

Africa Unite (t7)

Africa, unite
cause were moving right out of Babylon
And were going to our fathers land

How good and how pleasant it would be
Before God and man, yeah
To see the unification of all Africans, yeah
As its been said already let it be done, yeah
We are the children of the rastaman
We are the children of the higher man

Africa, unite cause the children wanna come home
Africa, unite cause were moving right out of babylon
And were grooving to our fathers land

How good and how pleasant it would be
Before God and man
To see the unification of all rastaman, yeah

As its been said already let it be done, yeah
I tell you who we are under the sun
We are the children of the rastaman
We are the children of the higher man

So, Africa, unite, Africa, unite
Unite for the benefit of your people
Unite for its later than you think

Unite for the benefit of your children
Unite for its later than you think
Africa awaits its creators, Africa awaiting its creators
Africa, you're my forefather cornerstone
Unite for the Africans abroad...

Crazy Baldheads (t4)

Them crazy, them crazy -
We gonna chase those crazy
Baldheads out of town;
Chase those crazy baldheads
Out of our town.

I'n'I build a cabin;
I'n'I plant the corn;
Didn't my people before me
Slave for this country?
Now you look me with that scorn,
Then you eat up all my corn.

We gonna chase those crazy -
Chase them crazy -
Chase those crazy baldheads out of town!

[Scat singing]

Build your penitentiary, we build your schools,
Brainwash education to make us the fools.
Hate is your reward for our love,
Telling us of your God above.

We gonna chase those crazy -
Chase those crazy bunkheads -
Chase those crazy baldheads out of the yown! *(repeat after break)*

Here comes the conman
Coming with his con plan.
We won't take no bribe;
We've got (to) stay alive.

We gonna chase those crazy -
Chase those crazy baldheads -
Chase those crazy baldheads out of the yown.

War (t6)

Until the philosophy which hold
one race superior
And another
Inferior
Is finally
And permanently
Discredited
And abandoned -
Everywhere is war -
Me say war.

That until there no longer
First class and second class
citizens of any nation
Until the colour of a man's skin
Is of no more significance than
the colour of his eyes -
Me say war.

That until the basic human rights
Are equally guaranteed to all,
Without regard to race -
Dis a war.

That until that day
The dream of lasting peace,
World citizenship
Rule of international morality
Will remain in but a fleeting
illusion to be pursued,
But never attained -
Now everywhere is war - war.

And until the ignoble and unhappy
regimes
That hold our brothers in Angola,
In Mozambique,
South Africa
Sub-human bondage
Have been toppled,
Utterly destroyed -
Well, everywhere is war -
Me say war.

War in the east,
War in the west,
War up north,
War down south -
War - war -
Rumours of war.
And until that day,
The African continent
Will not know peace,
We Africans will fight - we find
it necessary -
And we know we shall win
As we are confident
In the victory

Of good over evil -
Good over evil, yeah!
Good over evil -
Good over evil, yeah!
Good over evil -
Good over evil, yeah! /fadeout/

**An excerpt from Caribbean-Canadian author Nalo Hopkinson's essay
"Code Sliding":**

<http://www.sff.net/people/nalo/writing/slide.html>

... **Caribbean cultures are hybrid cultures.** Hybridity was a strategy for survival and resistance amongst the enslaved and indentured people. They all came from different cultures with different languages and then had an alien culture and speech imposed on them. They had to find ways to use elements of all the cultures in order to continue to exist. That hybridity is reflected in the languages we've created. I've tried to reflect that in Midnight Robber, largely in the way the characters use language when they speak, but also in the language of the narrative. I've tried to write the book as it might be written if it were actually an artifact of the fictional culture I've created. **"She ain't want to go down in the gully, oui" is standard English for them. So is "She didn't want to go down into that gully."** [emphasis Gord's.]

... I'm fascinated with the notion of breaking an imposed language apart and remixing it. To speak in the hacked language is not just to speak in an accent or a creole; to say the words aloud is an act of referencing history and claiming space...

Linguists have a term for the way I've used language in the narrative. It's called "code-sliding." Caribbean speech has different modes of address. Speakers may choose to use different modes within a sentence, flipping from a relatively standard English, French or Spanish to a more creolized form to a deep creole. It infuses meaning into the language that goes beyond its content.