

Coming Soon “Culture Bandits Volumes I & II: The Remix”

The Bridge



We're on the bridge and we can see everything from here. We can dissect any trick, develop new strategies and tactics as we execute the tasks of the Pan-Afrikan Revolution. But we are creatively flabby, our courage is outta shape, our imagination tainted by the enemies mass media products. This is where we dwell as the Culture Bandits define everything and control almost everybody as they collectively attempt to push us off Mother Earth.

Confusion is the enemy of revolution and here in Babylon they create confusion to be digested as if this shit was wholesome. We travel from one madness to another trapped in backwardness manufactured in outside spaces.

We long for sanity but can't define it. We are lost on the Bridge to nowhere and we can't find our way home. Children are born trembling in drug additions, while the youth that should defend the race is feeding off of us thus setting us up for white supremacy.

Tiny pockets of resistance acts as a reminder that we are a proud Afrikan people trapped in the enemy's culture of decadence/backwardness and murder. Blood at the root as pus filled exploitation leads the way to the slow death while draining every dollar outta the pockets of dying.

We hunger for simulated death in society's melodies, television, movies, games, printed matter and fashions. We support our carnivorous enemy with every dime, yet we have no money for the 'Hood, our children's purified education, for race development or our family and friends who are drowning in the waste material of a dying society intent on taking us with them.

Dreams of home are laughed at, as the insane embrace the asylum and cling to it as if it was heaven on earth. Who am I to try and convince the Black “Amerikkkan Negroes” that they are going to die? This is a global revolution and Amerikkka is just a mere piece of our problem with global white supremacy.

Bodies litter reality as the people's pain go unnoticed as they chat about nothing on expensive cellphones of distraction. Thinking has become obsolete and reactionary people line up to be raped. Sex Prisoners one and all tumble through life collecting unimportant

things as their centerpieces of despair. In their eyes you can see the back of their heads as the “Amerikkkan Nigger Factory” attempts to de-Afrikanize us all.

Sam Cooke, Otis Redding, Jim Hendrix, Bob Marley and Tupac bodies, lay at our feet as we cheer the demons on. At the same time, they waste the global population with AIDS, Ebola, Crack, genetically altered food, inoculations of all kinds. The key to the genocide is the madness their mass media brings to hide reality’s blood. Who are we?... They have stolen our Song which marked the path home. So we float endlessly on this Babylonian Slave Ship.

The Culture Bandits must be stopped before they erase all that is precious Afrikan!

Our culture is repelled and driven back but it fights on with the gallantry of Hannibal in corridors of putrid. Children strain to hear the truth that is hidden under layers of puppets, animated madness and the devil’s theme parks. We line ‘em up, we herd ‘em in, we deliver ‘em into the insanity we are dwelling in. Listen and you can hear the Crack babies cries to unearthly beats, aww ya see the enemy has invaded our wombs, the ones they have not destroyed. What will become of us?

Dance or die Black people, dance or die! Our music is everything to we... It accompanies every life activity and keeps us on point. Those who distort our Song know what they are doing, they don’t want us to leave ‘em behind. Miles, Trane, Bird, Monk, Duke, Lady Day, Marley, Tosh, Silk and Hendrix left ‘em behind so they pulled us all back to square one. The path is covered with the unearthly sounds of Brittany Spears, Madonna, Sting, Eminem, Kenny G, Sanborn, Elvis, The Beatles and the Rolling Stones.

From the bridge we can see it all so clearly, counter-attack my people and hit ‘em with all ya got. Seize it all and all of its production and distribution activities, cut ‘em outta the mix, they still will have to do business with you. Without us they have no definition, no progressive motion, they will be locked in their own linear bullshit on an endless path to nowhere.

Outta the drum we come!

The Bridge is from the book “Culture Bandits Volumes I & II: The Remix” which will soon be released.

