

1st Verse

I feel the latent effects of assimilation
inner city Native raised by bright lights, sky scrapers,
born with dim prospects, little peace in living
as a child, hot headed about the fact I wasn't wild
like they called my ancestors, imagined what it'd be
to live nomadic off the land and free
instead I was full of heat like a furnace 'cause I wasn't furnished
with language and traditional says of my peeps,
yeah I used to feel like I wasn't truly Indigenous,
now I say miigwech gichi-manidoo
for showing me my true roots, definitely Native,
take responsibility for being educated,
my people and customs originating from early phases
of history, it's deeper than frybread
and contest powwows, tears shed in the sweat lodge
prayers go out to all those I've wronged
and who have wronged me, gotta treat 'em like family.

Chorus

Gichi-manido wiidookawishin ji-mashkawiziyaan
(Great Spirit help me to be strong)
Mii dash bami'idiziyaan
(So that I can help myself)
Miizhishinaam zaagi'iiwewin
(Show us all love)
Ganoozh ishinaam, bizindaw ishinaam
(talk to us, hear us)
Mii-wenji nagamoyaan
(That is why I am singing)

Nimishomis wiidookawishinaam ji-aabajitooyaang anishinaabe izhitwaawin
(Grandfather help us to use the Native ways)
mii-ji-bi-gikendamaan keyaa anishinaabe bimaadiziwin
(so that we'll know how to live the Native way/the good life).

2nd Verse

Becoming aware of a heartbeat's fragility
so I pray for my creator's will and humility,
it seems my prayer's weak I can't speak, not a linguist
does he hear my English when I vent I fear the answer
to the question, this is symbolic of anguish
I feel regarding language and the obligation of revitalizing
something sacred, failure to carry through is disgracing
a nation, my first tongue's in need of a face lift but
deciphering conjugations like trying to find
my way through a maze in the matrix, complex
hard to start without an end aside from being fluent,
I gotta push the limit if I'm gonna keep pursuing,
so I use it in a way that relates to my life and vocab,
bring some entertainment to it spit it on a track,
and I take it out the class can't let what I lack
become a self-defeating habit that'll make me want to quit.

Chorus

3rd Verse

It's far fetched but Grandfather please help me learn it,
help me assist in keeping it from burning,
don't let me quit and flee from working for a worthy purpose,
enlighten me and help me comprehend effects of my service,
I need a spark in my desire from something higher
prior to negative reminders killing my stride,

sometimes I'm the type that likes getting results
overnight without sweating or stressing overnight, so I pray
Creator give me strength, then I can move on
creator show us love, so it can spread around
communicate with us, from above, hear me now,
my prayers in a song I speak 'em out loud
grandfather help us to revitalize the language and ways
so we walk the red road that you paved,
communicate with us from above hear me now,
my prayers in a song I speak 'em out loud.