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 **Università
degli Studi
di Palermo**

 SISTEMA
MUSEALE
DI ATENEIO



 **MINISTERO
DELLA
CULTURA**

 **Kunsthistorisches
Institut
in
Florenz**

Max-Planck-Institut



**Universidad
Zaragoza**



Abadir
Accademia di Design
e Comunicazione Visiva

Surviving Troubled Waters: From Prison to Freedom Through Music

performance Gospel/Rap

BL Shirelle – Naomi Blount Wilson – Dinny Risri Aletheiani

Sceneggiatura di Ron Jenkins (basata su interviste con Naomi Wilson e BL Shirelle)

Evento gratuito all'interno del programma "Palermo Classica"

Mercoledì 2 agosto 2023 ore 21:15

Complesso Monumentale Steri - Steri Hall

In collaboration with

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Rap Lyrics for "Surviving Troubled Waters"

by BL Shirelle

Intro - Lyrics

We'll keep getting hurt, deserted, marked as a race
when
You'd rather watch love and hip hop than birth of a
nation
The blood of some niggas on trees curses this nation
Misplaced souls we lurk and search in this nation
Nigga I'm Nat Turner
Strapped with a black burner
Mass murderer
Against back stabbed and back turners
They snatch culture dark in the night cat burglars
Been doing that since they thought the earth was a flat
surface
Then they cast dispersions
Claim that we lack purpose
You a nigga if you feed into that. Facts..Churches
I put that on a stack of old bibles in black Churches
That's why tgey lack the courage to work and they
snatch purses
Slaves to white fashion deserting the black merchants
The grass growth emerges disguises tge crafty serpent
Snakes steady slither they whispering come hither
Make the prison your home and make your children the
system

Chorus:

I cant take it I can't fake it hope I make it yeah I hope I
make it..

Verse:

The stigma of a convict is like a fuckin object
That's lodged in your esophagus
And it just won't come out of it
Choking from barely coping.
Broken from self corrosion
Throat is open when it's closing
No air will go inside of it
The stigma of a felon
Is like a fuckin nail in
My coffin buried alive
Coughing as I'm inhaling
The soil of the struggle
Turmoil of the Hustle
It boils and it bubbles
As often as I'm exhaling
These drugs I've been selling
Since I was around 11
My mom was smoking crack since 87
Well she sober now but her children were left destined
Headed in wrong directions since adolescents
We grown now but every decision I have to question
myself
Every assignment in life ibadd a lesson of death
Everytime I get it right I gotta go to the left
Afraid of failure or afraid of success
They killed my self esteem you can witness a murder
When i tried to be a legitimate earner
And yall act like the only thing I'm good for is flipping a
burger
I flip them the bird
And go flip a bird up
A vicious cycle

Where the systems my rival
But im my biggest enemy
They know I'm gonna fail I make the right with my
tendencies
They're closing libraries building more penetentaries
Investing in my future they think im where I'm meant to
be...

"Conspiracy" - Lyrics

With the gang at the bar
Stumble all the way to the car
Slouched in back of the Lac
Eyes see stars as they roll back
All a sudden hear pap
Skrrrrr sober in a snap
Cadi moving real fast bean on the dash law on ya ass
Bang out it's a crash
That's when shit go black
When u come to a cracka got ya dam arms tied behind
ya back
U dont even know what happened
But u know u ain't a rat
So they take u to booking bail a few racks but u aint
got that
Victim getting life flighted
Charges murder indictment
OGs saying bite it
Jailhouse lawyers telling u to fight it
Wifey got u on silent
Shit so do ya side bitch
Cellie say its election year
I dont know what that means
It means if u lose u getting the electric chair
Plea offer is hella years
U gotta hold in a well of tears
Can't cry all these males in here
U ain't getting no mail in there
Thinking bout telling u hella scared
But if u tell they'll park ya shit, ya coffin picked
Put a nail in there.

This is the system jail and the prison
Feel like no ody miss u
U realize them bitches ain't coming to visit my nigga
This is the system
And when u come home ya kids wont remember u
nigga
This is the system practice fitness religion get
wisdom....bless em

Parole man I wanna go home damn I ain't got no home
plan no (I got nowhere to go)
It be ya own fam leave u in the cold damn this the only
home that I know

Blow trial get a elbow
Working out got da jail glow
Keep putting in appeals shoulda took the deal
Court saying hell no
Nightmares of ya sheet tied around the tier and neck
and just let go
But u know that to hell u go
If u do already in a hellhole
Wifey got a new nigga
Got em raising ya kids and
Buying them clothes, fathering role

Nigga giving ass whippings
Ya mom died she was sick and
You ain't get the obit shit
U ain't find out till one of ya siblings
Came thru w a conviction
It's been 15 u been in
A thousand roommates you've lived with
A new dude w a box walk in u realize its ya kids shit
He don't even remember u
Even though yall identical
Guess the cycle continues
Yes the cycle continues

