

The soundtrack of who we are

Performing identities in Palestinian hip hop – A case study

*Thesis presented to:
prof. dr. Martin van Bruinessen*

Departement Religiewetenschap en theologie
Faculteit Geesteswetenschappen
Universiteit Utrecht

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*Sinsia van Kalkeren
3366553
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Preface

“If we stay quiet, the sound of death will drown out our voice”

DAM - '*Ihdā'*

The urgency that leaps at you when you read this quote is what got me hooked on Palestinian hip hop. It is raw and honest, and it rings true. Who will speak for the Palestinians, if they don't do it themselves? Is it even possible to speak *for* Palestinians? DAM does not seem to think so. They place the responsibility of speaking in the hands of the Palestinians themselves. The urgency in the quote also gives the listener (or in this case, the reader) a sense of authenticity, a sense of “these guys know what they're talking about”. The way in which they try to get this message across is exciting too: hip hop has been a way for youth all around the world to utter their grievances for decades now, continuously changing its appearance (Terkourafi 2010, 3). That this genre has been appropriated by artists in one of the most charged regions in the world, holds a promise of texts full of urgent politics and emotions.

So I was really surprised when I ventured out into the field of hip hop scholarship and I found out that virtually nothing was written about Palestinian hip hop. Researcher Usama Kahf did a great job in charting the ways in which Palestinian hip hop artists establish their authenticity. And Basel Abbas, who is a member of the Palestinian hip hop group Ramallah Underground, did his dissertation on Arabic hip hop. But that is about the scope of the research done. There is lots of material on hip hop itself, mostly focused on the United States. And of course, there has been research on popular music in the Middle East, there is even a research programme at the Radboud University in Nijmegen on Islam and the performing arts in the Middle East. But the combination of hip hop and Palestine has not been made often. So taking up this subject felt a bit like hiking at night: The stars of theory were there to guide me, but I had to find out about the situation on the ground myself.

I decided to map only a small piece of that ground, and only on one specific theme. In this thesis I will analyse the ways in which identities are performed on the album '*Ihdā'* (2007), by the Palestinian hip hop group DAM. This is the first hip hop album ever made in Palestine (Kahf 2007, 360), and probably the best known. DAM is one of the most popular hip hop groups in Palestine (Abbas 2005, 33). The group consists of Tamer and Suhell Nafar and Mahmoud Jreri. The live in al-Lud, which makes them Palestinian Israelis. Although they had been rapping for some time, in 2001 they had their first real success, when their song *Mīn 'irhābī?* (*Who's the terrorist?*) was downloaded more than a

million times (Kahf 2007, 360). Their popularity, and the fact that they are Palestinian Israelis in my opinion makes them very relevant for analysis. They have an interesting standpoint, and they are being heard within the Palestinian community. 'DAM' can be interpreted as an abbreviation for "Da Arab MCs", or as the Arabic word "dam" meaning blood.

In order to answer the question of which identities are performed on '*Ihdā*', I will first analyse some of the relevant literature in this area. As stated above, almost no specific research has been done on this topic, so I took a look at articles and books about hip hop in the US and the rest of the world. In the introduction, I will present the most relevant theories. Authenticity, locality and identity will be central. In the second chapter I will link these theories to the texts on '*Ihdā*'. I will focus on how gender, sexuality, class and ethnicity are represented in the texts. I specifically focused on the texts, to narrow my terrain a bit. I will also briefly discuss a music video, which was made to go with one of the songs. I did not take rhythms and the like into account, nor did I conduct interviews. It would have enriched my research if I had done so, but there really was no time. Still, I think just analysing the texts is sufficient. The texts are, after all, the message that DAM (as artists) send into the world. In the third chapter, I will try to answer my question, based on my findings.

In the appendices the complete texts of '*Ihdā*' can be found, in both Arabic and English. The translations there are as I found them on DAM's own website, without any modifications made by me. Those are also the translations I used in my research, although I filtered out some spelling mistakes. I had hoped to use the original Arabic texts, but translating the Palestinian dialect DAM uses proved to be too hard. That is why I decided to use DAM's own translations, at which I looked critically. Where I found untranslated words in DAM's original texts, I translated them myself. You will find footnotes where I did this. Using the original texts in my analysis would have resulted in a more complete view on DAM's ideas, but for now the translations will have to do. A last note on the appendices: I put the English texts before the Arabic ones. I did this to make it easier to navigate through the texts for readers who are not able to read Arabic.

I called my thesis *The soundtrack of who we are - Performing identities in Palestinian hip hop – A case study*. It is not for nothing that I used "performing" and not, for instance, "constructing". I would have to conduct extensive psychological research on DAM's members to get an idea of who they really are. If that is possible at all. So I chose "performing", because that is what they do.

1. Introduction

Authenticity, place, identity

Authenticity, place and identity are three central themes to hip hop. It is no coincidence that “Keepin' it real” has been one of the most important mottos of the genre for years. The often political messages of hip hop would not come across if artists would not be seen as real. How this mechanism works, will be the subject of the first section of this chapter. In the second section, I will present some theories on how hip hop could spread around the globe. How could the genre stay true to itself and still be authentic in a local context? In the last section I will go into the literature on identity construction. What identity markers are important? And how do marginalized peoples construct their own identity?

1.1 Keepin' it real

Being real, that is what hip hop is all about. “Keepin' it real” or “keepin' it street” are phrases often heard in hip hop tracks. The question of how artists do this, is central to this paragraph. But before turning to that, we might take a look at why artists want to be seen as “real”. The answer to this lies in the message of the music. Many hip hop artists take up political themes in their texts. In the US racism and gender are at the centre of the debate, while in the rest of the world a wide array of social themes is explored, such as poverty, sexism and unemployment (Terkourafi 2010, 2). In order to really reach the audience, authenticity is crucial. Being seen as authentic makes the difference between being respected as a legitimate voice of resistance and being laughed at as a imitator of commercially successful rappers (Kahf 2007, 361). This social engagement and thus the desire to be real can be seen in both form and content of many hip hop performances.

In terms of form, it is important to note that hip hop (probably) began as a new form of party music to which the black youth from the Bronx danced in the seventies (Omoniyi 2009, 115). That might seem quite harmless, but the way in which this new genre was constructed shows that it had a touch of rebellion at its very core. DJs took samples of many different songs and put them together to form a new style. Dery argues that therefore, rap is political by definition. Taking other people's music, using it to create something new, and thus ignoring copyright laws, is the “musical equivalent of shoplifting” (2004, 408). Another point is important: the original hip hop style of breaking up other music and mixing it (dj-ing) entails that flexibility and change lie at its heart, which makes hip hop a very creative

and changing genre (Terkourafi 2010, 4-5). This is one of the reasons why hip hop could become successful all around the world. I will elaborate on that in the next section.

Apart from the form, the contents of hip hop are often rebellious too. The early party music soon became a way for black youth to utter their grievances. Famous examples of this are artists like Run DMC, Public Enemy and KRS-One. Themes such as the slave trade, racism and inequality were taken up and used to empower the young black audience (Dery 2004, 408). Just to get a sense of how hip hop artists do this, an example from Public Enemy:

When I roll over, I roll over in somebody else's
90 Fuckin' days on a slave ship
Count 'em fallin' off 2, 3, 4 hun'ed at a time
Blood in the wood and it's mine
I'm chokin' on spit feelin' pain
Like my brain bein' chained

(Can't Truss it)

These rather explicit references to the slave trade are not uncommon in “conscious rap” (Terkourafi 2010, 5). The way in which Public Enemy identifies with the slaves on a ship is striking, though. They tell the story from a first-person perspective: as if they were there themselves. In this way they connect to the colonial past in a very direct way, they make their ancestors pain their own.

By now, hip hop has become pretty mainstream, but this was not always the case. Since hip hop challenged social circumstances in the US, it got some harsh reactions. The news media focused mainly on violent incidents at rap concerts, rap producers' illegal use of music samples and black nationalist rappers' proclaimed hate of white people (Rose 1994, 1). Nowadays the critique is mostly about the depiction of women in rap videos. Many a time women can be seen in subordinate positions, while wearing only what is absolutely necessary (Stapleton 1998, 226). Although these concerns are justified, the attention given to them in the public debate on sexism seems a bit disproportionate. Other media that are at least equally sexist, such as advertising, do not receive nearly as much criticism (Rose 1994, 15). Besides: the focus on the sexist side of hip hop does not do justice to the many faces of hip hop. In the US alone there are huge differences between artists who call themselves hip hop artists. Just think about a commercially successful rapper such as 50 Cent and compare him to an artist like The Streets. Although they differ in many respects, they still claim to be part of the same genre. Some rap artists do not seem to be able to talk about anything else than “hoes” and money, while others are very critical about society. Most are somewhere in between: they are rapping about problems in society (some more explicit than others), while making a lot of money because of it. Criticism of racism/inequality/poverty is used to become rich, Lusane calls this the “commodification of black resistance” (2004, 354). The main point, though, is that hip hop artists all have their own, unique way of performing. Flexibility as crucial

part of hip hop thus not only refers to the mixing and sampling practices, but also to the many forms it takes. Artists connect with the genre by means of clothing and language, but they make sure that their sound is their own.

So how do they do this? Location has been a central theme in hip hop since the beginning. References to the place artists come from are often an important part of the lyrics. This is one of the most significant ways in which hip hoppers establish a kind of authenticity. The places referred to are usually poor, urban neighbourhoods. By establishing their link with these places, rappers represent themselves as being part of the underdog. Even artists with great commercial success keep emphasising they come from the “hood” (Forman 2004, 155). By claiming membership of the urban community, artists try to say: “I am real, I know what I am talking about.” They do this by referring to certain streets, blocks, people, circumstances and events. KRS-One for example explicitly states that he “writes about the hood and the street”:

I write about life, I write about death
I write about strife, I write about stress
I write about the strong and the weak
I write about the hood and the street
I rhyme about my beefs

(Omni Hood)

There is another striking similarity between the ways in which hip hoppers establish their authenticity, and that is their constant references to being black. For many rappers from the US, this is true on two levels. Many of them are actually black. But the references are about more than skin colour. “Blackness” is about being from poorer neighbourhoods, having less chances in school, seeing family and friends suffer, coping with racism, etcetera (Baldwin 2004, 160). Especially in the eighties and nineties, many rap artists were driven by a commitment to Black Nationalism in all its forms. Their race consciousness centered Blackness and drove Whiteness to the periphery (Alim 2009, 8). Afrika Bambaataa is one of the most famous artists to refer to the “Africanness” of African Americans. In his song *Zulu Nation Throwdown* he depicts black people as a mighty nation. It is worldwide and can't be stopped:

We go by the name of the Mighty Zulu Nation
We're the Mighty Zulus, we're one of a crew
We're comin by, we're comin through
We're worldwide and we're citywide

(Zulu Nation Throwdown)

In sum, authenticity in hip hop takes many forms, which is kind of the point of being authentic. Still, some strategies used to establish this authenticity can be pointed out. First: a commitment to the place one comes from, shown by references to this place. Second: referring to local problems. Third: connect with the (metaphorically) black community. On these last two points I will elaborate in the next section.

1.2 The glocal

A lot has happened to hip hop since its emergence in the US. With change and flexibility at its heart, the genre could take root in many places around the world. Countries as diverse as South-Korea, Hungary, Egypt and Norway have lively hip hop scenes. The desire to be authentic drives the artists to build a space of their own within the Global Hip Hop Nation (GHHN), which makes it so that for example Japanese hip hop is very different from Nigerian hip hop. Also, artists do not just copy the US example. Just imitating US rappers would be very un-hip hop-like. These international artists go back to their roots to establish their authenticity, pretty much in the same ways their American counterparts do this. So by using the same localization methods, rappers all over the world produce new, local ways of making hip hop. They show commitment to the place they come from, refer to local problems and connect with other marginalized groups. They often rap in local languages. The style tends to be hybrid: typical hip hop beats are often mixed with traditional music (Simeziane 2010, 99). By doing this, the artists try to make sure they are not seen as imposters. They seem to feel like they have something important to say. To get that message across, it is vital to be seen as “real”, as part of the community. Obviously, they all do this in their own way, but the desire to be “real” is the same everywhere. Stapleton states that hip hop has “great potential for becoming a major agent of change”. She quotes hip hop scholar Robert Jackson as saying: “The next step for hip hop is to organize around a progressive political agenda, which would include housing, education, and health reform as well as affirmative action and employment” (1998, 231). So here a clear connection between hip hop and social change is made. By bringing together the urban youth and rapping to them about the need for social change, empowerment and indeed social change could come to pass.

Despite the urge to show their authenticity there are a lot of similarities between hip hop artists around the world. Especially in the themes they rap about, some striking patterns can be seen. Of course the themes are strongly localised, but in the end many of the songs made by international hip hop artists are about the same thing: the experience of marginality and discrimination. Osumare calls this a “connective marginality”, which she describes as “[the] social resonances between black expressive culture within its contextual political history and similar dynamics in other nations” (2001, 172). So the experiences African American rappers voice in their songs, find resonance in other parts of the world. The specific circumstances might be different, the marginalized feeling seems to be the same everywhere. Being marginalized means different things in different places. It can be about skin colour,

like in the US, or about class position, like in France (Hassa 2010, 44-45), or about US domination, like in Greece (Hess 2010, 171). Osumare argues that hip hop has become a “global signifier” for many forms of marginalization (2001, 173).

This is where “blackness” comes into play again. Many rappers refer to themselves as being black, although from a visual point of view that might not be entirely true. Of course they do not mean the literal colour of their skin, but the position they have in society, which they perceive as similar to that of African Americans. “Blackness” is a global signifier, that can mean many different things in different parts of the world. Pennycook and Mitchell call this being “situationally black”: identifying not only with the hip hop style, but also with the racial politics that surround it (2009, 37). For example Greek rappers from a working class background might not be confronted with racism as their American counterparts are, they do have to cope with oppression because of their position in society. This makes them “situationally black”.

So hip hop is a genre that started in the US as party music, but soon became a way for African American youth to express their anger and frustration at society. And before long youth around the world took up this exciting style of breaking and mixing and used it to denounce various things in their own society. It would be a mistake, though, to view Global Hip Hop as a locally flavoured US export product.

Viewing the spread of hip hop around the world as a kind of US cultural imperialism might be tempting, but it would not be accurate. Firstly, it denies local artists any form of agency. It depicts them as docile non-agents that might think they do something authentic, but in reality just copy their American betters. This way of seeing things overlooks several aspects of Global Hip Hop. Hip hop artists around the world really do have something to say, and get the message across with different levels of success. It is not like they do hip hop because they can't help but give in to US imperialism, on the contrary, they choose this form and make it their own, often to criticise the power of the US (Omoniyi 2009, 113). Secondly it forgets that hip hop itself came from somewhere. It took many traditions and mixed it to a new genre. Hip hop was influenced by jazz, blues, rock and Jamaican dj-'ing (Gracyk 2001, 97). Still, we don't say that hip hop is just a rehash of blues. No, we grant hip hop its own space as a genre. Gracyk argues that appropriation is a widely accepted practice in all kinds of art. Techniques are borrowed, intertextual references are made and instruments are used outside of their “original” context. Mostly, this is done without anyone questioning the authenticity of the artists (2001, 97).

So why would this not be true for Global Hip Hop? Of course it is influenced by US hip hop, but at least as much of it is inspired by local cultures, which is the third reason why Global Hip Hop is not just a US export product. Local artists take up hip hop and change it into something new, something local. Pennycook and Mitchell even argue that Global Hip Hop has “always been local”. They use an Australian example to clarify this: “[That hip hop has always been part of Aboriginal

culture] is not of course to suggest that Hip Hop as a global cultural formation was invented by Indigenous Australians; rather, it is to *argue* that what now counts as Aboriginal Hip Hop is the product of a dynamic set of identifications – with African American music, style and struggle – and a dynamic set of reidentifications – with Indigenous music, style and struggle” (2009, 30). So Global Hip Hop is as much rooted in local traditions and struggle as it is in US hip hop.

