

# 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  
Pump your black fist, pump your black fist  
Pump your black fist, pump your black fist  
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  
Pump your black fist, pump your black fist  
Pump your black fist, pump your black fist  
Pump your black fist, pump your black fist

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...  
Pump your black fist, pump your black fist  
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Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>