

# "The Abolitionist Soup"

I Picked the cotton. Yeah, I Picked the Cotton.  
Then i came out the Fields to eat but the Food was rotten!  
I Stood to Protest, but the rest would NOT...  
"My Achilles heel, MY Achilles heel don't Fell me Now."

Go it alone; and be made a martyr.  
Resolve isn't hostage to a Perilous lot...  
Teardrops From a tier — let'em drop!  
lead the charge, and leave your mark on this Plantation Plot.

For Justice: We'll have to suffer to give it birth,  
Before the Judicial System render Justice they'll act to  
Kill us First.

I Picked the Cotton; the heat Felt like a Furnace death,  
I hurt my back; and Found my medical resolutions Purged.

Behind the bricks theres rove Peace, and drama's loud Music.  
Psychologically I'm damaged; I can't show you the bruises.  
I'm throwin Pencil and Paper tantrums to spread the news;  
I tried tellin these brotha's i seen Flies in the soup.

God Knows the truth;  
I Stood up From the table — and shouted:  
FLIES IN THE SOUP!  
FREE US FROM THESE CAGES!  
Y'ALL GO PICK THE COTTON; I'M TURNIN THAT PAGE...  
I thrust my Fist into the air, and was tossed to the Pavement.

A liberty institution For my bretheren is the movement...  
The Food is rotten! in the Pot, I saw Flies in the soup.  
Without us what the hell the cotton "gon do" ?  
Where goes PIC if we Slaves don't Move?!

Abolitionist? To be or not to be is an act of war.  
Abolitionist! I kept tellin these Fools the Food was Spoil.  
Abolitionist For Freedom is worth dieing For;  
So Place a casket wrapped in Plastic outside my Psychic door.

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