This hybridity is central to the concept of *métissage*, which simply means that two cultural forms can interact to create a third. This third form is new and independent, although it is rooted in two other forms. It is important to note that the previous forms contribute to the new form in an equal way (Ibrahim 2009, 232-233). In the words of the post-colonial scholar Robert Young: “Hybridity makes difference into sameness, and sameness into difference, but in a way that makes the same no longer the same and different no longer simply different” (2006, 158). Looking at global hip hop this way can help to move beyond the narrative of the US as the genre's birthplace, and the local as a mere spice mix. The concept of *métissage* or hybridity helps to see global hip hops as independent genres, with roots in both the US and the local. A third root might be added: the Global Hip Hop Nation probably has a lot of influence too. The GHHN seems to be what binds all the different artists together. The use of specific terms (such as “flow”, “break” and “mic”), the exploring of certain themes (social problems, mostly) and the positioning against the mainstream, are seen all over the world.

Hip hop artists from around the world are both local and global. Their texts are often about concrete, local issues, but they also connect to the themes central in the GHHN: poverty, inequality and racism. Their styles come from the US as well as from their own village. They are, in a word, global: local *and* global, and it seems impossible to tell which of the two previous forms is more important in creating the third.

1.3 Identity

Identities are fluid, they change with the situation and over time (Butler 1990, 16). On a single day a person can identify as a student while riding the bus, as an atheist while taking a class on Islamic feminism and as a woman when eating a meal with her girlfriend. Gender, ethnicity, sexuality and class are commonly perceived as the most important axes along which identities are formed, but not fixed (Frable 1997, 149). These are socially constructed categories, and the behaviour and symbols attached to them differ in different times and places. I will not in the first place look at what attributes are usually ascribed to certain identities. My focus will be on how DAM refers and relates to them in their texts. My description of the four categories will be brief. In the next chapter I will look at what DAM (in a specific social context) does (or does not) do with these identity markers.

Gender refers to whether you identify as a man or a woman, or somewhere in between. Part of this has to do with your sex, but mostly it is about the properties that are assumed to be masculine or feminine (Frable 1997, 144). Ethnicity is used to refer to distinctions based on national origin, language,

religion, music, and other cultural markers. Frable states that ethnic identities are changeable and multidimensional: one can identify with multiple or different ethnic identities depending on the context (1997, 150). Sexuality is about one's sexual preferences. So this can be about hetero-, homo-, or bisexuality, but also about being monogamous or not (Butler 1990, 30). The concept of class has been defined in many ways. Some divide society in an upper, a middle and a lower class (with many subclasses) based on how people locate themselves within unequal relations of society. Others base their division on income or wealth, and yet others divine class by looking at one's relation to the means of production (Wright 2003, 2-3). I will use the first, very broad definition. All these identities and the discourses about them, are fluid: they are different from time to time and from place to place. In other words: it depends on the material context how identities are defined. Also, these are not neatly separated categories. Identities are not isolated from each other, they interact. Being a black woman is different from being a white woman. Frable states that feminist theory can be useful in studies of identity, because it looks on a personal, detailed level at how identities are formed and interact in a person (1997, 155).

Many a time the relationships between the identities described above, are hierarchical. White, heterosexual, upper class males most of the time have a hierarchically higher position than people with any other combination of identities. These uneven power relations influence the ways in which people think about identities. Said argues that having the power to produce knowledge of Others, means one can dominate them. The definition given by the party powerful enough to impose it, will become the dominant definition (2003, 32). In this process the Other, the dominated group, becomes almost dehumanized. They are represented as a monolithic block: all the same and unchangeable (Said 2003, 37). So the unbalanced power relation between two groups gives the dominant group the power to define the Other, and thereby create the Other (or the Orient, as Said puts it).

The case I will discuss in the next chapter, is especially interesting, because DAM's members are Israeli Palestinians. This group often feels doubly marginalized: they do not fit in in the ethnically organized Israeli society because they are Arabs, but they are not part of the Palestinian community either, because they are Israeli citizens (Hammack 2010, 369). They feel connected to both Israel *and* Palestine, while at the same time feeling excluded by both (Hammack 2010, 375). The question is which identity is dominant under which circumstances. Hammack describes how young Israeli Palestinians are "at war with themselves", especially the ones who were adolescents during the second intifada seem to identify more and more with Palestine. This "Stand Tall Generation" accentuates its Palestinianness, but this is not fixed. Their identity making is a process, and their identities are changeable (2010, 377). Bhabha's notion of cultural hybridity is closely linked to this. In his ground breaking work "The location of culture" he states: "The margin of hybridity, where cultural differences 'contingently' and conflictually touch, becomes the moment of panic which reveals the borderline experience" (1994, 296).

Language is an important aspect of identity construction. Which words one uses, what kind of accent one has, and which language or dialect one speaks, is important to a person's identity. The way in which US hip hop language is constructed is unconventional. Many rules of "standard" American are not applied. The use of African American English (AAE) in art could be seen as an act of resistance in itself. In global hip hop AAE is localised, it has the potential to become a resistance vernacular: a form that breaks with the mainstream not only in content, but also in form (Kahf 2007, 365). I will come back to this in respect to DAM in the next chapter. Terkourafi points at the fact that many hip hop artists use AAE in their texts to connect to the Global Hip Hop Nation (2010, 8). In Egyptian hip hop both the Egyptian vernacular and English are used. Williams notes that although English is originally the code of the oppressor, in hip hop it is used as a code of resistance against that very oppressor (2010, 72). They do not speak English to accommodate, but to criticise the elite. Androutsopoulos usefully distinguishes "English from below" from "English from above". The first is an informal use of the language as an expression of subcultural identity. The latter is the language of the elite, used to keep existing power relations in place (2009, 57).

English terms are appropriated by artists all over the world. In German hip hop for example, the English verb "to battle" is Germanized into "battlen" (Garley 2010, 284). Higgins points out that although many artists want to sound "black", their use of AAE is often inconsistent and strongly localised (2009, 97). The local/glocal is important again in this context. Pennycook and Mitchell argue that seeing the use of English in GHH as cultural imperialism is wrong: again this overlooks the complexity of localization and hybridization (2009, 28). Local artists are not helpless victims of US imperialism, they use English to create something of their own. In many cases they use it to attack this very imperialism. Their use of English is conscious, they use it to get a message across, they are not used by it (Pennycook and Mitchell 2009, 30).

In short: authenticity is crucial to hip hop and it is established in many different ways. A strong sense of locality is central, though. Identities are also constructed within a specific social context in which all kinds of conventions and power relations play a part. Keeping all the theories just discussed in mind, we now turn to DAM and their '*Ihdā*'.

2. Our Arabian roots are still strong

Performing identities on 'Ihdā'

We have seen that hip hop tends to take up issues of social relevance, such as poverty and racism. In this chapter I will analyse the issues that come to pass on DAM's album '*Ihdā*'. In the first part I will look at how gender is represented in the texts: how does DAM talk about men and women and their roles in society? Then sexuality and class will be examined, and of course ethnicity. Within these paragraphs concepts I discussed in the first chapter, like hybridity and the glocal, will come to pass.

Identities are fluid, as I discussed in the first chapter. That is why it is hard to attach certain texts to certain identity markers. One piece of text might be about both gender *and* sexuality, or about ethnicity *and* class. I will divide this chapter in themes, though. When a piece of text is about multiple themes, I will put it with the theme that is most evident in it and say something about the others themes as well.

2.1 Gender

Gender is a major issue in DAM's text. Sometimes it rather explicit, sometimes more implicit. DAM raps about the inequality of men and women in Palestinian society and about the love one can have for a woman. At the end of *Mā lī ḥurriyya*, we hear a young girl reciting a poem:

We want an angry generation,
to plough the sky,
to blow up history at its roots.
To blow up our thoughts at its bottom.
We want a new, different generation,
that does not forgive mistakes easily.
That does not bend,
does not know hypocrisy.
We want a generation of giants¹

(Mā lī ḥurriyya)

1 In DAM's translation, some words were left out. Their own translation was: "We want an angry generation/To plough the sky, to blow up history/To blow up our thoughts/We want a new generation/That does not forgive mistakes/That does not bend/We want a generation of giants"

By letting a young girl recite this poem DAM does several things. First, it is a sign of hope: the poem is about a new generation, a generation this girl might be part of. Second, the fact that it is a girl reciting, says quite a lot about DAM's stance on gender issues. They let the girl speak for an unspecified "we", they let her represent a larger group. Young girls don't usually get in that position in any society, so DAM putting her there is a way to challenge that. The text itself is part of a poem by Nizar Qabbani. He wrote this poem just after Israel's victory in '67 (Ali 2011). The text radiates a desire to win back Palestine, which makes this fragment also about ethnicity. Here we get our first clue about how DAM thinks about Palestine: it needs to be won back by a strong generation, of which women can be part.

Women are represented in various ways in DAM's texts. The most important are: as lovers, fighters and mothers. For each of these I will provide some examples.

The lover

The members of DAM seem to like women. In several songs they serenade the beauty and loveliness of a unspecified "you". This woman is described in the most poetic of words.

When flowers see you
they get jealous and wilt.
Perfumes smell you
and are ashamed of their scent.

(Yā sayyidatī)

In the same song, the "lady" is described as "the prettiest work of art", and DAM asks: "are you even human at all? Or were you made from Nizar Qabani's [sic] ink?". This is clearly the image of a man in love. He can only see his beloved as perfect. In the video that DAM made for this song, we see a party where men and women are dressed up in fashionable clothing and are dancing with each other. The party does not take place in some club, like in many US hip hop videos. DAM's party is in a partly ruined building, which locates the party very much in Palestinian reality. In this way, DAM gives itself a certain authenticity. On the one hand they send out a message of modernity: They like to party, and they do not support strict gender separation. On the other hand, they connect to the troubled side of their homeland, they identify as Palestinians who suffer. Another notable aspect of the video is that at some point, Suhell calls a girl. When she picks up the phone, we see that she is working on some kind of architectural drawing. This strengthens the "modern" picture DAM tries to paint.

DAM's members never use disrespectful language towards women in their lyrics. This is quite a difference from some mainstream US hip hop I described in the first chapter. Even a love gone awry is

described respectfully. The reason for the demise of the described relationship is given as well: the girl nor the boy are to blame: it is the society in which they have to hide their love:

We are giving our Arab society more to gossip about.
How can they have the heart to forbid other hearts?
Instead of thinking about seeing you,
they have me spending my time being afraid
that they might see us together.²

(Qiṣṣa hubb)

It is striking that with this text, DAM positions men as victims of the oppressive environment as well: young people all suffer from it.

The fighter

Qiṣṣa hubb is not the only song in which DAM is very critical about the place of women in their society. The message is that women should be treated with more respect and that they should have a more equal position. To start with an example:

Silent cries from the one who dries our tears.
She opened her eyes and saw the gates of the forbidden.
We all see it, what is forbidden to me, is forbidden to her.
What is allowed to me, is forbidden to her.
And what is allowed for her?
Well, the word 'allowed' does not appear in her dictionary.
She puts us on our feet and we just step on her rights.

(al-ḥurriyya 'unthī)

This is quite a harsh critique on women's position in Arab/Palestinian society. Men are not allowed much, but women even less. "What is forbidden to me, is forbidden to her" could point at the fact that Palestinian men are not granted a lot of freedom by Israel. Women bear that burden, as well as the burden placed on them by their own community because they are women. Here DAM plays a role typical for hip hop: taking up a local issue that is not discussed much.

Apart from describing the suffering of women, DAM also comes with some solutions. Later in the same song Safa Hathoot, a female guest rapper, sings:

² Original: "We are giving our Arab society more to gossip about/I don't know how they/Could have the heart to forbid other hearts/Instead of thinking about seeing you/They have me spending my time being afraid/That they might see us together"

What? You forgot where you came from?
You came from me
But from now on I'm going to be independent
And the new generation follow suit
We should fight for our rights, let men ask questions
But let our sisters answer

(al-ḥurriyya 'unthī)

This is significant, because first she represents herself as a mother, from which life comes, and then as a woman who will show her sisters how to be independent. The emphasis on fighting for “our” rights is striking: she does not ask men to give her her rights, no, she proposes to start claiming them. This level of agency by a woman is a powerful statement by DAM, which is potentially very empowering.

The mother

Related to this is the depiction of women as strong mothers. In this sense women do take action themselves, but give their sons the strength to do that. This can be on a very personal level:

Love, straight to my mum,
thank you for:
Gathering my thoughts,
building my mind,
and never giving in to
the problems we faced.

('Ihdā')

In a broader sense, mothers are honoured as givers of life. We saw this already in the text above in which Safa Hathoot identifies herself as a mother, the person “you came from”. Honouring mothers in this way is not unprecedented in the Middle-East. The saying (ascribed to the prophet Muhammad) “Paradise lies at the feet of the mother” is very well known. Obviously, this is interpreted in many ways. Some have read in it a holy order to women to be mothers, while others have used it to say that mothers should be treated with more respect (Wadud 2006, 125). But even the last interpretation is problematic. Because treating mothers with respect is a great idea, but what about the women who are not mothers? Is there any other path for them that will get them as much respect? DAM does not leave it at honouring mothers, though. Motherhood is just one role in which they depict women, besides that of a lover and a fighter.

In some songs, the “mother theme” is given an even more symbolic sense: Palestine is represented as a mother. In some songs this is very explicit:

You won't limit my hope
by a wall of separation.
And if this barrier comes
between me and my land
I'll still be connected to Palestine,
like an embryo to the umbilical cord

(Mā lī ḥurriyya)

In other texts, the references are more poetic:

You are like a small beautiful village
living near me,
the climate that surrounds you
moved the lava inside me

(Yā sayyidatī)

Especially the second sentence suggests that this is a reference to Palestine: “the climate that surrounds you” could be Zionism, which moves the “lava” or anger inside DAM's members. The most definite indication that women/mothers are used as a metaphor for their homeland, though, is this fragment:

To those who missed their mother's bread
Hungry and thirstily but still never ate other things

('Ihdā')

This is a reference to a famous poem by the Palestinian poet Mahmoud Darwish, called “To my mother”. The first sentence is: “I long for my mother's bread”. In this poem Darwish uses “mother” as a metaphor for Palestine. To get a sense of how he does this:

And if I come back one day
Take me as a veil to your eyelashes
Cover my bones with the grass
Blessed by your footsteps

Bind us together
With a lock of your hair
With a thread that trails from the back of your dress
I might become immortal
Become a God
If I touch the depths of your heart.³

(To my mother)

That DAM refers to this poem in their texts shows that they indeed do use the “Mother Palestine”-metaphor. This use of women or mothers as the symbol of a nation, is very common in many cultures. Just think about Britannia, Mother Russia or Germania. There is a difference though. Britannia and her sisters are constructed by those in power to show how vulnerable the homeland really is. By depicting the nation as a pure and often victimized woman, the government creates an atmosphere in which it is almost natural that this state has to be protected from outside evil (Shetty 1995, 54). In the case of Palestine, the people who depict the country as a woman are not in power. It is more of a grassroots symbol, that is used to empower people to stand up for their rights. In my opinion this is a crucial difference. Using a symbol to maintain uneven power relations is fundamentally different from using them to overthrow those relations. It is not just the goal that is different, the use of the symbols itself changes too: the Mother Palestine metaphor seems to point to a genuine love for the homeland, whereas Britannia mostly points at a love for power.

Men

One gender question remains: how are men depicted? The first thing to note on this point is that in the songs that are not explicitly about women's rights, women are not really mentioned. The male is the norm. This is not very surprising, since DAM's members are all men, and we still live in a world where in many situations the male is indeed the norm (Butler 1990, 6). In the texts, there are many small references to being a man. It might be true that DAM does not mean 'man' as opposed to 'woman' in these references, but the fact that they use these gendered terms is notable. An example:

A pitiable man accepts his poverty and you will not
Don't feel weak, whatever
We failed, yet you stand on your feet
We cried, yet you wipe our tears

(Naghair bukra)

³ Translator unknown

A man who accepts his situation is pitiable, not something you would want to be associated with. It is notable that (the male part of the) audience is directly addressed in this part: "A pitiable man accepts his poverty and *you* will not", "We failed, yet *you* stand on your feet". This is a potentially very empowering text: the responsibility for struggle is being put in the hands of the audience. Men should fight for their rights, the message is. It is striking that this is the very same message that Safa Hathoot sends in *al-huriya 'unthi*: "We should fight for our rights, let men ask questions. But let our sisters answer."

I have already showed some examples of how women are depicted as victims. DAM does not leave it at that. In several songs, they explicitly point to men as the oppressors.

This is for you, the woman,
the mother of the house
This is from me, the man,
The one who builds walls of limitation round you

(al-ḥurriyya 'unthī)

While DAM puts the blame of women's oppression on men, we have to keep in mind that in other songs, they blame society ("We are giving our Arab society more to gossip about I don't know how they could have the heart to forbid other hearts"). The point they make in the fragment above is that society is made up of people, of which men are the ones who seem to limit women the most.

