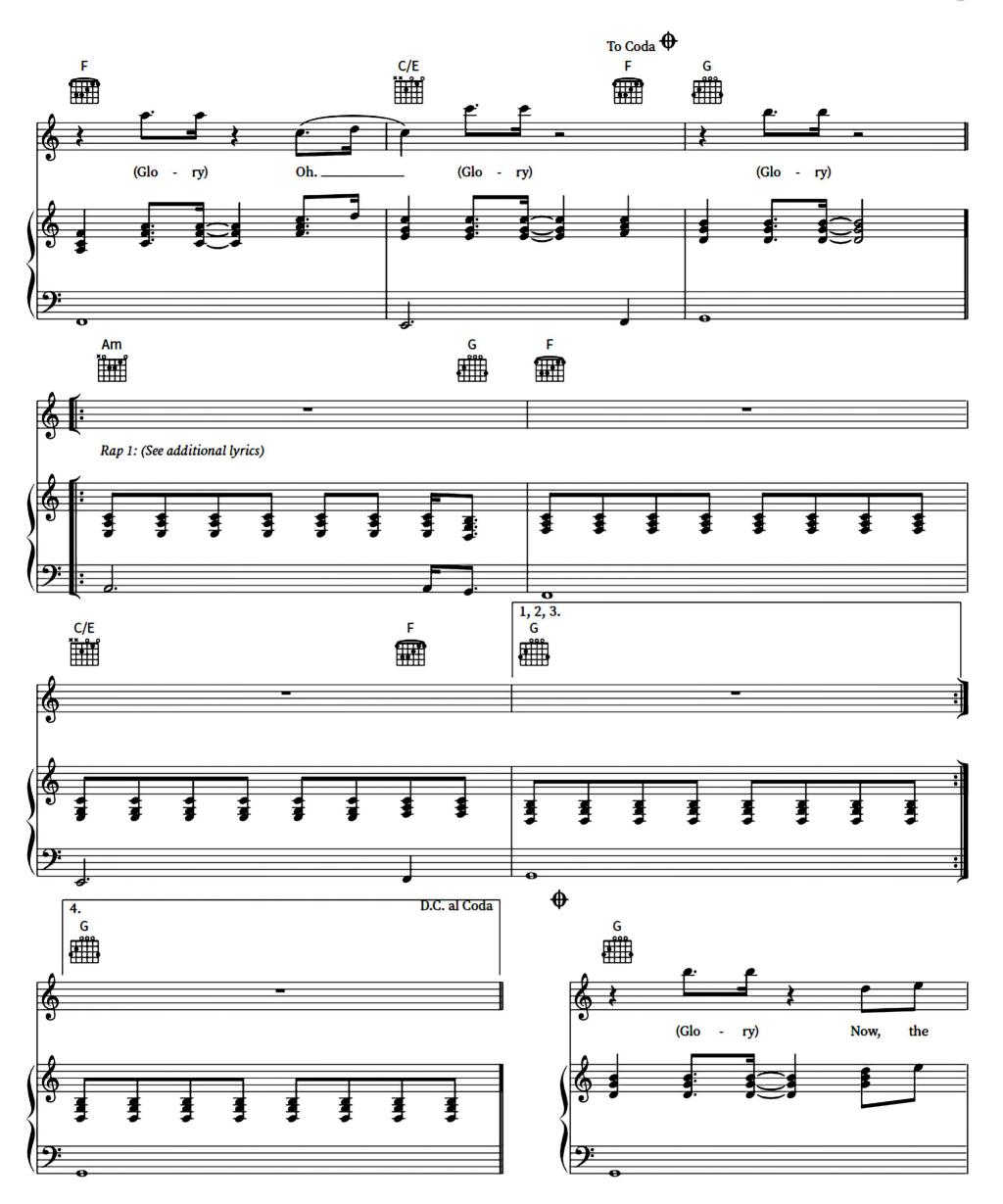


Words and Music by JOHN STEPHENS, LONNIE LYNN and CHE SMITH





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Additional Lyrics

Rap 1: Hands to the heavens, no man, no weapon
Formed against, yes, glory is destined.
Everyday women and men become legends.
Sins that go against our skin become blessings.
The movement is a rhythm to us,
Freedom is like religion to us.
Justice is juxtaposition in us.
Justice for all just ain't specific enough.
One son died, his spirit is revisitin' us.
True and livin' livin' in us; resistance is us.
That's why Rosa sat on the bus,
That's why we walk through Ferguson with our hands up.
When it go down, we womaned and manned up,
They say, "Stay down," and we stand up.
Shots, we on the ground, the camera panned up,
King pointed to the mountain top and we ran up.
(D.C.)

Rap 2: Selma's now for every man, woman and child,
Even Jesus got his crown in front of a crowd.
They marched with the torch, we gon' run with it now,
Never look back, we done gone hundreds of miles.
From dark roads he rose to become a hero;
Facing the league of justice, his power was the people.
Enemy is lethal, a king became regal,
Saw the face of Jim Crow under a bald eagle.
The biggest weapon is to stay peaceful.
We sing. Our music is the cuts that we bleed through.
Somewhere in the dream we had an epiphany,
Now we right the wrongs in history.
No one can win the war individually.
It take the wisdom of the elders, the young people's energy.
Welcome to the story we call victory,
The coming of the Lord, my eyes have seen the glory. Chorus