Chorus

Bounty - Lyrics

You have the right to remain silent
And be restrained violently
They have the right to leave you slain lifeless
If u not detained quietly
And it's always some innate bias
Like he should've stayed quiet
Or They was frightened
By his heinous Priors
And that's probably why I survived it
To tell the story you can't hear
Cause they all fuckin dead

Yall wouldn't very marched for me
Yall would've left that law free
If he would've offed me

Nobody believed it was me or him
The badge give yall more comfort in believing him
George Floyd in my mind like make it count bitch
U shot back and lived I died bout a counterfeit
And on some honest shit
the trauma get
Deeper than why I exist
My purpose
I probably won't amount to it

in the district For a week
hospital gown Freezing on the ground tissue wrapped
around me
wishing it was bounty
so relieved when I made it to the county
blew trial Couldn't wait to get to prison
I'm a see her for more hours when she visit
im gone see her for my hours when she visit
Shot a lieutenant I'm finna be gone a minute
I stacked my cheese sandwiches up to make a pillow
lord

Everyday i Thank God I'm still living
That whole day I had Dat hunch preminition
Where I'm from you trust ya intuition
Get Shot in ya torso ignoring a gut feeling
Them blues aint make it better
Or that yellow
I was paranoid,
Danger reeking off me u can smell it through (my)
pheromones
down bad gripping on my ratchet when I hear a noise
Cut my wet with jet fuel my trauma was a carry on
Carry on
Nigga walked up on me with a hoodie and a weapon
drawn
We both tryna make it home

And aint no moral high ground
That high road gone be that same dirt you end up
buried on
I can still see the flash of the strap
Hear the clap
I can still feel the heat from the rounds in my back
And the cuffs as they dragged me and stomped me in
the glass
Boot prints on my face looked like I had them tatted

in the district For a week
hospital gown Freezing on the ground tissue wrapped
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lord

Gramps

Grandma are you proud of me?
A rose somehow the concrete sprouted me
Watered by blood and piss where the alley be
Send by the judge to sticks where the valley be
Hit by the slugs, shit the Lord salvaged me
I still don't know why honestly
I still don't know why I didn't try to be
Upstanding with a college degree
Wouldn't have to ask if you were proud of me
So are you proud of me?
I wouldn't have to ask if you were proud of me
So are you proud of me?
Grandma, are you ashamed of me?
When the church tell you that they gone pray for me
It wasn't a waste, attention that you paid to me
Beautiful pictures that you paint for me
You love me dearly and it's plain to see
And I never made it aimlessly
The diabetes gave you pain to see
And while I ran the streets aimlessly
I made you miss 7 days of sleep
So I gotta ask, are you ashamed of me?
Are you ashamed of me?
I can handle the truth if you're ashamed of me
Are you ashamed of me?

Grandma do you believe in me
I have a feeling that you leaving me
And if so, are you confident that I can succeed and be
A validation of your dreams for me?
The only girl in my life who never cheated me
Never deceived me, always was the person that you
seemed to be
Even at times when you was mean to me
The whole world is what you mean to me
And ain't a question that every single word that you
screamed at me
Was a lesson you was teaching me
So I gotta ask, grandma, are you pleased with me?
Are you pleased with me?
You was there for me, so I'm gone care for you
You gone make it through
I ain't thinking about your burial
Are you pleased with me?
Are you proud of me?
Are you ashamed of me?

Love you

"Til I Go" - Lyrics

You ever get sad from being happy like
I did this shit **(all)** for gramps she in the afterlife
And the sacrifices she made it took half her life
Yall say she looking down she hardly had her sight
I feel my faith lost its appetite
Cause I done served the deacon and the pastor wife
I used to know them verses front to back and back to
right
Till I read read the bible printed in its black and white
And its cracka typed
My spirit dont have a sanctuary
It roams cause what is home
But god knows its gold it shows straight through my
soul
And he chose me.
Get a load of me
Fat dyke **jawn w (d)**a beard so you notice me
Got a limp for some holes caught below the knee
Triple Ds who the fuck u know as bold as me
I'm supposed to be the exactly how she molded me

Forgive me I'm high
Some memories die
Some shit **(things)** stuck w me like a minute aint even
went by
Ain't no changing the cycles
They slay disciples in pages to of the bible
I used to pray to a christ who
Wasnt doing nothing
Cause the only time I prayed was when I wanted
something
Got caught dumping now I got court coming
Lord please forgive me for all my short comings...
Give me credit for being forthcoming
Not saying it's no paradise
But no one knows what that shit **(what)** is like
Praising christ , Allah or jehovah whoever i like
Dont make me right
So If i praise my god until I go numb
And die then find out it was the wrong one
Am I condemn cause I was speaking in the wrong
tongue
I'm just translating the lyrics the lyrics of the song sung

Only way way will I know
Wont know till I go
If I go before u go
I promise try to let u know
Like I'm spiritually homeless
Swear my spit be roaming
Where my spirit be going

And now I lay me down to sleep
I pray my lord my soul to take
If I should die before I wake I pray the lord my soul to
take