Obviously men are not just the oppressor, they are oppressed too. But, at least in DAM's songs, they are not oppressed as men, but as Palestinians. More on this issue in the ethnicity section.

2.2 Sexuality

DAM does not explicitly mention sexuality as a theme. Of course that does not mean there is nothing in the texts about it. The love songs I described in the gender section are all about women, which probably means that DAM's members identify as heterosexuals. An example:

My lady take me
To the light that's in your eyes
Protect me, from the darkness
You are the sun behind those clouds

(Yā sayyidatī)

Nowhere on the album DAM talks about men in this kind of language. In another songs, Tamer raps:

It is not fair that your heart belongs to me
While my heart belongs to every girl that I meet
If we want to stay only the two of us
Then we gotta stay 1+1 and no more

(Qiṣṣa hubb)

The monogamous relationship is presented here as a progressive ideal. And in the context described (the girl being faithful while the guy flirts with many others) this may be so. But that is not the only way this 'problem' could be solved. Obviously Tamer likes looking at and flirting with other girls. So why limiting himself, instead of extending this freedom to his girlfriend?

2.3 Class

Class in the strict sense of the word is hard to find on '*Ihdā*'. There is one reference to being a soldier for a king:

We are all soldiers in a game of chess
The King makes all our moves
I, a soldier will get rid of him
But alone I can't change this Hell to Heaven

('Inqilāb)

Here DAM describes a kind of hierarchy in society, in which a king moves around soldiers. Interesting is the solution DAM proposes: get rid of the king, together with others.

Another way in which class plays a part on '*Ihdā*' is in how DAM reflects on poverty. An example:

They harm our rights, cripple our voices
They enter the Green Line,
Tear down our houses.
Unemployment is all around us,
raised in poverty that fills our mind.⁴

(Gharīb fī bilādī)

Here DAM makes a clear connection between the laws enforced by the government and the way (Palestinian) people have to live. Obviously class and ethnicity overlap in this fragment, and it might be tricky to determine which is most important here. I put this text in the class section, because it so clearly refers to poverty as a result of the acts of the government. The overlap of class and ethnicity is not

⁴ Original: "To unjustified laws that hush up our voices/It destroys our houses, unemployment is everywhere/Raised in a poverty that fills our every waking hour."

surprising, since Palestinian Israelis have a subordinate position in Israeli society (Hammack 2010, 369).

2.4 Ethnicity

Gender maybe an important subject on 'Ihdā', Palestine is absolutely central to the album. Every song has at least an implicit reference to being a Palestinian/ Arab. In this paragraph I will divide those references in several categories: first I will discuss the connections DAM makes with their home town connect this to the feeling of double marginality. Second I will show some examples of how the Palestinian sufferings are represented, and even connected to other marginalized groups. Third I will reflect on the languages used in the text. Fourth and last I will look at the solutions offered in the texts.

Roots

As we have seen in the first chapter, references to one's roots are central to establishing authenticity in hip hop. This is no different in Palestine. DAM's texts continuously connect to Palestinian reality. Most explicit are the references to their home town. DAM's members come from al-Lud, an Israeli city near Tel Aviv. They refer to this in just one of their songs:

I'm the T A M E R, from the D A M

Putting the L U D on the map⁵

(Warda)

This is the only instance in which al-Lud is mentioned by name, but in another song Suhell sings about his neighbourhood:

Oh oh, In our 'hood

The sewer is bigger than a pool,

rats bigger than the cats

And from a demographic point of view

Mice are outnumbering human beings

(Mes endroits)

With this text DAM's members identify themselves as being from the poorer, Arab neighbourhoods of al-Lud, and thus knowing what they are talking about. This works on two levels. First it speaks to other Palestinian Israelis, who will probably recognize the picture painted. Second, it speaks to Palestinians outside of Israel, showing them that Palestinian Israelis are suffering under Israel's regime too.

5 Original: "I'm the T A M E R, from the D A M/Putting the L I D on the map"

The second level, speaking to Palestinians outside of Israel, is a bit more explicit in another song:

But our hearts are still beating,
and our Arab roots are still strong.
But still our Arab brothers are calling us renegades?
No no no no
We never sold our country,
the occupation has written our destiny.
Which is, that the whole world till today is treating us as Israelis.
And Israel 'till tomorrow will treat us as Palestinians
I'm a stranger in my own country⁶

(Gharīb fī bilādī)

The double marginality described by Hammack clearly speaks here: being treated as a Palestinian by Israel and as an Israeli by the rest of the world. In this song DAM directly addresses this feeling of being strangers in their own country. This feeling obviously presents a problem. Because if DAM's members are indeed seen as Israelis by other Palestinians, what credibility do they have? How can they ever empower a Palestinian audience? This is what the rest of the album is all about: establishing credibility as Palestinians. That is not to say that DAM hides where they come from, what they try to do is show that Palestinian Israelis are part of the Palestinian nation too. So they give many examples of the daily harassments they undergo, the racism they have to cope with and the specific hardships they are faced with as Palestinian Israelis. To illustrate the last one:

Again we are unwanted guests in our home
But our destiny is to stay physically close to our lands
While being spiritually far away from our nation
Who cares about us?
We are dying slowly
Controlled by a Zionist democratic government!
Ya', democratic to the Jewish soul
And Zionist to the Arab soul

(Gharīb fī bilādī)

6 Original: "But our hearts are still beating/ And our Arabian roots are still strong/But still our Arabian brothers are calling us renegades!?!?/Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo/We never sold our country/The occupation has written our destiny/Which is, that the whole world till today is treating us as Israelis/And Israel till tomorrow will treat us as Palestinians/I'm a stranger in my own country"

Being separated from their nation, because it is occupied by another nation and being controlled by that occupier are the most important hardships DAM describes.

Sufferings

On a more general level, they come up with many examples of how the Palestinian people suffer, again to establish a link with Palestine:

Everywhere I go I see borders,
imprisoning humanity
Why can't I be free
like other children in this world?

(Mā lī ḥurriyya)

In this fragment, as in the one before it, Palestinians are represented as a suffering people. They are prisoners, while others are free. In some texts this suffering is compared to that of other marginalized people. DAM mentions Nelson Mandela once:

This situation reminds me of
Apartheid and Nelson Mandela

('Inqilāb)

They do not quite say that there is Apartheid in Israel/Palestine, but they do imply as much. In another song, they collaborate with a French Moroccan hip hop artist, Nikkfurie. He raps:

My 'hood is far away from Palestine
But ghettoised just the same by the police

(Mes endroits)

Here the connection with the GHHN is clearly made: no matter where you come from, the marginalized feeling is the same. It is striking how Osumares "connective marginalities" are being put into practice here: people from very different parts of the world connect through their experience of being made a marginality. In the rest of the song both DAM and Nikkfurie come up with examples of how they are marginalized in society. These concrete experiences are very different, still the conclusion is that the effects are the same.

Another marginalized group rather explicitly connects with, are women. They even compare

the suffering of Palestinians because of Israel to the suffering of women because of men. While reading the next fragment, keep in mind one that I discussed in the section on gender: “What is forbidden to me, is forbidden to her. What is allowed to me, is forbidden to her.”

That is to say,
what is forbidden to him
is forbidden to me.
And what is allowed to him is forbidden to me

(Gharīb fī bilādī)

Using the same words to describe Zionists as opposed to Palestinians and men as opposed to women is quite a powerful statement. It holds a mirror in front of Palestinian society, it asks painful questions. In an ideal case this would make the audience think about how they could not only oppose Israel, but change their own faults as well. So they don't just criticise Israel, but the Arab society as well.

Connected to this is the way in which religion is represented, or actually, not represented. In only one text, Islam plays a role:

Jews, Christians and Muslims
None of these sides wants to understand the other
Every side thinks they're better than the other
Claiming that he's the only one going to heaven
Meanwhile, making our lives hell

(Naghair bukra)

The way DAM does not take sides, is striking. They seem to blame all groups for not being willing to resolve their issues. In other songs they have made explicit that they see Israel as the perpetrator, but they never link this to religion (“Ya’, democratic to the Jewish soul, And Zionist to the Arab soul”).

Language

DAM raps mostly in Arabic. I will go into the the kind of Arabic they use in a moment, but for now I want to take a look at the use of Arabic itself. In the circumstances DAM is in, the use of Arabic is a kind of resistance in itself. Of course, the language is not banned, and many people speak it. But DAM uses it to empower others to stand up against injustice. They do not speak to the oppressors, but to the oppressed, making their language the language of the oppressed. They put their hopes of change in the Arab speaking part of the world: making Arabic a new kind of resistance vernacular.

Most of the texts are in Arabic, but not the standard form taught in school. A Palestinian urban

dialect is used, with much slang in it, just like many US rappers use AAE. A good example is the use of the word “warda”, which usually translates as “flower”. In the songs, though, this word is used as a synonym for “brother”. Using this dialect connects DAM again to the place they come from. It establishes DAM as urban youth, reinforcing their authenticity. Hip hop researcher Usama Kahf points out that using an urban dialect is unprecedented in Palestinian (resistance) music. Most of the music is sung in Classical Arabic or a rural dialect (2007, 378). In a way, the use of an urban dialect is a form of resistance in itself: DAM's members clearly position themselves against mainstream music. They even refer to this directly:

You made so many love songs
That love itself is sick of them

(ḥibūnā 'ishtrūnā)

By positioning themselves against mainstream music, DAM tries to justify their use of hip hop. The message that is sent is: Other genres have not done anything to change the situation of Palestinians, so let us try it our way. DAM presents (Arabic) language as a weapon, that should be put to better use:

Talk full of flames
starting fire in the hearts of the free rebels
Give me a microphone
and I'll give you a revolution, no way back

(Da Dam)

In the same song, they make clear that they are not singing just for fun:

And the goal is to give meaning to everything that we write
When we make your heads shake on the outside,
We also make them shake on the inside
Our music is the soundtrack of who we are

(Da Dam)

Although DAM seems to see their music as a vehicle for change, they do distance themselves from US hip hop:

I'm not Eastside, not Westside
not even "What's Up"

I'm an Arab MC, one word – Hello.⁷

(Warda)

This might be a way to counter any comments on them using hip hop, which could be seen as collaborating with the US. In the chorus of the same song they emphasize their Arab roots, and even claim that Arabic rap was always local, much like Pennycook and Mitchell argued that Aboriginal hip hop was always part of Aboriginal culture:

Brother, everybody asks who we are
Brother, we come to you in the mother tongue
Brother, and remember another thing
Arabic rap came from here, from here

(Warda)

A last thing on language should be that although Arabic is the main language, other languages are used as well. Hebrew is absent on the album, which is significant. In other songs, DAM has used Hebrew, but not on '*Ihdā*'. The message seems to be that this album is meant for Palestinians, if Israelis want to understand it, they should learn Arabic. French is used by Nikkfurie in *Mes endroits* and English is used in several songs when hip hop terms are mentioned. The only full sentence in English is in '*Inqilāb*', where DAM states: "It takes a revolution, to find me a solution".

This sentence is quite significant, because it points at a solution DAM proposes. This radical solution is not being elaborated on in the texts. What is notable, though, is what role DAM's members give themselves in it. We've already heard Tamer sing "Give me a microphone and I'll give you a revolution, no way back" and Safa Hathoot expressed the hope that a new generation would follow her example of being independent. Clearly, they position themselves as agents of change, the ones to empower their audience.

⁷ Original: "I'm not Eastside, not Westside/ not even "Wassup"/ I'm an Arab MC/ one word – Salam"

3. Conclusions

DAM's members perform different identities on '*Ihdā'*. They clearly identify as male, heterosexual Palestinians who live in Israel. Still, that does not tell us very much. What is really interesting is how they perform these identities. Three central themes can be pointed out: modernity, Palestinianness and empowerment.

First of all the whole album is charged with a sense of modernity. Women are represented as strong persons, who can be agents of change. Religion is almost ignored. They use an urban dialect, with much slang in it. Even the genre itself reflects a certain modernity.

Another side of the performed identity on '*Ihdā'* is a strong sense of Palestinianess. Establishing that they are part of the Palestinian community is vital to being taken seriously. And since they are in fact citizens of Israel, this authenticity is not taken for granted. So DAM goes to great lengths to show that they deserve to be listened to. They do not hide where they come from, because this could make them be seen as posers. Instead they describe their lives, and connect their hardships to those of all Palestinians. So while connecting to the GHHN by means of style and collaboration with international artists, DAM also stays true to their roots. They reflect a modern Palestinian (glocal) identity.

DAM does not go through all the trouble of being seen as both modern and authentic just for fun. Being seen as real is vital to get their message across. Their texts are often political and criticise both the Israeli government and the Palestinian/ Arab community. Only if the audience sees them as legitimate voices of resistance, they have any chance of being taken seriously, which is vital to getting their message of change across. But while DAM's members want change, and even call upon their audience to stand up against injustice, their music is likely to be as much an utterance of anger already present under Palestinian youth as it is a call to empower this youth. Many young Palestinians want change, just like DAM (Hammack 2010, 377). The difference is that DAM has the means to utter this desire on stage.

It is interesting to note that the album is in Arabic. This tells us something about who they intend their message for. They perform a certain modernity, which might challenge the typical Western view of Arabs. But influencing Western thought is not likely to be the main goal. If anyone is meant to be influenced by the album, it is the Palestinian youth.

The way in which DAM lays the responsibility of the fight into the hands of the Palestinians themselves is rather striking. We first saw this in the track where Safa Hathoot urges women to fight

for their rights. The fact that it is a woman who says this, is a really powerful statement. This call to fight for your rights resonates throughout the album.

While writing this thesis many questions came up which I could not address. The most pressing is whether DAM recognizes anything in the analysis I have made of their album. It would be very interesting to conduct interviews with the members of DAM about their own visions and ideas on identity. I would also really like to be present at some shows, to get a better idea of their performance. Texts are in the end just texts, and taking rhythms, clothing, ways of talking/singing etcetera into account would enrich a new analysis very much. Talking to fans about the effects DAM does or does not have on them would also be very interesting. One could determine to what extent DAM makes an impact: Are they just uttering grievances already present in society or do they fuel this anger? A related question could be: What backgrounds do their fans come from? Does DAM's message find resonance in a broad layer of society, or in a limited one?

Of course new research could widen it's scope to include other Palestinian hip hop groups. Is DAM unique in how they perform? Is there a tendency to be seen? How do Palestinian artists collaborate with Israeli colleagues? Is there any connection between them in the sense of Osumare's "connective marginality"? And how do they look upon their connection with US hip hop?

For now, this is it, but the field of Palestinian hip hop holds many promises for interesting research. In the coming years these should definitely be explored.

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All songs on 'Ihdā' can be found on YouTube:

<http://www.youtube.com/user/TheDammusic#p/u/0/Hh0XL4DXi8>

Appendices

Appendix I - 'Ihdā' lyrics

1 – Mukadime – Intro

Contains an excerpt of a speech by Jamal Abdel al Nasser
Scratches by Or Tregger AKA DJ Alarm. Mixed by Ori Shochat

2 – Mali Huriye – I Don't Have Freedom

Featuring Ala' Azam and Anat Ig'bariye

Tamer:

We've been like this more than 50 years
Living as prisoners behind the bars of paragraphs
Of agreements that change nothing
We haven't seen any light, and if we peek between the bars
We see a blue sky and white clouds
In the center a star reminds me that I'm limited
But no, I'm strong, staying optimistic
You won't limit my hope by a wall of separation
And if this barrier comes between me and my land
I'll still be connected to Palestine
Like an embryo to the umbilical cord
My feet are the roots of the olive tree
Keep on prospering, fathering and renewing branches
Every branch
Grown for peace
Every branch
Under the pressure of occupation
Refusing to give up
So why don't I have freedom?
Because I refuse to live in slavery

Chorus:

Everywhere I go I see borders, imprisoning humanity
Why can't I be free like other children in this world?
Everywhere I go I see borders, imprisoning humanity
Why can't I be free like other children in this world?

