

# Black History Month

Saul Williams

Can you feel it? Nothing can save you  
I'm tougher than bullets so, baby, pray to your savior  
I never been shot, but I bet you I'm braver  
I'm taking my spot, NIGGA, I ain't afraid to be me  
Sometimes I find it very hard to be... "Who? "  
Me (The inevitable rise and liberation of NiggyTardust!)

Yo, the banana peels are carefully placed!  
So keep your shell toes carefully laced! The illest nigga got peppered and m  
aced!  
Now amplify this turn up the bass!

Picture me, lampin' in the company car  
Rims like Tibetan prayer wheels  
Nigga what, I'm a star  
I cruise the block like a feather back and forth 'til I  
Land as the song in your ear or the book in your hand.  
Now the whole fuckin world 'bout to know who I am  
Got your whole system up in my trunk  
That 'dog eat dog' make my woofers bark: atomic crunk  
All my trill niggas know who be bringin da funk  
Lees and shell toes like it's Black History Month

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There was one  
Bore witness to the rays of the sun  
Synthesized in her own image, photo negative, shun  
The development of Parliament, the phallic bop gun  
Thus, the mother-ship connection spawned the birth of the drum  
Ancient drum begat drum  
Kingdom go, kingdom come  
Ancient sector of the scepter risen up to the Sun  
Hidden hand of man begat patented clone of the drum  
Boom bap strapped into a wire, tightly coiled, and re-spun  
Trigger sound, trigger gun, drum machine, machine gun, bodies piled  
Carefully filed under beats that were once reprogrammed to become: unplugged  
concert of sun.  
Every ray with sample clearance  
Every two begat one  
Boom bop hard as a gun.  
White cross-trainers, unstrung  
Let these suckas know the cost of making Harriet run  
Let the North Star be your guiding post when turned from the sun  
Until knowledge reigns supreme over nearly everyone

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