

S O V E R E I G N T Y





# AIZA

## SOVEREIGNTY

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Mixed by Adam Tune

Mastered by Reuben Ghose

Photography by Yannis Guibinga





# SOVEREIGNTY

Written by A. Ntibarikure & C. Cargnello

Produced by C The Reason

I got Fides in my blood  
Like a lotus I grew from the mud yeah  
Manifestor by design  
Finally free from the lies yeah  
I got my elders here with me  
Keepin' my eyes on the truth  
They watchin' like it's a movie  
From the top of the hills of Burundi  
I done had an epiphany  
Chakras aligned, stars in the sky  
Steady protectin' my energy  
Facing my demons one at a time  
F\*ck it I'm comin' through young, Black, gifted and beautiful  
F\*ck it I'm comin' through, I got I got yeah yeah

*I got sovereignty*  
*Roots like a sycamore tree*  
*I got sovereignty*  
*Nobody can take it from me*  
*I got sovereignty*  
*Roots like a sycamore tree*  
*I got sovereignty*  
*Sovereignty so so*

*so so so so*  
*Sovereignty so so*  
*so so so so*

Move through the world with my head up  
Cut the bullsh\*t like a barber  
I come from a long lineage of badass women  
Gotta stand in my power  
I'm on my Buddha, Zen as a monk  
Shakin' my body when I'm in a funk

Bumpin' that Fela, Tiwa, Yemi  
Blackity Black and I know I'm enough yeah  
All this time I was sippin' on the Kool-aid  
But it's a new day, yeah it's a new day  
White man ain't got nothin' on me  
Loose curled Betty ain't got nothin' on me  
I was blind but now I can see  
I got I got I got yeah yeah

*I got sovereignty*  
*Roots like a sycamore tree*  
*I got sovereignty*  
*Nobody can take it from me*  
*I got sovereignty*  
*Roots like a sycamore tree*  
*I got sovereignty*  
*Sovereignty so so*

*I got sovereignty*  
*Roots like a sycamore tree*  
*I got sovereignty*  
*Nobody can take it from me*  
*I got sovereignty*  
*Roots like a sycamore tree*  
*I got sovereignty*  
*Sovereignty so so*

*so so so so*  
*Sovereignty so so*  
*so so so so*



# COCOA BUTTER

Written by A. Ntibarikure & C. Cargnello

Produced by C The Reason

Flute by Anh Phung

Lockdown got me hazy  
Monday mornin' to Sunday night  
Damn I been missin' my homies  
Burnin' sage under candlelight  
Call up my girl I say Allie  
It's been so long are you ready  
I got a case full of bubbly  
'Bout to pour up 'till we fuzzy

Workin' under pressure 7 days a week  
I been keepin' busy stackin' my money  
I can't let the hustle get the best of me  
Oh na na na  
'Cause I look so fly, glimpse in the mirror oh my  
Got that

*Cocoa butter on my skin  
Can't get enough of that melanin  
Cocoa butter is glistenin'  
Look in the mirror (damn girl)  
Ooh there she is*

*I just wanna turn up with my gang gang gang  
Yeah I need to confess (confess confess)  
I just wanna turn up with my gang gang  
24-7 no less (no less no less)*

Fast track, fast lane  
They say you gotta work hard, get paid  
Try to tell me no pain, no gain  
Always back to the same thing, insane  
But I just wanna chill for a minute (ooh)  
Kick it with my day ones you know what it do

And get lit quick, moody if I want to  
Shake my big thick booty if I want to  
Ooh ooh

Workin' under pressure 7 days a week  
I been keepin' busy stackin' my money  
I can't let the hustle get the best of me  
Oh na na na  
'Cause I look so fly, glimpse in the mirror oh my  
Got that

*Cocoa butter on my skin  
Can't get enough of that melanin  
Cocoa butter is glistenin'  
Look in the mirror (damn girl)  
Ooh there she is*

*I just wanna turn up with my gang gang gang  
Yeah I need to confess (confess confess)  
I just wanna turn up with my gang gang  
24-7 no less (no less no less)*

*Ay, yeah I need to confess  
I got that cocoa, that cocoa butter*



# BLACK TEA

Written by A. Ntibarikure & C. Cargnello

Produced by C The Reason

Hey boo, how you doin'?

