

Letter to the 1% (Verse 1)

by Lowkey

Power to those who read bell hooks, power to those who sell books
Power to those who know how the inside of a cell looks

All those feeling helpless, forgotten and discarded
Power to the strange fruit you thought was rotten in the garden
Power to those sitting alone, seeking solace in the calmness
Power to those feeling stained, know your tomorrow isn't tarnished

Power to those who sweep the streets, with more knowledge than PhD's
Power to those that keep their keys, return this promise, please believe
Power to those that suffer in silence, those it hurts to hear
Power to those that hold their ground, power to those that persevere

Power to those that love humanity more than they love style
Power to immigrants probably raising Donald Trump's child
Power to the blind who can't imagine what sight is
Those staring at the moon and all those working night-shifts

Power to the readers, the writers, the illiterate
Power to those that struggle to decolonise their syllabus

Power to the shy ones, always struggle to make friends
And the half of humanity worth less than eight men

Power to those that risked their life to dig the coltan from the ground
for the mic I'm spitting on and the phone you're holding now

Power to those that built the stadium they're playing in
Power to those that mowed the grass and stitched the ball that they're playing with
Power to every rapper that doesn't rap about killing
Power to the builders who built buildings that outlived them

Long Live Palestine (chorus)

This is for Palestine, Ramallah, West Bank, Gaza
This is for the child that is searching for the answer
Wish I could take your tears and replace them with laughter
Long live Palestine, long live Gaza