

One day I had a dream to leave my dreadful country
Where hunger and boredom used to be a routine
However poor I was, I wished to fulfill my American dream
On the Street of Nairobi

One day I took the boat to the USA my head full of hopes
Stars in my eyes in front of this incredible city
Where I felt at home already
On the street of Orlando

But listen buddy, America is no longer your home, it has never been
Thought I could fit in this white society who was not mine
Terrified and nervous at every cross-look with a policeman
But listen, don't forget you have many more values than a monkey
It's about time you changed your story and be on an equal footing
No matter the color of the skins

One day I was crossing the street in order to earn my living
They were all reluctant to hire me
To their minds, I am only a black man without any faculty
On the street of Nashville

Yesterday, I came back home with bread and candies
But I didn't expect to be searched like a thief
Loaded guns and cuffs out I had to take a knee
I was guilty only for my different color of the skin
On the street of Indianapolis

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Yesterday, buying bread and candies was a crime
But spitting on me isn't one obviously
Back in the sixties, we are still considered as a dusty
King's dream is not for this time
On the Street of Miami

Today, I decided to stand up for my rights
Hands in my pocket in front of this policeman
Who had shed Georges Floyd's blood, an innocent man
Guns ready to fire, I had sixty seconds before reaching paradise
On the street of Manhattan

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Today, his dead body is lying on the ground
Victim of a racial unfair system
Hopes and dreams are shattering on the ground
On the Street of Heaven

Tomorrow, being Black or White will be the same
Peace and brotherhood will be a routine
Everyone will be twins
On the street of the USA