Mahmoud:

We searched for peace between Generals
Until we all became war children
Asking for freedom from prisons that want us
With closed and blind eyes

Our eyes staring at the free children
Always keep on rolling to a better life
Our leaders only flavor their speeches
Opening their mouths but shutting out hope
We use power because of our weakness
So life will treat us gently
We saw that we don't rule our own destiny
So we tried to grasp it in our hands and it died
All we asked for was a breath
And what did we sacrifice for it?
Also a breath
So you tell me
Why can't I be free like other children in this world?
(chorus)

Suhell:
I don't want to live on my knees
I'd rather not die at all
I still see the Occupation
Reaching his hand
Not for peace, not for equality
Not to mend things between us
But to suffocate me
Here's another massacre
And a wall that's separating me myself and I
The U.S. has made it their 51st state
Cleaning the Middle East of its Indians
Hitting us then blaming us
But all the biggest armies in the world
Are weak against the hope of the children

(chorus)

Little girl reading a poem:
We want an angry generation
To plough the sky, to blow up history
To blow up our thoughts
We want a new generation
That does not forgive mistakes
That does not bend
We want a generation of giants

ما الي حريه

لازمه-علاء عزام

وين ما اروح باشوف حدود

ساجنه الأنسانيه

ليه أطفال العالم حره

!؟ وأنا ما الي حريه

تامر نفار

فوق ال 50 سنه احنا عايشين وري

سجون البنود اللي ساجنيني انا

بواقع, ما يتغير مش حاسين ولا

نور الآ سياج منها احنا شايفين سما

لونها أزرق غيمها أبيض

بالنص نجمه تذكرك انت مقيد

بس لا, انا صامد, عايش متفائل

ما تعزل مني الامل بجدار فاصل

ولو, السور يدور انا مربوط

بفلسطين كجنين لحبل الطابور

اجري بالأرض جذور شجر زتون

تضل تولد تجدد وتجدد غصون

كل غصن, ممدود للسلام, كل غصن

معروض لاحتلال, ما يريد استسلام

? طب ليه, ليه أنا اللي ما اله حريه

لأني أنا رافض أني أعيش بعبوديه

لازمه* 2

محمود جريري

احنا بندور عالسلام بين قواد حرب

رواد حرب معاهم صرنا أولاد حرب

نطلب الحريه من السجون المعنيه

انه نكون مع عيون دايم معميه

من التفرج عأطفال العالم الحره

دايم نضل بتدحرج للحياه المره

وقوادنا شاطرين بس بتبهرج الكلام

كلهم ماخدين تخرج بتعرج الأوطان

واحنا بنستعمل القوه عشان الضعف

بنتحمل الموت عشان الحياه تعاملنا بلطف

ومش بعسف, للحياه انولدنا

ولما لقيناها مش بايدنا جرينا نونخدها

فممتنا, وكل اللي طلبنا كان نفس

و اللي ضحينا عشانه برضو كان نفس

انت قل لي, ليش أطفال العالم حره

!؟وانا ما الي انا ما الي حريه

لازمه* 2

سهيل نغار
انا بديش اعيش عركي
وانا بديش اموت عاجري
وانا لساتي شايف الاحتلال
مادد ايد, مش للسلام
مش مساواه بل تايهديني
حبل مشنقه, كمان مجزره
وجدار اللي فاصل بيني وبين حالي
اللي ما مخليني اشوف ضو السماء
وأم ال 51 ولايه
تربي كمان ولايه
اللي ترني على حساب غيرها
متأثره من امها, الهنود الحمر
متأمله تمحيننا تغسل دماغنا
تقللنا انه المشكله هي احنا
بس حتى جيوش العالم
كلها ما تقدرعالحريه

لازمه *2

عنات اغباريه
نريد جيلا غاضبا
نريد جيلا يفلح الأفاق
وينكش التاريخ من جذوره
وينكش الفكر من الأعماق
نريد جيلا قادما مختلف الملامح
لا يغفر الأخطاء لا يسامح
لا ينتحني لا يعرف النفاق
نريد جيلا, رائدا عملاق

3 – Ng'ayer Bukra – Change Tomorrow

Featuring the Lid kids)

Chorus:

We want education, we want improvement
To have the ability to change tomorrow
We want education, we want improvement
To have the ability to change tomorrow

Tamer Nafar:

This is for the small kids in this big world
Lost, don't know what is happening
Barely opened your eyes, u saw tears

Barely opened your heart, u felt pain
Barely joined us, u saw that we are separated
Jews, Christians and Muslims
None of these sides wants to understand the other
Every side thinks they're better than the other
Claiming that he's the only one going to heaven
Meanwhile, making our lives hell
But, you're different from us, your heart is still pure
So don't let our dirt touch it
Keep asking for a life full of equality
And if someone asks you to hate, say no
I am the child of today, the transformation of tomorrow

(chorus)

Suhell Nafar:

The path to equality is a long road to travel
On the way you'll meet people with bitter hearts
They'll try to make you feel that they're above you
If that's what they think, then they are beneath you
You're not a terrorist, You're not a beast
You're a human being, and what ruins your reputation
Is something called politics, takes the good from you
For greedy reasons, and some people walk with you
Because they feel sorry for the 'pitiable' Arabs
Hell nooo, erase that word from your mind
A pitiable man accepts his poverty and you will not
Don't feel weak, whatever
We failed, yet you stand on your feet
We cried, yet you wipe our tears
Children of today, raise your heads

(chorus)

Mahmoud Jreiri:

So we can change tomorrow I wanna make it easy for you
You wanna reach the future? Then study your past
Know the meaning of occupation in your mind
And know the meaning of independence in your heart
And now, repeat after me:
In the WHITE & the RED (in the white and the red)
The GREEN & the BLACK (in the green and the black)
We will paint our culture, we feel it even though we can't see it
The ones who erased it, still didn't erase us
They torture us?! Ohhh, if you can't take it
Don't grab a gun, but grab a pen and write
IM AN ARAB like Mahmud Darwish did
I'll never kill the others just to live
My heart is screaming, we are human beings
My head is held high, in the name of Palestine
My hand will never abandon my abandoned brothers
Their hopes will cross my heart, near the Handala
(Wait, wait, wait, if you don't understand
What I'm saying, go and ask your parents)
And if no one has the answers, study it alone
So you can answer your kids

نغير بكره

لازمه

بدنا نتعلم , ونتقدم
نلاقي القدره , نغير بكره
بدنا نتعلم , ونتقدم
نلاقي القدره , نغير بكره

تامرنفار

ولد صغير بعالم كبير
تايه , مش عارف ايش بصير
يادوب فتحت عينك , دمعت
يادوب فتحت قلبك , توجعت
يادوب انضمت لنا , شفتنا
مفرقين يهود مسيحيه ومسلمين
ولا واحد بده يتفهم غيره
الكل بفكر انه احسن من غيره
بس هو يستاهل الجنه , وحالياً
كلنا معيشين بعضنا بجهنم
أما , انت غير عنا قلبك
نضيف من جوه ترضاش للي بره
يوسخولك اياه , طالب بجياه كلها
مساواه اذا حد قالك اكره
قله لا أنا ما بكره حد
أطفال اليوم بدنا نغير الغد

لازمه

سهيل نفار

الطريق للمساواه كثير كثير طويله
فيها تقابل ناس قلوبها مش نضيفه
تحاول تحسسك انها اعلى منك
واذا هي بتفكر هيك يعني هي اوطى منك
انت , مش ارهابي , انت , مش حيوان
انت انسان , اللي مخرب اسمك
اشي اسمه سياسه , توخذ المنيح منك
لآنها طمعانه , وفي ناس معاك ماشيه
لآنها حزنانه , عالعربي المسكين

لا لا يا حرام (بدكاش هالمساعده)
كلمة مسكين طلعتها من راسك
المسكين بسكت وانت احكي اللي باحساسك
تستحيش, فيش فيها عيب
احنا وقعنا, انت وقف عاجريك
احنا بكينا, انت امسح دموعنا
يا لحمي ودمي ارفعولنا روسنا
لازمه

محمود جريري

بدي اسهل
طريقك, توصل المستقبل؟! تعلم
تاريخك, اعرف ايش هاد احتلال
خللي قلبك متمسك بكلمه استقلال
وهلاً, عيدو من وراي , الأبيض
وأسمر (أبيض وأسمر) الأخضر وأحمر
أخضر وأحمر) بنلون)
ترائنا, بنحسها ولو انما مش قبلنا
اللي محاهنا, لسا ما ماحانا
معذبنا؟! اه اذا انت مش متحمل
تمسكك سلاح بل امسك قلم وسجل
انا عربي زي محمود درويش
انا, بقتلش غيري بس عشان اعيش
قلبي يصرخ احنا بني آدمين
راسي مرفوع باسم فلسطين
ايدي ما تهجر ناسي المهجره
أمانهم على رقبتي جنبك يا حنظله
وقف الموسيقى, اذا مش عارف)
(على ايش بنحكي, روح اسأل ل اهلك
واذا ولا واحد عارف يجاوبك, تعلم
لخالك عشان يكون مين يجاوب ولادك
لازمه

4 – Warde – Flower (slang for a brother)

Featuring Saz and Jamil Nafar

Saz:

Strange sounds coming out the speakers

Strange voice living in your ears

Welcomed by everyone even those who can't hear

It's made by Sameh, not a scientist
At the start I was a Beatboxer
Then I grabbed a pen and began to write
Rhyme after rhyme until my message was created
For me, my people, and the world
Today I'm a sick MC, a dope MC
Without striking a match, DAM and Sameh are burning up the clubs
We're all Hip Hopolics not looking for a cure
(Is it a plane?) No it's my name in the sky
I'm not Eastside, not Westside not even "Wassup"
I'm an Arab MC, one word - Salam
Ok, I don't want to talk a lot here
So remember the name, SAZ, Sameh Zakut, aka "noizy"

Chorus:

Warde, everybody asks who we are
Warde, we come to you in the mother tongue
Warde, and remember another thing
Arabic rap came from here, from here

Warde, everybody asks who we are
Warde, we come to you in the mother tongue
Warde, and remember another thing
Arabic rap came from here, from here

Tamer Nafar:

I'm the T A M E R, from the D A M
Putting the L I D on the map
I'm a MC, I'm a Microphone Controller
Dictionaries are starving
Since my book of rhymes came along
Whoever steps up to battle me in lyrics feels like
We sliced his hands off and threw him into the ring
With a heavy-weight wrestler
Don't stand in front of me unless you're that guy in the mirror
Call the firemen, my show is on fire
Put out the fire?! After the smoke clears
The only flame left will be, D-A-M

Jamil Nafar:

I'm 12 yrs old, yes 12 yrs old
A new generation is riding with the old
A pupil in school but a teacher on the beat
Jamil is laying down the basics of Hip Hop here
You'll here my name from now until forever
Geography taught me that Arabic Rap started here
Biology showed me that Hip Hop is in our blood
Ok, I gotta go, the bell is ringing, Salam Alaykom

(chorus)

Mahmoud Jreri:

I wanna tell you how everything began
6 years ago Tamer released his album

Back then I was listening to the fast talking music
I could feel his music, it wasn't fake
I called Tamer, I told him - listen
We're on the same path
Same love for writing what we see
He said, "Welcome, my house is your house"
Seeing that I was timid, he asked "Hey, what's wrong"?
Nothing!
We soon grew close
With Suhell, Tamer and I, DAM was born
At the start Suhell rejected me
With time we began to get along
We put out Min Irhabi, Mah Ma kan, RaTaTaT
We've had ups and downs
But today we're all on an album called lhda'
I said today we're are on an album called Dedication

(chorus)

ورده

سامح زقوت
صوت غريب من الايقاع هالأ طالع
صوت غريب كل الدين هالأ مازع
صوت اللي بخللي الأطرش يكون سامع
هدا سامح بعمله مش مخترع بارع
اول طريقي كانت HUMAN BEATBOX
بعدها اخدت القلم كتبت جمل طلعي نص
قافيه على قافيه خلقت معنى بل - اخص
على شعبي على حالي ومن يومتها ياورده سامح عص
اليوم انا "م" فاقد وابوها
شباب الدام وسامح من غير كبريته ولعوها
مرضى بل HIP HOPALIZEM ما فيش دوا
هدا عصفور الطائر) لا هدا اسمي ياورده بالسما)
انا ولا ايست سايد ولا وست سايد ولا WUSSUP
انا "م" عربي كلمه وحده مرحب
طيب, بديش أكثر زياده يا ورده فلسفه
سامح زقوت, ساز, اروشه

لازمه سهيل نغار

ورده, الكل يسمع مين احنا

ورده, اجينا بلغة امنا

ورده, لكل اللي بده يسألنا

الراب اجا من عنا الراب اجا من عنا

تامر نفار

انا ال- ت, أ, م, ر من ال-د, أ, م
أ, ل, ل, دكل اللي فيكم سا ئل مين
م "م" انا , انا كلیم انا"
(المنجد شاف صفحتي حس انه بروجيم)ها ها
كل اللي أجا يفوت يفوت يلعب معنا حروب حروف
حسسنا انه ربطنا ايديه حطينا ضد اخطبوط
ملاكمات ملاكمات, تامر قبعت معاه
قلب كالصصور اللي محنت معاه
ما حد يوقف قبالي غير اللي قبالي بالمرايه
انا لساني دايمًا حامي عحفلاتي جيب طفاه
طفي النيران, خف الدخان
ضلت شعله وحده, مرجيا انا اسمي الدام

جميل نفار

مع الجيل القديم هلاً أجا جيل جديد
تلميذ بالمدرسه واستاذ على البيت
جميل, يضع, قواعد, للراب
انا الفاعل اذا عملتلها اعراب
بالجغرافيه, تعلمت, الراب بدا من عنا
بيولوجيا ورتني انه الراب يجري بدمنا
بعمل حساب بالدروس مش بالمايك هون
رن الجرس, يلا السلام عليكم

لازمه

محمود جريري

انا بدي احكي كيف, كل اشئ بدا
قبل 6 سنين تامر طلع اليوم بلغة الانجليزية
وقتها انا كنت اسمع موسيقى معروفه بالكلام السريع
حسيتها عشان فش فيها تصنيف
فيوم اتصلت لتامر قتلته اسمع هيك هيك
كلنا بنفس الحب هين بنكتب اللي بشوفوا العينين
فهو قللي مرحبابك, باننا هو بابك
(? فدخلت بابه كنت مستحي - ايش ولا! مالك
لا ولا اشئ مره عمره اخدنا عبيض
سهيل تامر انا, معانا قلب الدام نبض
انا متذكر انه سهيل أوليتها رفض
بس بعدين راسي براسه راسي براسه خبط
فطلعنا مين ارهابي, مهما كان, رتاتات

مع بعض طلعتنا طلعات, نزلنا نولات
بس اليوم, كلنا على اليوم اسموا اهداء
قلت اليوم, كلنا على اليوم اسموا اهداء

لازمه

5 – Inkilab – Revolution

Featuring Suhell Nafar)

It takes revolution to find a solution

Wars are begun by the victorious
They plan the war and rewrite history
We are all soldiers in a game of chess
The King makes all our moves
I, a soldier will get rid of him
But alone I can't change this Hell to Heaven

It takes revolution to find a solution

This situation reminds me of Apartheid and Nelson Mandela
Didn't he say Gandhi flowers don't always work
So to all the people of love and peace
How can we have co-existence when we don't even exist

It takes revolution to find a solution

You broke my legs but I'm still walking
You closed my eyes but I can still see
I see therefore I fear my destiny
I see therefore I feel danger and the fear it causes

It takes revolution to find a solution

Fighting for your rights
Will always be met with confrontation
Never fear as this will only strengthen the fight
It nourishes the rebel tree
Come sit up in this tree and you will see
A freedom that will carry us over mountains
But many more mountains will await us

It takes revolution to find a solution

To change the situation we need a revolution
The refugee camps need a revolution
To fight racism we need a revolution
In our city we need a revolution
To fight this propaganda we need a revolution
To fight this propaganda we need to burn Hollywood

انقلاب

:سهيل نفار

اللي ربح الحرب هو اللي بدا الحرب
هو اللي كتب كتب وتاريخ الحرب
قبل ما الحرب تبدا واحنا كلنا هينا
جنود بالشطرنج وهو بجرنا
نانا نانا وانا واحد من الجنود
اللي راح يوكل واحد من الملوك
لا ما تفكر إني مفكر
اقلب جهنم ل ل لجنه عدن ل ل

:لازمه

It takes a revolution
To find me a solution

وضعنا اللي هون بذكرنا
ب-ابارتهمايد ونيلسون مانديلا
قال انه ورد غاندي مش راح يساعدنا
فلكل أهل الحب حب والسلام
كيف بدكم تعايش لما ولا واحد عايش
ما هو بنفعلش اخود قرار
كيف تكون جنينتي وانا لساتي
مش راجع على ارضي اللي ابني فيها دار

