

We Could Be Free

Vic Mensa

We could be free
If we only knew we were slaves to the pains of each other
One thing I believe I could learn
To see my enemy as my brother
Then we could be free, truly
And love could wash away our sorrows
I'm not afraid to bleed
If it means, we'll make them better today not tomorrow

One day I dream of telling my momma
"You ain't gotta work no more"
Same for my father, born in Ghana, down on that dirt road floor
As far as he came I can't complain, but pain is so subjective
Spend so much time countin' issues, I forget to count
My blessings
Watch my cousins back at home, getting water out a well
While I watch my brother stacking stone, whippin' water by the scale
Tryna' get a mill' on the other side
They ain't got a meal, we don't recognize we in heaven
So we think we live in hell
It's been getting kinda hard to tell
But

Sometimes I wake up and I look up at the sky
Asking why I'm alive when the realest niggas died
And my pride won't let me give up, lord as hard as I try
In those times I try to remember

That we could be free
If we only knew we were slaves to the pains of each other
One day, I believe I'd learn
To see my enemy as my brother
Then we could be free, truly
And love could wash away our sorrows
I'm not afraid to bleed
If it means, we'll make them better today not tomorrow

I don't want to wait for the afterlife
I don't want a vigil by candle light
I don't want to be the new sacrifice
I don't want to turn into a poltergeist
Be a ghost at night full of broken dreams
Momma cryin' at an open casket
Cold as ice in a suit, 3 piece
All dressed up for Sunday masses
Pastor said put faith in God
But faith alone can't make things right
Who the fuck is you to patronize
Somebody's son whose daddy died?
Why they flood Baton Rouge?
Why the city singing Alton's blues?
Why, why, why, why?
I feel like Jadakiss every time I watch the news
What the fuck I got to lose?
So I'm down to bleed if it means things improve
You fools, saying "all lives matter"
But it's black lives you refuse include

Blocked from the polls
Locked in the hood, trying to stop you from voting and stop you from growing
And cops keep blowing and blowing
Keep black people locked into cotton
They don't want you to own, but

Sometimes I wake up and I look up in the sky
Asking why I survived all the days that I could have died
Who am I in my place
To contemplate suicide?
In those times I try to remember

That we could be free, truly
If we'd only knew we were slaves to the pains of each other
But I believe I'd learn
To see my enemy as my brother
Then we could be free, you and me
And we could wash away our sorrows
I'm not afraid to bleed, if it means
We'll make them better today not tomorrow

Love (love)
Love (love)
To love my enemy as my brother
(Yeah yeah yeah)
Make my enemy my brother
Woah, oh, oh, oh
Enemy my brother