

# CONTINENTAL SCARS

A HIP-HOP POEM

JAY MAUMAU

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# ENGLISH

## VERSE

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Africa during our forefathers' time,

We lived in peace and harmony,

Before the coming of the colonialists,

With a long snake that emitted fire.

Through divide and rule,

Arabs brought trade... ages in Fort Jesus,

It reminds me of slavery era,

The pool of Mtwana, where slaves were washed

Before shipping.

God forbid those who've forgotten

The old-time chronicles and neglected

The Old Testament and forsaken Deuteronomy.

That was peace... the fruits of justice.

Patronism was our foundation,

Love became our teachings,

Humanity... human rights

Were there to guide us.

There was no religion — faith was there.

We worshipped the gods under Migumo trees

And libated to our forefathers.

I'm proud of my black colour.

I recognize my roots, my culture, my shield.

I long for revelation,

The arrow of righteousness will never be broken.

Politics like heavy floods in Africa,

The tower of Babel.

They rule with iron hand, with Pharaoh hearts,

Masked in sheep wool — symbol of patriotism.

They have forgotten — they are still under colonialist boots,

Dictatorships in third world countries.

Leaders unskin, leave leadership,

When poverty is all over.

Our torchbearers are trading no more,

Their qualities of good leadership.

They give bribes to buy votes,

Voting is not free.

No one cares for the common man,

Taxes are burning ordinary people,

A pierced arrow.

They use religious weapons of the West

To benefit from our mineral resources and oil.

It's grief beyond healing, and no one remembers

The hardships of slavery times.

As we ploughed for cotton in colonialist farms,

We sung songs of revolution,

Our dreams to eat fruits of freedom — all in vain

Under new colonialist era.

Philosophy... the way of a true warrior,

African kingsman born under Africa's hot sun.

It opens his eyes to breathe

The breath of life's freedom.

I am the spinal cord of the holy nation,

A captain whose boat has left

For the long journey

To emancipate my people's thoughts

From brain cancer.

The spear of the nation

In era of the new world order,

Ready to plunder the economy of the world

With the so-called constitution

That protects and bites at the same time.

A time when tribalism and corruption

Has spread like the weed of the sea.

— End of Poem —

# SWAHILI

## UBETI

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Afrika toka enzi za mababu

Tuliishi Maisha ya ustaarabu

Kabla mkonloni kuja na nyoka wa chuma atupae cheche za moto

Kwa sera za twaa tugawe mwarabu kaleta bihashara

Miaka ya gnome ya yesu

Unikumbushia enzi za utumwa

Bwawa la mtwana

Ole wao walokosa kumbukumbu za Nyakati

Nakulipuuza agano la kale

Nakutupilia mbali kumbukumbu la torati

Likuwepo amani halisi

Tunda la Haki

Uzalendo likuwa nguzo

Upendo ukawa funzo

Utu na Haki za binadamu zikawa mwogozo

Dini haikuwepo

Ila amani ilikuwepo

Tuliabudu mizimu kutoa kafara

Chini ya mibuyu

Asa koma kwa mababu

Najivunia weusi wangu

Naitambua mizizi yangu

Utamaduni wangu ndo ngao yangu

Natazamia ufunuo

Mkuki wa Haki hauvunjiki

Siasa gharika kuu

Serikali za afrika Kama mnara wa babeli

Wanatawala kwa upanga wa moto

Nyoyo zao Kama Pharaoh

Wamevalia ngozi za kondoo

Ishara uzalendo

Nakusahau wanatembelea viatu vya mabeberu

Udikteta ulimwengu wa Tatu

Kuvua ngamba kwa hiari

Wakati umaskini umekidhiri

Washika dau propaganda hawauzi tena sera

Utoarushwa kununua kura

Uchaguzi uso huru wala Haki

Ushuru unamchoma mwananchi wa kawaida Kama mkuki

Hawajali maslahi ya walala hoi

Adui bandia silaha ya magharibi

Kufaidi mafuta na madini

Inasikitisha kumbukumbu za utumwani hazipo tena ifadhini

Tukilimia pamba mashamba ya makaburu

Kwa mijeledi tulijiliwaza kwa nyimbo

Za ukombozi

Ndoto kuyala matunda ya uhuru

Ukoloni mambo Leo

Philosophy itkadi za ulamaa

Aliyezaliwa chini ya Jua la Afrika

Nikafungua macho

Nakuzipumua pumzi za uhai huru

Naitwa uti wa mgongo wa taifa tukufu

Ila natozwa ushuru

Hadi siku ya kuliegesha dau la Maisha ukingoni

Naodha nikang'oa nanga

Nakutweka tanga

Falsafa kuzikomboa fikra

Tokana na cancer ya utumwa

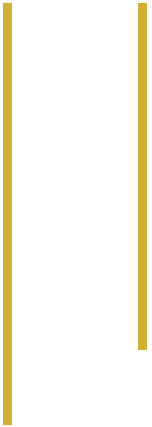
Umkonto we sinzwe

Nyakati za mfumo mpya wa dunia

Mkondo kuunyonya uchumi

Tunaotegemea

Katiba za kung'ata na kupulizia



Karne uƒisadi ubaguzi wa rangi

Vimesambaa Kama gugu maji

# CREW

**JAY MAUMAU** – lyricist, voice of the streets.

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"I recognize my roots, my culture, my shield."

Africa, Africa, Africa.