:لازمه

It takes a revolution
To find me a solution

بديش امد اجري عقد فراشي
بدي اكبر فراشي اللي يوسع كل عيلتي
كسرتولي اجري ولساتي ماشي
سكرتولي عيني ولساتي شايف
شايف خايف والخوف من القدر
شايف خايف والخوف ملجأ من الخطر
شايف خايف والخوف من القدر
شايف خايف والخوف ملجأ من الخطر

:لازمه

It takes a revolution
To find me a solution

اذا كان واحد اللي يحارب
علشان يعيش زي أي انسان
بتشتت بس ولا أشي يهدي
هذا الاشي بس بسقي شجر التمرد
ولما تطلع عليها بتشوف طريق حرية
اللي فيها راح نطلع كتير جبال
اللي واحنا عليهم نشوف وراهم
كمان جبال

6 – Ya Sayidati – My Lady

Featuring Suhell Fodi

Chorus:

Take me, from my night
To the light that's in your eyes
Protect me, from the darkness
You are the sun behind those clouds
My lady take me
To the light that's in your eyes
Protect me, from the darkness
You are the sun behind those clouds

Mahmud Jreri:

From first sight my eyes haven't let go of her
They captured her, imprisoned and judged her
Judged her as innocent but she sentenced me to life
And before I had the chance to say "hey" she said "goodbye"
It's like she declared a war on romance
Attacked me then ran away
Like a ship on a violent sea she wanted to set anchor
But I was a storm, tossing her round
And she could never leave me and set sail for shore
If she succeeded then I'd be the land she stepped onto
With the same force of gravity
But sometimes love's wishes don't come true
'Cause she kept telling me "no"
Will I raise my hands and give up?
I'll raise them only when I'm waiting for you to fall into them

(chorus)

Suhell Nafar:

Call somebody to clean up this virus
That I have in my heart
It hacked into my feelings and stole all the love files
Though you really hurt me
I still want you, I still need you
I need you like Somalia needs food
I need you like Palestinians need their land

People that surround her are nothing but the frame
Of the prettiest work of art
And while they're all looking for a love story with you
I found a legend in you
And like all legends, you became history
And I'm still waiting for you to look the other way
So I can come like a thief and steal your heart again

(chorus)

Bridge:

When flowers see you they get jealous and wilt
Perfumes smell you and are ashamed of their scent
Your eyes force us to ask about your heart
And your heart never answers back

Tamer Nafar:

Every time I see you I doubt myself, are you even human at all?
Or were you made from Nizar Qabani's ink?
(Nizar Qabani- a famous Arabic poet)
My pens became her home, and she filled my melodies
She turned my life into a calendar she controls
Changing the pattern of my days
You, near me or not, with or without me
Are still the source of my yearning
In my darkness you are the true sun, you already
Saw the whole world is turning around you
Your eyes called me but your lips turned me down
You are just like a small beautiful village living near me
The climate that surrounds you moved the lava inside me
And when the volcano erupted, you ran away
So? Either I taste you or I'll abstain from love
You are hard to get, your heart is a Pharaoh's treasure
Without any maps. But even if I never find it
I still thank you my love for the best adventure in my life

(chorus)

يا سيدتي

لازمه- سهيل فودي
خذيني , من ليلي
لنور , عينيك
احميني , من ظلامي
انت شمسي من وري غيمي
يا سيدتي , خذيني
لنور , عينيك
احميني من ظلامي
طلّي علي من وري غيمي

محمود جريري

انا من أول ما شفتها عيني ما سابتها
عيني سجنتها وعيني حكمتها
بحكم البراءه وهي حكمتني بالأعدام
ولسنا ما تبادلنا الأسماء قامت قالتلي سلام
وانا, قتلها حرب, جريت انه ما أتخلّي
قتلها عن الضرب, اللي قلبها بقلبي ملّي
بس هي كانت مثل سفينه اللي فتحت شرعها
وأنا كنت مثل عاصفة اللي جريت استرجاعها
للأرض, ومثلها أكون مالك أجدانيه
تضلها علي وتطلع بعدها بدله فضائيه
بس هاي امنيه اللي كنت عارف انها ما راح تتحقق
لأنه جوابها كان لأ بس الجواب ما كان يتصدق
وضلّيتني على الحال على نفس الموال
مرات عطرق احتيال بس برده ما كان فعال
لهيك قررت انوا انسحب بس صررت عالرأي
أنه ما انسحب الا لما هي تنسحب معاي

لازمه

سهيل نغار

ناديلي حدا, اللي ينضفني
من الفيروس اللي في نص قلبي قلبي
خرتلي كل شعوري, وبس خلتلي الحب
و برده سرقته كله كله
لا ما خلتلي اشي, منه منه
قد ما مضايقتني, بس لسنا بدي اياكي
بدي اياكي زي ما الصومالي بده أكله
بدي اياك زي ما الفلسطيني بده أرضه
الناس اللي حوالكي, برواز لأحلى صوره
بفتشوا على قصة حب معاكي بس
انا انا انا بدي اسطوره
اموره, الناس المليانه ملايين
جنبك صفوره, انت مش عارفه
اتك انت ساكنه قلبي وانا زي حرامي
مستنيكي تلفي, عشان اسرق منك
نظره نظره

لازمه

سهيل فودي
ياللي الزهور تشوفك تغار وتدبل
العطور تشمك من ريحتها تخجل
ياللي عيونك تجبرنا نسأل
عل قلبك اللي علينا يتقل

تامر نفار
أنا كل ما اشوفك بختار بحالي
مش بشر عادي, مخلوقه من حبر نزار قباني
سكنت أقلامي, احتلت ألحاني
سوت حياتي رزنامه فيها تكتب تقلب كل أيامي
مانتي, جنبي ولا مش جنبي, عندي ولا مش
عندي, بتضلي مصدر في الرومانسي, بليلي
أنتي قمر حقيقي, قبل القمر الاصطناعي
شفتي الدنيا بتدور حوالكي
عينكي نادتي, شفايفك رمتي
انت قريه جميله ساكنه جنبي
مناحك حرك الالفا اللي بباطن قلبي
ولما فارت احساسسي, قمتي هجرتي
ماهو, يا بدوقك يا عن الحب بصوم
اخ خ على قلبك اللي زي كنز فرعون مدفون
ما اله خارطه, حتي لو ما عرفت اني القى انا
انا اشكرك سيدتي على اروع مغامرة

لازمه

7 – Al Huriye Unt'a – Freedom for My Sisters

Featuring Tamer Nafar with female rapper Safa' Hathoot from Arapyat

Talking:

Discrimination, we all suffer from it
Americans discriminate against the Arabs
Zionists discriminate against the Arabs
You know what, Arabs, if we discriminate against each other
Then others will discriminate against us too.
These words go out to all our mothers and sisters
Who got lost in our customs, primitive and stupid customs
(It's in our faces but we never chose to face up it)
This is for you, wherever you are
Prisoner, choked, cut off from your dreams and ambitions
Keep your head up sister, just keep your head up
(It's in our faces but we never chose to face up it)

Rap:

Silent cries from the one who dries our tears
She opened her eyes and saw the gates of the forbidden
We all see it, what is forbidden to me, is forbidden to her
What is allowed to me, is forbidden to her. Then what is
Allowed for her?! Well, the word 'allowed'
Does not appear in her dictionary
She puts us on our feet and we just step on her rights
Day-by-day, she continues living the same way
She is the first one to wake up and last one to sleep
This is for you, the woman, the mother of the house
This is from me, the man,
The one who builds walls of limitation round you
To the historical stories that never change
Back in the old days, we would bury women alive
And now today, we bury their minds
Is she always the prey because she's weak?! HELL NO
She alone suffers for 9 months
But we are the ones who burst out crying
But I guess that we read only what has been written
Adam's fingerprints were all over the crime scene
But our blaming fingers just pointed at EVE

Safa Hathoot:

The Arabic woman's life is written
What should she do, where should she go, it's all written
She's like a wounded bird in the sky
Scared to land because of the hunters
Imprisoned in her own house, thirsty for freedom
And can drink nothing but her own tears
Then they dare ask me: why do I cry?
Because I'm a body without a spirit
U abuse it and then I'm wrong while u are right?
Who the hell are you to tell me how to behave?
Asking me "where r u going?"
What? You forgot where u came from? U came from me
But from now on I'm going to be independent
And the new generation follow suit
We should fight for our rights, let men ask questions
But let our sisters answer

(Chorus)

It's in our faces but we never chose to face it (repeat)

Rap

I apologize to that girl who gave me nothing but respect
In front of my friends I said she gave it to me
We talk like this 'cause we want to feel manly
But we only talk like this 'cause that's what we are not
I apologize to u. U were saving yourself for the right one.
I came and took that from u and then just left u
Now I am being called the "Don Juan" even though I was the thief
And u are being insulted even though u were the victim

الحرية انثى

تامر نفار
الظلم , الكل يعاني منه
الامريكان تظلم العرب
الصهاينة تظلم العرب
!تعرف ايش يا عربي؟
اذا بتظلم غيرك غيرنا بظلمنا
هاي الكلمات لكل اماياتنا واحواتنا
التباهات بين عادات جاهله وتقاليده تافهه
الكل شافها بس ميين دافع
(الكل يحس بس ولا واحد يطلع حس)
يعني هاي الك وين ما تكويني
مسجون مهضومه من احلامك
محرومه ارفعي راسك لفوق يا اختي
ارفعي راسك لفوق
(الكل يحس بس ولا واحد يطلع حس)

بكاء بلا صوت من ماسحة الدموع
قد ما عيونها تفتح مداها سياج المنوع
قلتها , المنوع ألي ممنوع أها
والمسموح ألي ممنوع أها والمسموح
أها؟! فيش كلمه هيك بقاموسها
توقفنا عاجرينا اللي تدوس حقوقها
يوم وري يوم تعيد نفس اليوم
الأولى بالقوم والاخيره بالنوم
هدا مني الك , يا امرأه يا ام البيت
مني انا الرجل اللي بس بينيلك فيه حيط
لسجن الحریم اللي حيطانه ما تيسر
للروايه التاريخية اللي ما تتحضر
من وقت وأد البنات من وقت ختان الشهوه
لوقت وأد الرأى ولوقت ختان الشهوه
!!فريسه لانها ضعيفة؟! ايش تحكي?
لحالها بعذاب 9 تشهر وأحنا اللي نطلع نبكي
نرجع للسيرة , بصمات ادم عاجرهمه
!واصابع الاتهام على حوا , غريبة?
الغريب أكثر, انه احنا مانعين الحرية
عن الانثى والحرية نفسها انثى

لازمه

*الكل يحس بس ولا واحد يطلع حس 8

صفاء حتحوت

طيب والمرأه العربيه انكتبت حياتها بيضه صارت
زرقه ,زرقه بدرهما لا بتعرف الدنيا شرقها وغربها
مش مفرقه بينها وبين طيور مسكينه بالسما محلقة
مش فادره تنزل تواجه قلقها

والمحبست في بيت اللي فيه ما لقيت
الا دمعة ال- يا ريت ,يا عالم شو رميت
بتعاود تسال نفسك من وين انت اتيت
اتيت بس ماكسيت بتسألني ليش بكيت
عشان ارواح ما الها روح بطلع صياح من الجروح
ومسبب الجروح بطلع بريء عسفينة نوح
بريء بس جريء بتسألني وين رحمت
ليش من وان انت طلعت ؟

بنقطه ضيعوني , طبعاً أهمني
وبهاي النقطه هو كان الراح وانا اللي خسرت
بس معلش من يوم ورايح ريح وجع فايح
مافيش ,راح نوقف عاجرينا مش عايدنا
فاسفك ولا بكفي والم مش راح يخفي
بس فعلك راح يدني سقعانه وراح يشفي
فا يا اختي تفائلي خللي خوانك تتسأل
وعحقك تفائلي تاخواتي فيكي تتمائل

لازمه

تامرنفار

بتأسف الها هاي اللي اعطتني وجه واحترام
وقدام الصحاب ذكرت بس كلمة أعطتني على اللسان
مانا مجبور املي فينا زلنة كمان وكمان
طول ما فينا قلة من الزلام

بتأسف أنا ليكي ألعابطه عرضك بين أيديكي
بعد ما اقتعتك انه تسبي رحمت سبته كله عليك
بنادوني جدع لأني اخدت البراءه من عينيك
وسكنت كلمه شر بدينيكي

أكبر تأسف مني , لاختي لحمي ودمي
على ان بنساوي بس مش بكل اللي بنسوي
حقك علي؟! لا لا حيضل مربوط بيدي

لانه الذباب اللي بره جوعانه تعوي

لازمه

تامر نفار

تأسفت على كل مره قلبي ما اهتم بس
بعرفش اذا بنفع اتأسف على حكاية دم لما
ينمزغ الغشاء بنزل كفاية دم وأنا
عشان حكي الناس بقلبها لزياده دم
بتأسف على كل مرة شفتها فيها أوطى مني
وأني بعاملها بس أكنها أنولدت تتخدمني
بتأسف أنه من وري ظهرها أتفلسف عليها
بتأسف أنه فيش كفاية موسيقى أتأسف عليها

8 – Da Dam – It's DAM

Chorus:

WHO ARE WE?

We are, da dam da da da dam

We are, da dam da da da dam

Tamer Nafar :

(Who are you?) Tamer Nafar – hot tongue

Talk full of flames starting fire in the hearts of the free rebels

Give me a microphone and I'll give you a revolution, no way back

We stick to our dreams that know no bounds – the sky is the limit

Heads up, eyes seeing, hands trying to bury us, now we're all biting those hands

As time passed we noticed the strength within us, now who'll challenge us, ha?

You can drown in our lyrics, my grip turns pages blue

Pens sweating from the heat of my hand, ink flowing non-stop

See I protect the alphabet, and I'm erasing the ABCD from my culture

The pens speak Arabic, the pages hear Arabic

The pen is my sledge hammer, the pages are my ground

I plant them in my head, ideas so hot they evaporate into the sky

They come down as rain, so future generations will harvest them all

(chorus)

Mahmoud Jreri:

Words coming outta me in your direction,

Can you hear it or should I be louder

Pushing hip hop to the next level,

Everyone who listens says it's different

I'm a professional, original and stable, shaking?

