explain  
And even to this day they try to get to her  
but she's free with political asylum in Cuba.

I'm thinkin' of Assata, yeah.  
Listen to my Love, Assata, yeah.  
We're molded from the same mud, Assata.  
We share the same Blood, Assata, yeah.  
Your Power and Pride, so Beautiful...  
May God bless your Soul.  
Your Power and Pride, so Beautiful...  
May God bless your Soul.  
Oooh.

Freedom! You askin me about freedom. Askin me about freedom?  
I'll be honest with you. I know a whole more about what freedom isn't  
than about what it is, cause I've never been free.  
I can only share my vision with you of the future, about what freedom is.  
Uhh, the way I see it, freedom is-- is the right to grow, is the right to  
blossom.  
Freedom is -is the right to be yourself, to be who you are,  
to be who you wanna be, to do what you wanna do. [fade out]