The only thing shaking is your head

I'm a man with a strong tongue that can hit Van Damme

Salute to Mahmoud Jreri from DAM with the other 2 guys

Together we have enough energy to create light for your eyes

Ears hearing every movement, hands writing every movement

Stable feet, running towards the goal
And the goal is to give meaning to everything that we write
When we make your heads shake on the outside,
We also make them shake on the inside
Our music is the soundtrack of who we are

Suhell Nafar:

(Weird sounds)

I'm sure that you thought the CD got stuck
But no it's just that a fat MC landed on it
S-U-H-E-L-L MC from DAM
It means immortal, BOOM now get up get up
Listen to us and don't miss any of what we're saying
Our album is the new Intifada the lyrics are the stones
DAM is the sea of hip hop and I'm an island of reggae
One day you'll anchor your ship in my solo album
And you'll continue listening to it till the CD really does get stuck
Last line, I'm Suhell Nafar

Bridge:

Insanity gives us suggestions of ideas and we write them logically
This album is our life as it is, with no lies
And if you ever feel lost, just follow the stars
Mentally lost? Then follow the stars of rap
DAM means immortal
DAM means immortal

(chorus)

دا دام

??? مين احنا

لازمه

دا دم دا دا دا دام, دا دم دا دا دا دام

دا دم دا دا دا دام, دا دم دا دا دا دام

دا دم دا دا دا دام, دا دم دا دا دا دام

دا دم دا دا دا دام, دا دم دا دا دا دام

تامر نفار:

مين انت؟! تامر نفار لسان حار

كلام شرار يهب نار, بقلوب ثوار أحرار

اعطيني ميكروفون, وانا بعطيك انقلاب, مافيش انسحاب

اهدافنا زي الأوتاد بالتراب, امالنا زي ناطحات سحاب

نرفع راسنا, بييجي حد يطمنا, هالأ قمنا كلنا, نعض الأيد الساده تمنا

!؟ مع الزمن شفنا القوه فينا جوه, مين بدوا يقرب لنا هينا

كلمات اللي منها كله يغرق, من قبضة كفي الورق يزرق

من حم ايدي القلم يعرق, حبره يبدأ ينزل ولا عمره يفرغ
بايدي "ABCD" مانا حامي ال "ابجد هوز", وانا ماحي ال
القلم يحكي عربي, الورقه تسمع عربي, القلم هو فأسي الورقه صارت ارضي
ازرع, ألفكره براسي تقعد, فكره حاميها تضلها تحبط تضرب
.حاميه-تبخرت, السماء-مطرت, وكل الأجيال اللي تيجي بعدي تحصد

لازمه

محمود جريري

انا مني لألك دائما طالع كلامي, سامع ولا بدك اني اعلي أوتاري
(لمستوى تاني, كل واحد سمعه حبه وحكي (مش عادي RAP أنا دافع ال
انا محترف مختلف, مرتجف? لا, الأشي الوحيد المرتجف هي طبله الدان
انا انسان مع لسان يضرب "فان دام" هو كان زمان, اليوم الزمن لدام
تعظيم سلام) محمود جريري من الدام اللي فيها كمان تنين غيري
مع بعض نرتب نرتب كلام اللي يكون عينين مفتحه لغيري
دينين سامعه كل حركه, ايدين كاتبه كل حركه
اجرين ثابتة وهي ماشيه وهي راحه للهدف طامحه
والهدف معنى اللي يكون معنا بكل الاغاني, يعني لما
أهز الراس من بره هزه برده من جوه بكلامي
اللي يعكس واقع اللي تابع من ظلم دائما طامع
!وانا هون قاعد شاهد وبالقلم دائما كاتب

لازمه

سهيل نفار

انا, متأكد انك انت, فكرت
انه الديسك عماله ينطنط
بس لا لا لا, هدا من ثقلي انا
س-ه-ي-ل, م م, من الدام
الشيء اللذي يدوم, بوم قوم
أسمعنا وعن الباقي صوم
البوم "أهداء" انتفاضه وكلامنا حجاره
RAGGA وأنا جزيرة RAP البحر كله
وراح ييجي يوم الي تزورها وتشوفوها
تسكنوها وماتسيبوها تحرتوا أبوها
وبعدها الديسك عنجد ينطنط وآخر سطر
سلامات مني, سهيل النفار

(سعيد صالح من مدرسة المشاغبين)

" من الاول عشان الناظر - دا دا دا دا "

دام

الجنون أُلنا يقترح بالعقل احنا نكتب
هادي حياتنا وآهاتنا والعيون ما تكذب
لما انت تكون تايه, تمشي حسب النجوم
باسم الدام- الشيء الذي يدوم RAP ونجوم ال

لازمه

9 – Hibuna Ishtruna – Love Us and Buy Us

Chorus:

We wrote this chorus with no message
Just so our people will listen to us
So love us and buy us

Bridge:

Now stand up, and clap your hands
(Sound of hands clapping)
Don't know why but you always wanna clap
(Sound of hands clapping)

Suhell Nafar :

Oooooooooooooooooooooo
The minority is controlling the majority
Whatever I see, I write and record it
You listen to it, admire it, and stand up for your rights
Now for the first time I'm here on stage
Without a message just so you can buy this
For the first time now I wanna hear you all say aywa (ya)
We made rap wear a Kafyah aywa
We took the mic and handed it to Handalah aywa
We are DAM's soldiers, we came outta pain
Holding our weapons, in one hand it's the pen
In the other hand, it's the mic and the anger is our ride
Now - let's ride

(chorus)

Mahmoud Jreri :

I'm starting with an entire dictionary in my head
And a light in my hand to make its words clearer
To show you that there are other topics to discuss
"Habibi ya eni" (a known Arabic song)
Hey, still not bored of it? It's time to improve it a bit
Arabic rap, this is us
So music is the war, our album is the shield
The tongue is our sword and the beat is our horse
And if you are our goal then call me "il Hadaf"
(a known cartoon TV program-means the soccer player)
And if you get hit don't call an ambulance

'Cause our hit is like electricity, come to bring you back to life
"Who was your influence?" –I'll tell you who
I'm like Sinbad, I'll reach every land
With my flying carpet the mic, I'll open every secret door
"How do you know the password?" – well, I grew up on Ali Baba
And using foreign tradition I'm bringing us back to our tradition

(chorus + bridge)

Tamer Nafar :

Hush hush, wassup with our art here?
The answer is too many songs but not enough messages
All your messages sow bullshit in our minds
And instead of pushing it away from us, we shake with its sounds
Wanna shake?! Go ahead and shake your head to expel your thoughts
But if you only shake your ass all you'll do is expel shit
Ohhh is it forbidden to say that? I can't say it?
You can't say "you can't" in hip hop music, it's free, now check it out
You made so many love songs
That love itself is sick of them
So we came and reminded you
That we should love ourselves
You can accept us, you can reject us
And if you decide not to love or buy us
It's not a big deal; we'll add girls to our video clip
Then sit, wait, and sell it easily

(chorus)

حبونا اشترونا

لازمه 1

عملنا لازمه ما الها معنى

بس عشان شعبنا يسمعنا

حبونا

عملنا لازمه ما الها معنى

بس عشان شعبنا يسمعنا

اشترونا

لازمه 2

هالأ وقف, خلّي الناس اللي هيينا تزقف

بعرفش, الناس دايمًا بتحب تزقف

سهيل نفار

(زغروته)

الأقلية بتسيطر على الأكثرية

اللي بشوفه بكتبه بسجله بقوله

بتسمعه بتحسه بتوقف تتحاربه

بس بعد أكم سنه هينا عالمنصه
بلا ولا معنى لأول مره
الكل بسمعنا ما بمنعنا
هالأكل جمله بفولها قولولي -أيوه
(حطينا على الراب حطه (أيوه
(مسكنا المايك للحنظله (أيوه
احنا الدام جنود اللي طلعا من الأم
احنا الدام كل جندي فينا ماسك قلم
والمايك بين ايديه هاي هاي
والغضب بعينيه هاي هاي
والمايك بين ايديه هاي هاي
والغضب بعينيه هاي هاي

لازمه 1

محمود جريري

مين بيدا, ويعقله في قاموس
وسيع أوعى, وبأيدي في فانوس
لينورها, نورجيك انه في كلام
غير الحب لتستعملها ولتكتبها
حبيبي يا عيني) أيش لسا ما زهقتها)
غير ولا الأبداع بطلت كلمه تحترمها
راب عربي هاد احنا والأهداء فهرسنا
اللسان سيفنا والبيت أكيد فرسنا
وأنت هدفنا وأنا ناديني الهداف
واذا انصبت مش تروح تنادي الأسعاف
احنا بنخلي قلبك يدق من غير كهربا
من مين تأثرت؟) تعال أوصفلك الطبخة)
مثل سندباد نوصل كل بلاد
وانا عندي باب بكلمة السر ينفتح ويان
من وينلك هالكلمه؟) انا وعلي باب اخوان)
كوكوريكووووو طل اصباح روح نام

لازمه 1+ لازمه 2

تامر النفار

هوش هوش ايش صار بالفن هين؟
!!الجواب كتير أغاني والسؤال عن ايه
معاني اللي بعقولنا تضلها تزرع مسخره
بدل ما نخلع المسخره احنا بنخلع عالمسخره

وهز هز الراس طلع عقول
(مش تحز الأفا تطلع خرى (هشششش ممنوع تقول
لا لا ممنوع اقول ممنوع بعالم الراب
(هلاً 1-2-3) اطربها يا واد
من كثر أغاني الحب انتو كزهدتوا حتى الحب بنفسه
كلام يضلّه يلف على بعضه بدوخ و بوقع
فانا حملته ربطته بسطر الورقه كتبته رسمته براسه حطه
عرضته عشعينا بصوتنا الأعلى عشانه يسمع
بتقدروا تطنشونا او تسكتونا
ولو قررتو انكم ما تشترونا
ولا أشي على الكليب بنجيب رقاصه
بنقعد بنصبر وبنبيع ببساطه

لازمه 1

10 – Mes Endroits – My Hood

Featuring Nikkfurie from French rap group La Caution

Chorus:

Nikkfurie: In my 'hood we can have fun,

In my 'hood we can hurt each other

DAM: A shot in the air for each tear and smile

Nikkfurie: A few cops, some warrants,

Some righteous guys and a lot of pain

DAM: From the Ghettos of Palestine to the Ghettos of France

Nikkfurie: My 'hood is far away from Palestine

Nikkfurie:

My 'hood is far away from Palestine

But ghettoised just the same by the police

The apple from the Garden of Eden is now edible for all of us!

We are by ourselves like a Pizza Hut Boy on a Highway!

Our tie to our blocks is just like an umbilical cord

Nothing ever changes; you've been here for over a pontificate!

You dream about a little Sunday rest in the Dominican Republic...

Far away from hooligans!

The kids here want to be rich like the kids in Switzerland

Whoever they are, street life follows them even at home!

This is my 'hood; I see it with my own eyes

Ladies and gentlemen, my rap is precious to me

(chorus)

Tamer Nafar:

Let's take a look at the place I live in, house demolition around

So many educated people but no wall to hang their degree on

Are you ready to enter the 'hood? Who is going to drive?

No worries, if there are Arabs in the car

The police are behind the steering wheel
Hold me tight, it's getting cold in the 'hood
When the bank account's below zero
there will be ice (slang for crack) in the 'hood
No money to eat but damn that's a hot Merc C 500
If you ain't a lawyer you sure must know some !

Mahmoud Jreri:

In our hood we all buy speakers before
We even buy the car, there's something wrong here
Ahh, in our hood no one buys anything, they all steal
And run because there's a chance someone else
Going to steal it from 'em and if you hear shots
No need to run, it's our neighbour's wedding
But if you hear sirens after the shots
You'd better start running, I think the wedding was yesterday!

(chorus)

Nikkfurie:

Many think France is white people with berets
Baguettes under arms and Pierre Perret songs
But there are 'darkies' behind bars and cops with ugly faces
There are girls with bad intentions that cause the ruin of heroes
Who are always the only ones who find those working girls cool!
Actually, they seem so proud to have their cell phone number!
Without any gun license some people hide
Automatic rifles in the cellar
There are weird muthas too...
Some of 'em even get a tan in the cellar?!?
Nikkfurie, La Caution is out there, trusting his dogs...
I love my 'hood...I think it's for life
Yo Dam, no doubt, I am a Moroccan from France

(chorus)

Suhell Nafar

I wanna thank the police
Your slaps keep me awake
And by destroying our neighbours' houses
You help us finding stones
Ohhhh ohhhh, In our 'hood
The sewer is bigger than a pool, rats bigger than the cats
And from a demographic point of view
Mice are outnumbering human beings

عنا بالحاره

REFRAIN لازمه

Dans mes endroits on se plait, dans mes endroits on se blesse...

طلقه بالهوا لكل فرجه ولكل دمه

Quelques gendarmes, quelques mandats, quelques gens droits et des plaies...

من جيتو فلسطين لجيتو فرنسا

Ma banlieue est lointaine de la Palestine...

Nikkurie:

Ma banlieue est lointaine de la Palestine mise en quarantaine comme ici par les stup

La pomme du jardin d'Eden pour nous tous est comestible,

nous nous livrons à nous-mêmes comme un vendeur de Pizza Hut !

Avec les tours, le cordon est comme ombilical.

Ca ne se modifie pas, t'es là depuis un pontificat !

Tu rêves de repos dominical en République Dominicaine...

Sans hooligans !

Les petits d'ici veulent être riches comme les petits en Suisse,

Qu'importe qui ils sont, « Dehors » les suit jusque dans leurs « chez soi » !

Ce sont mes lieux, je les vois avec mes yeux,

Mesdames et messieurs, mon rap m'est précieux !

REFRAIN لازمه

تامر النفار

مع بعض نلف في بلد اللد، في شهادة بس

ما في وين نعلقها بعد هدد البيت

طب كيف نفوت؟ ومين بدو يسوق؟؟

اذا في لدادوه بالسياره اكيد البوليس بسوق

ضمني على الصدر الوضع بدو رضع بالحاره

اذا حساب البنك تحت الصفر فا في تلج بالحاره

معكاش توكل؟ طيب فجأه C-500

اذا انت مش محامي اكيد بتعرف كثير محاميه

محمود جريري

عنا بالحاره الكل يشتري سماعات للسياره قبل

ما يشتري السياره لحظه في مشكله بالجمله

عنا بالحاره ولا حد يشتري الكل بمف

واللي بمف يهرب عشان في حد لاحقه بده اللقمه

واذا دخلت وسمعت طلق

تبداش بالرماح لانه هادا فرح ابن الجاره

واذا بعد الطلق سمعت صفاره
اهرب عشان عرس ابن الجاره امبارح كان

REFRAIN لازمه

Nikkurie:

Beaucoup croient que la France, c'est des blancs sous des bérets,
Des baguettes sous des aisselles et des chansons de Pierre Perret !
Il y a des bronzés sous les verrous et des verrues sur leurs agents,
Il y a des gonzesses sous des perruques et des héros sans leur argent !
Ils sont les seuls à avoir trouvé ces « éléphants sortables » !
Ils semblaient si fiers d'avoir leur téléphone portable !
Sans port d'arme, ça cache un pompe dans la cave,
Y'a v'la les barges... Y en a qui bronzent dans la cave !
Nikkurie, La Caution sur le terrain,
Sur de ses paincs' et de ses chiens.
Moi, mon endroit, j'l'aime c'est pour la vie je pense...
Yo Dam ! No doubt, « Ana Moughrabi de France » !

REFRAIN لازمه

سهيل النفار
بدي اشكر, الشرطه
على كفوفها, اللي تصحصحنا
وعلى هدم بيوت جيرانا
شكرا, ساعدتونا نحوش حجاره
(أووو أووو) عنا بالحاره
البيوف كبر البركه والعرسه كبر البسه
وهين من ناحيه ديموغرافيه
الانسان جنب الفيران اقلية

11 – Usset Hub – A Love Story

Featuring Tamer Nafar with Rawda Suliman & Ibrahim Sakallah

(Two friends are talking).

Tamer: Hey, what's up?

Ibrahim: I'm cool

Tamer: What are you doing?

Ibrahim: Nothing, I was thinking of inviting u to come watch a movie

Tamer: What about our homework?

Ibrahim: Forget about it

Tamer: No, I don't want the teacher to call my parents again

* A girl walks in and says: "Hey guys! How are u Tamer?"

She continues walking

Ibrahim: (Mocking Tamer) Ooh, hey guys and especially you Tamer.
Man, when are you going to talk to her?
Tamer: I don't know, I'm shy; I wouldn't know what to say to her
Ibrahim: Being shy won't get you anywhere
Tamer: Whatever, mind your own business

Tamer rapping:
It's reasonable that hormones are born with adolescence
Everything attracts me to you, even your silence
I can hear u, even when you are not saying a word
You see me acting like everything is normal,
But you don't know what's really going on inside me
(Girl: So, what's going on?)
When I'm alone, I imagine you in front of me
I want to shout to you that I love you!
But, when I really see you, it feels as if my tongue is tied up
I can only stutter " I--- I-um--- I--- um."
(Girl: What's the matter?)
You used to confuse me
But now honey, I've grown up
I've got the confidence to untie my tongue
Now I can use it to tie you up, so you'll be mine
(Girl: - Now I'm yours?)
Now I have just realized that
You'll be mine only when I'm yours
It is not fair that your heart belongs to me
While my heart belongs to every girl that I meet
If we want to stay only the 2 of us
Then we gotta stay 1+1 and no more

(A phone call)
Tamer: Hey sweetie!
Girl: Hey honey!
Tamer: What are u doing?
Girl: Waiting for your call
Tamer: Ooh, lucky me.
Girl: (Laughs) I miss you a lo...
(Suddenly her father starts calling the girl.)
Father: "Where are you??"
Girl: Oh damn, I have to go, talk to you later, bye.
Tamer: Why? Why? Hello? Hello?

*Girl hangs up the phone.

Tamer:
When I was a teenager I was too shy for love
Now that I've grown up,
I'm afraid of love because society is watching
Everything in you scares me, especially your silence
Our relationship is getting weaker, every time we talk together
We are giving our Arab society more to gossip about
I don't know how they
Could have the heart to forbid other hearts
Instead of thinking about seeing you

They have me spending my time being afraid
That they might see us together
Because of them I am beginning
To be jealous of the letters that I send you
Because they get closer to you than I do
I'm beginning to feel tired
Since this relationship is based on letters and phone calls
Even on the phone, I can hardly hear your voice
Because you are always whispering
You are always afraid of your mum's shouting
(The mother shouts: "Who are you talking to?")
I want to answer her: "She is talking to the one she loves!"
But, it was easier for me to say that when we were teenagers

A phone call
In the background singer who goes:
"When I was young I dreamt of becoming an adult
But when I grew up my heart got weary and I began
Dreaming of being young once again."

Tamer: Hello?
Girl: Oh, it has been such a long time since I've heard from you.
Tamer: Well, I've been busy.
Girl: So, things are more important than I am?
Tamer: Oh, come on, drop it, I've got no time for this.
Girl: Oh, so you've got no more time for me now, huh?
Anyway, here's the deal, people are coming to ask for my hand next Monday
And I'm running out of excuses for why I want to refuse him like the others
So, I had to tell my parents about you,
They understood it and they are giving us an ultimatum.
Tamer: Which is?
Girl: You have to prove that you are serious about us,
Come and ask for my hand this Saturday.
If you don't show up then that means it's over,
'Cause I can't wait for you anymore. So, what do you say?

Tamer:
We've got to an age where we can no longer think reasonably
Now we're facing a future full of questions
Which lead to my silence, which breaks your silence
Everyday we keep on fighting about the same old things
I never thought that the one who captured my heart
Could ever cause me such great pain
When I tell you that, u cry and say:
"How can you say that, when u know that I love you?"
As much as I try to stay away
These words "I love you" pull me back to u
I love you too, love is the sweetest thing
But is it enough for us to live on our own?
We are still too young for commitment
I still don't even know my future
I'm lost in the world; I don't know what the future holds for me
It could be good things or bad
My heart wants you so much that it doesn't want to let you go

But I care for you so much that I don't want to drag you
Drag you down a path full of complications, believe me
I understand what you're asking but I can't find the answer

A phone call

Ibrahim: Hey Tamer, what's up?

Tamer: Nothing much.

Ibrahim: You seem upset, something happened to you?

Tamer: No, forget it, nothing important.

Ibrahim: Ok, we are going out this Saturday, you want to come?

Tamer: Saturday? What are you up to?

Ibrahim: What d'you think? We're all young single men..

We're going to have some fun!

Tamer: Young and single uh?!! Listen man, I don't know,

I'll have to think about it, I'll get back to you, ok? Bye man.

to be continued

قصة حب

(مقطع تمثيل)

تامر نغار:

جيل المراهقه الهورمونات بنولدوا بالمنطق
كله مجذبي فيكي, حتى صمتك
سكوتك اللي هو سكوت بحكيكي كتير
شايفاني عادي بس ما تدري شو جواتي يصير
ايش يصير؟! لما اكون لحالي, اتخيلك قدامي
وانا اصرخ ليكي انك انت شاغلي بالي
نوصل وقت الجذ ونظره منك تربط لسانني اللي
" يقلك " انتي, انتي, اه ه ه ه ه
ايش مالك! هاهاها ياللي متسيخاني
بس وين ياورده كبرنا ياورده صرنا
نفلت اللسان اللي ما يفلتك الا لما تصيري النا
واليوم انا الك؟! اليوم بس فهمت
انت مش الي, الا اذا انا الك
بنفعلش قلبك ملكي وقلبي يكون ملك
كل من رادت, كل من عيني عليها زاغت
اذا بدني نضل 2 لازم نضلنا بس 1+1

(مقطع تمثيل)

بعد جيل المراهقه المجتمع بيدا يخنق بالمنطق
كله يخوفني فيكي بالأخص صمتك

علاقتنا بتنقروض, وكل ما نرود كلامنا
مع بعض, بنرود كلام العرب
!مش فاهم, كيف عندهم قلب يجرموا قلب؟
كل اللي حس بالعواطف وكل الحب بنطحن
وبصير أسهل للناس انما توكله, الناس تشبع
من هين, والحبيب خوفه يشبع شوقه
وشوقي كبير وحقوقي يكبر كل ما نتلاقي
ومن قلة ما نتلاقي صرت أغار من المراسيل اللي
أرسلك أياها عشانها توصل أقرب مني لألك
وصلت مرحله اللي فيها تعبت, علاقتنا
رسالات. تلفونات, عاتلفون يدوب اسمعك من
همسك (بجيك) ومن صرخاتها لأمك (مع مين
بتحكي بالساعة هاي؟!)) بتحكي مع حبيبها
أه ه ه لسنا بجيل المراهقه كانلي اسهل أحكيها

(مقطع تمثيل)

وصلنا جيل ما يعرفش منطق, أسئله مصيره
تؤدي لصمتي اللي يكسر صمتك, كل يوم نفس
الموال, قتال, ما خطرت البال
انه هاي اللي شغلت البال كسرت البال
"!ولما اقلك أياها تعيطني "كيف تحكي هيك بجبك؟
أخ خ خ قد ما تبعد الكلمه هاي بتشدك
وانا أحبك كمان الحب أحلى رمز
!هلاً تطلعي لقدام, الرمز بطعمي خبز؟
مانا بلا شهادة بلا صنعه, حياتي
النزله الوحيدة اللي لليوم ما قابلت ولا طلعه
وأنا صامد, مستني اللي مستيني
ان كان منيح يجميني ولا عاطل يأذيني
وقلبي يريدك لدرجة انه ما يريد يتخلى عنك
وقلبي يريدك لدرجة انه ما يريد يشدك
لمسار مليون مصاعب, وحياتك عارف وحاسس
سؤالك بس وحياتك مش عارف أجاب

(مقطع تمثيل)

12 – G'areeb Fi Bladi – Stranger in My Own Country

Featuring Amal Bsharat

Tawfeek Ziad:

I call upon you all and beseech you
I kiss the ground you walk on
And say to you, "I sacrifice myself for you
I offer you the whites of my eyes
And the warmth of my heart I give to you
Because the calamity which I live in is only
My share of your calamities

Mahmud Jreiri:

All the ships are sailing, leaving behind them sadness
That's drowning our hearts
Again we are unwanted guests in our home
But our destiny is to stay physically close to our lands
While being spiritually far away from our nation
Who cares about us? We are dying slowly
Controlled by a Zionist democratic government!
Ya', democratic to the Jewish soul
And Zionist to the Arabic soul
That is to say, what is forbidden to him is forbidden to me
And what is allowed to him is forbidden to me
And what's allowed to me is unwanted by me
'Cause it's denying my existence
Still blind to my colours, my history and my people
Brain-washing my children
So that they grow up in a reality
That doesn't represent them
The blue idea card worth nothing to us
Let us believe we are apart of a nation
That does nothing but makes us feel like strangers
Me?? A stranger in my own country!!

Chorus:

Where can I go when my land is occupied??
The soul told me that only the love
Of my people can protect me
But where can I go when my people are abandoning me??
The soul told me no matter what
Keep walking with your head held up high

Suhell Nafar:

We encounter faces that don't want us,
Looking at us full of disgust
Whispers full of swearing, wishing just to expel us
What?! Have you forgotten
Who laid the foundation of these buildings?!
Our people did that, look at the mosques and the churches
And now I find people
From other parts of the world wishing to move us
Who can I complain to?!
To unjustified laws that hush up our voices
It destroys our houses, unemployment is everywhere
Raised in a poverty that fills our every waking hour
But our hearts are still beating
And our Arabian roots are still strong

But still our Arabian brothers are calling us renegades!!??
Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
We never sold our country,
The occupation has written our destiny
Which is, that the whole world till today is treating us as Israelis
And Israel till tomorrow will treat us as Palestinians
I'm a stranger in my own country

(chorus)

Tamer Nafar:

13 shaheeds, the death is close
When the stones are in the hand, 13 shaheeds
The ALA (highness) of our land, and the EMAD (base) of it
Black October proved that the EYAD (support) is in our blood
Everyone of them was WALID (born) under occupation
But still RAMY (throwing) himself like a sharp sword
Fighting the sword of those who think our blood is worthless
Killing the MUSLEH's (the Right One) voice with live ammo
And the mother in tears screams I am ASSIL (I'm falling down)
On Christ's and MUHAMED's cheeks, we are like a mountain
That won't be shaken by any wind or storm
We'll stay RAMEZ (the symbol) of nationality
And the WISSAM (the symbol) of freedom
The light of our great grandparents will never fade away
I'm a stranger in my own country but I AHMAD (I thank) god
That I'm still sticking to my culture, all of you can call us
Renegades or the inner Arabs or the Arabs of 48
WHATEVER, we'll keep the roots of Palestine till the OMAR (till the end of time) Nafar

(chorus)

Tawfik Ziad:

I did not betray my homeland
And my shoulders did not falter
I stood in the face of my oppressors
Orphaned, naked and barefoot
I carried my blood upon my palm
And did not let my flags lower
And sustained the green grass
On my ancestors' graves

غريب في بلادي

توفيق زياد

أناديكم, وأشد على أياديكم
وأبوس الأرض تحت نعالكم
وأقول أفديكم, وأهدىكم ضياء عيني
ودفء القلب أعطيكم, فمأساة التي
أحياها, نصبي من مأسيتكم

محمود جريري

كل السفن

تفوتنا تاركه الحزن يغرق قلوبنا راضيه
نكون ضيوف الظلم ببيوتنا والآية
انقلبت, كمان مرّه, صرنا ضيوف اللي
غير مرغوب فينا مكتوب لنا نضلنا
قراب على أرضنا بعدا من وطننا مين يهमे
هنا موت بطيء يجري بدمنا, حاكمنا
حكم صهيوني ديموقراطي؟! ديموقراطي
للنفس الصهيونية وصهيوني للنفس
العربية, يعني الممنوع اله ممنوع الي
المسموح اله ممنوع الي والمسموح الي مكروه الي
لأنه, ينكر كياني, محي و ما زال
يحكي الواني, تاريخ ناسي أجدادي
يغسل دماغ ولادي اللي توعى على حاضر ما يمثلها
الجنسية الزرقه نبلها ونشرب ميتها
تقلنا انه احنا من الشعب والشعب يحسننا انه احنا
غربي, انا؟! غريب في بلادي

:لازمه امل بشارات

لوين أروح
الغربة احتلت داري
قالتلي الروح
حضن أهلك يحمي الغالي
لوين أروح
أخواني ما اهتموا بحالي
قالتلي الروح
منتصب القامة امشي

:سهيل نفار

احنا شايقين, وجوه مش رايدانا
نظرات قرفانا همسات سايانا
اشارات طاردانا قاهرانا, ناسيه انه
اجدادنا اسسو المباني واخوانا مازالو
يعمرو أساسها, وأساسها عرب المسجد والدير
آخرها ناس من بلاد غير تصرخلي ترانسفير
احنا, شاكيين لقوانين, هاضمه
حقوقنا, كاتمه صوتنا, داخل الخط الأخضر
هادمه بيوتنا, البطالة تحومنا
نرّي بفقر وفقر يرّي عقولنا, لكن
تحبي قلوبنا الي تحبي جذورنا, اللي ينادونا

خونى؟! لا لا لا لا لا
انا ما هنت في وطني
مآسي شعبي كتبتلي قدري
انه العالم لليوم يعاملنا اسرائيليين
واسرائيل لبيكره تعاملنا فلسطينيين, غريب في بلادي

لازمه

تامرنفار

شهيد, القدر قريب 13
لما الحجر بالأيد, 13 شهيد
علاء ووطنًا, عماد ووطنًا
اكتوبر الأسود أثبت انه الأياد بدمنا, اذا
الكل فيهم وليد تحت الأحتلال كيف مش
رامي الماضي بل رامي حاله كالسيف الماضي
يعارك سلاح الحاسب دمنا مي
يقتل الصوت المصلح برصاصه الحي
ودمعة الأم تصيح انا اسيل عنخد عرب
محمد والمسيح ياجبل ما يهزنا ريح
نضل رازم القوميه وسام الحريه
شعلة اجدادنا منوره الروح الشبائيه
انا, غريب ببلادي, لكن أحمد ربي
اتي متمسك بتراي, نادوني خاين
عرب الداخيل ال-48 وايدك عراسك
احنا جذور فلسطين لطول العمر

لازمه

توفيق زياد

ولا صغرت أكتافي
وقففت بوجه ظلامي
يتيما" عاريا" حاني
حملت دمي على كفي
وما نكست أعلامي
وصنت العشب فوق قبور أسلافي
أناديكم , واشد على أياديكم

13 – Kalimat – Words

Featuring Mahmoud Jreir

Yo, this is dedicated to the Lyrics

I'm swallowing them, spitting them, never dissing them
Giving them freedom of speech
I'm in front because of them, always standing behind them
Sometimes get sick of them, sick of how you abuse them
Gather them in line, with my pen I order them
Didn't like it? Throwing them out and replacing them
I'm their leader and also their slave
Small changes make huge differences
I train them in pages to make them strong
Promising to use them, not abuse them
Or allow the wrong mouths to utter them
Approach them with a military mind and find peace in them
I'm lucky to be full of thorns, and even luckier that I found the lyrics
So they'll help me find the roses in me

Chorus (samples from DAM's old songs):

"They all hear you but few listen to you"
Lyrics ain't just a bunch of words they are "signs"
Leading us, stabilizing us on tight ropes
Winds every way, if we are thin we will fall
"But hell no" "you can measure my words in tons"
Every word has a meaning; I knitted a letter with another letter
Made warm sentences to wear in cold days
"So I'll still shout" "we control lyrics"

You know, lyrics are like a witness
They witnessed the past and forecast the future
As much as I said or say, I can't describe them
But there is a way to find the description, and that's through them
Quench the thirst of the pages with them
So in the future, it'll quench your thirst
Keep feeding them, as soon as they grow up
They'll give you strength
"Example for the strength?"
"The enemy is before you, the sea is behind you
So don't you dare disappoint our ancestors
Where are our deep poems?! Where are our strong statements?!
From generation to generation we kill our dreams"
"Enough philosophizing" ok lets get back to street talk
Words coming outta simple minds
Like Najeeb Mahfuz (literally 'well-remembered', also a famous Arabic writer)
They keep living in our minds.
And if you don't know who he is - then I rest my case

(chorus)

The Arabic alphabet is like a glass, don't break it
Hold it tight and keep filling it
And then bring it to our arguments
Scream till your throat gets dry, and then wet it
It holds our body, it's like our legs
If you stand for nothing you'll fall for anything
The words write, create, kill, lead, and sometimes even lie

You can use them to build borders
And those who are gifted, can use them to walk through borders
And in some governments, it's forbidden to give words freedom
But if you choke them and kill them then it's allowed

(chorus)

كلمات

:محمود جريري

أنا ببلعهم بتفهم ولا مره بسبهم
بخليهم دائما" يضاربو بتفكيرهم
أنا وراهم, قدامهم, جناهم, محتلمهم
مش طايقهم, مرات وزنهم يكون منزلهم
مرتبهم, صاففهم ويقلم أنا حاكمهم
زانتهم, مش عاجبيني, أنا ماحيهم
قائدهم, وينفس الوقت أنا عبيدهم
وبفك وربط, أنا بلعب بمعانيهم
انا حاميههم بأسطر اللي تقويههم
انا واعدهم انا أستر على فاضحهم
ومطلعهم بصوره اللي تبشعهم
بس أنا محترمهم, وبسطور ساجنهم
مكتنفهم كأسير بجنازير القهر
ومهديهم بحيل اللي يبشر بالصبر
وانا لي الفخر, أكون الشوك اللي فيهم
وأكون القهر اللي دائما" يسقيهم

:لازمه

(الكل سمعك بس السؤال اذا اللي سمعك فهمك)
(كلمات ليست كالكلمات بل (علامات)
اللي توجهنا وين مابدنا عجال السيرك هي تثبتنا
ريح العالم من كل جهه اذا احنا ضعاف بتوقعنا بس
(لأ بلمره لأ) (كلمات عندي طن)
كل واحده الها هدف اخدت حرف عحرف
نسجت جمل اللي البسهم وقت البرد
(راح اضلني انادي) (بنحكي كلمات)

انت بتعرف احم بمنصب شهاد
بحكو الماضي وتنبوا حاضر أي بلاد
قد ماحكيت قد ما أحكي, فش كلام يغطي بس
في كلام يرري وينمي انت بس أروي
في, شوف انه قوه والقوه بتقوي

فيك و أن رويته مصيره يسقيك
مثل للقوه) العدو من أمامكم)
والبحر من ورائكم فلا تخيبوا أسيادكم
فأين أشعاركم وأين مجادلنكم
فأنتم تسكتون وتخمدون أحلامكم
انهي) نحيث ورجعت للعامة بكلمات)
مرمية طالعه من عقليه شعبيه
مثل نجيب اللي بذاكرة كل واحد محفوظ
مدرس واذا لأ معناته في خلل معكوس
عالمجتمع اللي قمع كتاباته
اللي سمح لنسيانه يشيل خطواته

لازمه

ألف باكبائه, أوعلك تكسرهما
امسكها للنهائية, وكل ما تفضى مليها
كلمه أو رواية, ومع المراحل زيدها شي
حكاية, وهيك ضللك زود فيها
وجيها لتجمعاتك وساعتها استعملها
لنقاشاتك ولمواقفك استخدمها
هادي مدافعك اللي مداها بسيطرتك
وما دافعك انه ما تخليها رايتك
ما هي تكتب, ما هي توصف
ما هي تكذب, ما هي تنصف
ما هي, هي الهروب, هي
اللجوء, هي الدروب, هي
العبور بالحدود واللي بمرؤهم مبدع
وبغوز بالخلود واللي بسرقتهم مش مقنع
واذا بتديهم الحرية بنادوك ممنوع
واذا بتوخذ الحرية بنادوك مسموح

لازمه

14 – Sawa' Al Zaman – Driver of Fate

Chorus:

Tell the driver of time, to take me from Forbidden
Drop me in Equality and I'll walk alone to Peace
Don't tell me they are not on the same track
There is a place called Peace and its capital is Equality
Tell the driver of time, to take me from Forbidden

Drop me in Equality and I'll walk alone to Peace
Don't tell me that they are not on the same track
There is a place called Peace and its capital is Equality

Mahmoud Jreri:

I want you to take me to this place
Where I can sleep on the symphony of peace
Take me to the homeland take me to the judge
Take me there and don't worry about the time
Take me to my identity, take me to my nationality
Take me to the unknown place called the "United Arabs"
Take me to the freedom that was taken from us
Take me to the heart of fighting so we'll take it back
Take me to the hope, take me to the lions
Take me to the belonging, take me to existence
Take me to the Arabic leader,
"Wake up, we are at the end of the road!"

(chorus)

Suhell Nafar:

I can't watch the present and just flow with it so take me to
A future without settlements, without refugee camps
And every one is growing where his roots is
Without destroying their house
To a world where I'm allowed to visit my brothers in Syria
Where there's no occupation to imprison me
Where the Arabs agree for the first time in their lives
To the change, where I see the colors
White, green red and black
I'm in a hurry so please push the pedal
Take me to a place where I'm not scared

(Chorus)

Tamer Nafar:

Driver of time, I beg your pardon, I'm lost
Half a generation I've been traveling round the world
And still haven't seen my home
So take me to my Askalan, take me to my Bissan
Don't take street 2-4-2 because it leads
To a ghetto called "where is my right?"
Listen to the sounds coming out of my rusty keys
"Return Mr. Driver, return Mr. Time"
The driver can't understand Arabic?
So how can he know the addresses in the Arab land?
Drop me; I'm ready for the 1000 miles
Lid Ramle and the Jalil, walking like it's impossible

(Chorus)

يا سواق الزمان

لازمه

يا سواق الزمان, خدني من الحرمان
نزلي المساواة لحال بوصل السلام
لا تقنعي ابي بمفترق طرق, كل وحده بجهة
السلام دولتي المساواة هي عاصمتها
يا سواق الزمان, خدني من الحرمان
نزلي المساواة لحال بوصل السلام
لا تقنعي ابي بمفترق طرق, كل وحده بجهة
السلام دولتي المساواة هي عاصمتها

محمود جريري:

انا بدي منك انك توصلني للمكان اللي
فيه أنام مرتاح على أنغام السلام
وصلني وصلني للوطن وصلني للحكم
وصلني اوعك, اوعك تعمل حساب للزمن
وصلني للهويه, وصلني للقومية
وصلني لمحل مش معروف باسم الوحده العربيه
وصلني للحرية اللي تكون مهديه
من غير قتال اللي عشائها كلنا هون ضحية
وصلني للمستقبل وللسرعة بالوصول
وصلني للأمل, وصلني للأسود
وصلني للأتماء, وصلني للوجود
(وصلني للرئيس (قوم وصلنا الحدود

لازمه

سهيل النفار:

أنا مش قادر, أحضر الحاضر
وأفوله حاضر, فخدني لمستقبل اللي
في ما فيش مستوطنات اللي في ما فيش مخيمات
وكل واحد في جذوره ما يمدوله دوره
ولما يكون لي اخو في سوريا اقدر أزوره
ولما ما فيش احتلال اللي أدخل سجونيه
ولما العرب, يتفقوا انهم يتفقوا
وتغير, نرفع الأخضر
نرفع الأحمر الأبيض والأسمر
مستعجلين فا أدعس بنزين
ع 190 ولا تخاف من المختلينا
والحاكمينا احنا أهل فلسطين يا

لازمه

تامر النفار:

يا سواق الزمان, لو سمحت أنا تحت
نص قرن أنا درت شفت, لسا بيتي ما زرت
خدني لعسقلاني خدني عيبساني
خدني لخضاري المكسور ببرتقالي
لا توخذ شارع 242 لأنه هين
"بوصل جيتو 67 بعنوان "حقي وين
أسمع صدى صوت مفتاحي اللي ربي لسان
أعوده يا سواق أعوده يا زمان
مش فاهم أيش بحكي, سواق ما يحكي عربي
غريب ما يعرف سر أرضي, كيف بدو
يوصلني؟ نزلي, أقدامي جاهزة, للألف ميل
عشرون مستحيل اللد الرملة والجليل

لازمه

15 – Ihda' – Dedication

Featuring Ibrahim Sakallah

Chorus:

This is dedicated:
To every human being who lives in the dark
To whoever is caged in a nightmare full of dreams
To the outreached arm of a drowning person

DAM:

This is dedicated to my people, to my land
To my country, To Palestinian blood
Which is still walking with its head held high
It's dedicated, dedicated, dedicated

Tamer Nafar:

To those who missed their mother's bread
(famous poem about the Palestinian refugees)
Hungry and thirstily but still never ate other things
To all the refugees who never saw their land
They kicked you out of it but never kicked it out of you
You are still screaming "as long as I don't return to my bed
My pillow will be the sand and my cover will be the sky"
To my neighbor who no longer lives beside me
This home is missing you

Mahmoud Jreri:

This verse is written for the houses that were erased
For the sound of the silence that's locked behind bars

And to everybody who lives in fear
Hiding from the guns of a dictatorship
Limited by freedom and unlimited by racism
Cursed in life because he dared to fight
Desiring to be free
To be present in his past home till the end

Suhell Nafar:

I wanna scream and say "THANK YOU"
To the voice of my country, to the artists
My pain is written, drawn, by your pens
This is dedicated to the arts of my misery
See, if we stay quiet,
The sound of death will drown out our voice
If we talk, death's ears might hear us and swallow us
And they, the Palestinian artists, choose to scream till death
So again I'll scream it to them
THANK YOU, though my gratitude
Is nothing compared to what you do

(chorus)

DAM:

Dedicated to all the people
Walking amongst barbarians but still remaining human
Opposing the selfish ideas of the majority
It's dedicated, dedicated, dedicated

Suhell Nafar:

To the freedom of the handcuffed women
To all the blood shed from innocents
To those who feel like strangers in their own homes
Because they were brain washed from birth
Till his death, and to the victims of the imperialistic wars
And to those who can answer, "where is their brotherhood?"

Tamer Nafar:

To the innocent child that's paying for his parents' crimes
The wounds of the past are scarring his future
To the Iraqi neck that is gripped by one ruler after another
With none of them helping
To poverty which was filled with money by force
After dealing with drugs until our bodies were drained of their blood
To the mother in society, who got caught
In the hands of social order, till she became society's slave

Mahmoud Jreri:

Dedicated, to those who can't find a heart to love them
Always falling into the hands of hate
To those who ate only pain when they told you
You still have goodness in life, savor it don't spit it out
To those who help and give to the needy
Gave them the feeling that life is a usable gift
This goes out to you all, all human beings

No matter what religion, what colour, from me to you

(chorus)

DAM:

Hey hey, Mahmoud, never forget where I came from
Hey hey, Suhell, never forget where I came from
Hey hey, Tamer, never forget where I came from
It's dedicated, dedicated, dedicated

Mahmoud Jreri:

This one is dedicated from me, wrapped in smiles of
Love, straight to my mum, thank you for:
Gathering my thoughts, building my mind
And never giving in to the problems we faced
You were and you still are that queen, with those
Big Arabian eyes full of answers to all my questions
The last thing to say is: I'm damn proud to be your son

Suhell Nafar:

To every line, I wrote then erased
To all the papers that I ripped
To all those records, pens, microphones and stages
To all the MC's who back us in this lyrical war
And, to those who tried to destroy us
Your failed attempts fueled our success
To my friends and family, especially my parents
And those who are forgotten
You're still remembered in my heart

Tamer Nafar:

I thank Suhell and Mahmoud for dropping everything else
Because they believed in me and my dreams
And now, my biggest thanks goes to my family; my father
Who lost the ability to walk but thanks to him I'm walking tall
And now to my mum, to you I dedicate
All the things that Mahmoud said to his mum plus a kiss
For my sister Hanan, and my little brother Jamil
And I'm sorry for all the times I've let you down
Thank you for never letting me down

DAM:

We didn't forget to say to our fans
We'll be your eyes and you protect us like eyebrows
Back us up, and direct us
We'll never let go of you, will you let go of us?!

اهداء

:لازمه ابراهيم ساق الله
هادا البيت البيت البيت
الى كل انسان عايش بظلام

مسجون بكابوس مليون أحلام
الى لمسة أيد من جسم غريق
بمديك, هادا البيت البيت البيت

مهدي لشعبي لأرضي لوطني
للدن الفلستيني العربي
مرفوع الهامة بمشي
هادا البيت البيت البيت

تامر نفار:

الى كل من يحن الى خبز الأم
جوعان ولسا محافظ على اللقمة بالتم
الى كل اللي مطرود الأرض, ياللي حدود حرب
هجرتك من حق العودة ولساتك مسكون عرض
ياللي باقي تقول أنا, طول مانا
مش ساكن بيتي حضل متغطي بنجوم السما
ياجاري ألي مش جوارى لسا بلادي أكيد ساكنك
هادا البيت ليك مشتاق مشتاق مشتاق

محمود جريري:

هادا البيت مبني لكل بيت انهدم
صوت انكنم وري حيط انسجن
ولكل واحد مههد مشرد
ومسدد عليه مسدس الدكتاتورية
محدد بالحرية وممدد بالعنصرية
اللي نفسه علسانها تتندد عشان تحلم
انها تكون أبية بوطن بلسان ماضي سكن
ومستقبل للأبد

سهيل نفار:

بأعلى صوت بقول هادا البيت ممنون
لصوت وطني العالي اللي غير مكتوم
قلمي بقلمه مكتوب مرسوم
عشانه, راسي زي علمي مرفوع
اذا رفعنا صوتنا, دعمنا موتنا
وهو بأوتار صوتته يكتملنا موتنا
يا تراثنا هادا البيت ألك
بس ما يسوى اللي عملته عشانا

لازمه

ل كل نفس انسانيه
ماشيه بين همج ولسا عكس الممجية
معارضه الأكتريه اللي مصلحتها أنانية
هادا البيت البيت البيت

:سهيل نفار

ل- حرية الأنتى المجوذة بكلبشات
ل- الدم اللي نزل من أبرياء
ل- اللي حسسوه انه غريب ببلاده
لأنه غسلو دماغه من ميلاده
لمماته, واللي ماتو
بجروب عنصريه واللي يجاوبو
?وين الانسانية? وين? وين
?وين? وين

:تامر نفار

ل- كل طفل بريء اللي يدفع ثمن أجرام أهله
الام ضهره, معلمه على عضام وجهه
ل- العنق العراقي اللي يمرؤ من أيد لأيد
من سيد لسيد, ولا سيد يفيد
ل- الفقر اللي غضبن عنه ملي من الهم
لحد ماغني من السم لحد ماخلي من الدم
ل- ربة المجتمع اللي بقبضة المجتمع
صارت عبدة المجتمع

:محمود جريري

مهديه لل مش لاقى حضون تلمه بل
ملاقي هموم تطمه, وللي داق الفقر وبقله
لكل داء دواء قدامك عمر أخوي
-أستغله مش تذله, يطلع مني ل
كل واحد ساعد واحد عاز
اهداؤه تاح لنفس تانية تعيش بأعزاز
ومش دايمًا تكون قدام خط التماس
مني لألكم للناس

لازمه

محمود مش ناسي ناسي
سهيل مش ناسي ناسي

تامر مش ناسي ناسي
هادا البيت البيت البيت

:محمود جريري

هادا, مهدي مني, مبعوت بابتسامة
حب لأمي, شكرا" علي أنك
ركزي فكري عززي فهمي
وما استسلمتيش قدام كل مأساة بتشكي
كنتي ولساتك أميرة, عينيك كبيره
عريبات وساع بالعلم وأجوبه لكل سيره
جملة صغيره وهي الأخيرة بأسم
يحصلي الشرف انه أكون لألك ابن

:سهيل نفار

لكل سطر, أنكتب وأمحي
لكل الورق اللي أنكتب عليه وأنرمي
لكل أسطوانة, قلم, مايك, منصة
لكل "م م" اللي بضرنا ب-هالمعركة
ولكل, اللي, جرب يهدمنا
تجرياتك الفاشلة نجحت تقدمنا
لكل صحابي وعيلتي, بالأخص أهلي
كل اللي ينذكر بعدي, برده مني مهدي

:تامر نفار

أنا, محمود لسهيل السامح لحاله
يتسلحوا بالصبر عشان تامر وأحلامه
هالأ أكبر شكر لعيلتي, أبو تامر اللي
ماله قدره يمشي, منه كل امورنا تمشي
هالأ أمي, كل اللي قاله جوكر زيدي بوسة على
سبيل جميل وعالحنان وقت العوزة, هالأ
تأسفا" عكل أفا" بقول شكرا" على أي
"لليوم مسمعتش منكم كلمة أفا" أفا" أفا"

:دام

مانسينا نقول ل- كل جمهورنا
أحنا نكون عيونكم وأنتو كونو جفونا
كونو ضهورنا اللي يوجهونا بدرونا
!!!؟ قطعنا خط سكوتكم تقطعوا خط سكوتنا

Appendix II

To my mother – Mahmoud Darwish

I long for my mother's bread
My mother's coffee
Her touch
Childhood memories grow up in me
Day after day
I must be worth my life
At the hour of my death
Worth the tears of my mother.

And if I come back one day
Take me as a veil to your eyelashes
Cover my bones with the grass
Blessed by your footsteps
Bind us together
With a lock of your hair
With a thread that trails from the back of your dress
I might become immortal
Become a God
If I touch the depths of your heart.

If I come back
Use me as wood to feed your fire
As the clothesline on the roof of your house
Without your blessing
I am too weak to stand.

I am old
Give me back the star maps of childhood
So that I
Along with the swallows
Can chart the path
Back to your waiting nest.

إلى أمي
أحسُّ إلى خبزِ أمي
وقهوهِ أمي
ولمسةِ أمي
وتكبيرِ وِيّ الطفولةِ
يوماً على صدرِ يوم

وأعشقُ عمري لأني
إذا متُّ
أحجلُ من دمِ أُمِّي

خذي، إذا عدتُ يوماً
وشاحاً هُديكُ
وغطّي عظامي بعشبٍ
تعمدُ من طهرِ كعبكُ
وشدّي وثاقي..
بخصلةٍ شعر..
بخيطٍ يلوخُ في ذيلِ ثوبكُ
عساني أصيرُ إلهاً
إلهاً أصير..
إذا ما لمسْتُ قرارةَ قلبك!

ضعيني، إذا ما رجعتُ
وقوداً بتنورِ نارِكُ
وحبلِ الغسيلِ على سطحِ دارِكُ
لأني فقدتُ الوقوفَ
بدونِ صلاةٍ تحارِكُ
هرمتُ، فزدي نجومَ الطفولةِ
حتى أشاركُ
صغارَ العصفيرِ
دربَ الرجوع..
لعشِّ انتظارِك..