I meant to holla last week

But I guess I got caught up in the moment

And I know I missed the party

But I see you online lookin' smokin' hey

Don't worry 'bout me

I'm sippin' on a warm cup of honey with a side of black tea

I been busy mindin' my business

Busy braidin' my hair

Busy taking my time yeah

On my way to nowhere

Yoga in the mornin' (stretch)

Skin straight glowin' (fresh)

I'm sippin' on a warm cup of honey with a side of black tea

*Can I call you back in a minute*

*I don't wanna talk on the phone*

*So can I call you back in a minute (lickety split)*

*I need to cherish my time alone*

See I been busy mindin' my business

Busy braidin' my hair

Busy taking my time yeah

On my way to nowhere

Yoga in the mornin' (stretch)

Skin straight glowin' (fresh)

I'm sippin' on a warm cup of honey with a side of black tea

Hey boo, I'm movin' at my own pace

Drama lookin' at me sideways

Every day is a spa day

Steady soakin' in a bath full of bubbly

So if I miss your call boo

I'm probably starin' at the moon

Sippin' on a warm cup of honey with a side of black tea

Never too sweet

*Can I call you back in a minute*

*I don't wanna talk on the phone*

*So can I call you back in a minute (lickety split)*

*I need to cherish my time alone*

*Can I call you back in a minute*

*I don't wanna talk on the phone*

*So lemme call you back baby love*

*I need to cherish my time alone, ooh*

(Ooh hey)

So let me call you back in a minute child

(Ooh hey)

I need to cherish my time alone

(Can I call you back)

Lemme call you back

Lemme call, lemme call you back in a moment

(I don't wanna talk)

I don't wanna talk right now

I don't wanna talk right now

(So lemme call you back)

Let me call you back in the mornin'

(Don't worry 'bout me)

I'm sippin' on a warm cup of honey with a side of black tea

Never too sweet



# ALRIGHT

Written by A. Ntibarikure & C. Cargnello, H. Sanbalian, C. LaRocca-Ceronne  
Produced by C The Reason & Herag Sanbalian

So much to do & plenty time  
Steady protect my peace of mind  
Keepin’ my eyes up on the prize  
Ready, secure, feelin’ aligned oh oh  
It’s like we don’t gotta worry no more  
‘Cause even when it hit the fan we know  
It’s all in the vibe yeah  
We’re gonna be alright so

Pour me a cup with no alco  
Turn it up anywhere we go  
We come a long way yeah  
We come a long way  
First the money was slow  
Now we’re parkin’ valet  
It’s all in the vibe yeah  
We’re gonna be, we’re gonna be

*Alright*  
*Keep it goin’ all night, yeah we doin’*  
*Alright*  
*Keep it goin’ all night, yeah we doin’*  
*Alright*  
*Keep it goin’ all night, yeah we doin’ alright*

A to the I to the Z to the A  
That’s my name and I ain’t come here to play  
People tryna tell me how to act, who to be  
I reply with a smile  
F U pay me  
I hydrated, meditated  
Stretched my body and I’m ready to get it (uh huh)  
It’s all in the vibe yeah  
You know we’re gonna be alright so

Pour me a cup with no alco  
Turn it up anywhere we go  
We come a long way yeah  
We come a long way  
First the money was slow  
Now we’re parkin’ valet  
It’s all in the vibe yeah  
We’re gonna be, we’re gonna be

*Alright*  
*Keep it goin’ all night, yeah we doin’*  
*Alright*  
*Keep it goin’ all night, yeah we doin’*  
*Alright*  
*Keep it goin’ all night, yeah we doin’ alright*

Tout est beau, tout est beau, tout est bien bien  
Tout est beau, tout est bien bien

Pour me a cup with no alco  
Turn it up anywhere we go  
We’re gonna be, you know we’re gonna be

*Alright*  
*Keep it goin’ all night, yeah we doin’*  
*Alright*  
*Keep it goin’ all night, yeah we doin’*  
*Alright*  
*Keep it goin’ all night, yeah we doin’*  
*Alright (doin’ alright)*  
*Keep it goin’ all night, yeah we doin’ alright*



# MAJIMBO

Written by A. Ntibarikure & C. Cargnello  
Produced by C The Reason  
Additional vocals by K.O.G

Look at me, look at me go  
Flyin’ high like an eagle  
Keep your drama way out the door  
Can’t nobody mess with my flow  
Steady finessin’  
Curved like a crescent  
All lucky sevens  
Check my ascendant  
I’m drippin’ in luxury  
And my entourage all VIP

1 - 2 buckle my shoe  
3 - 4 step out the door  
Put my shades on  
Strike a pose

*Flex like Majimbo*  
*Stack checks like Majimbo*  
*Flex like Majimbo*  
*Stack checks like Majimbo*  
*Flex like Majimbo*  
*Stack checks like Majimbo*  
*Be the best like Majimbo*  
*Be the best like Majimbo*

*Majimbo, Majimbo*  
*Majimbo, Majimbo*  
*Majimbo, Majimbo*  
*Ay time to look my way*  
*Majimbo*

Yee yee I’m in the zone yeah  
Blessings won’t leave me alone

Sprinkle bravado all over my plate  
Make `em wait  
But I’m always right  
On time when the beat go  
Bassline like a hella fine Pino  
Timeless like Ella and Kidjo  
Roll out the red carpet we go

1 - 2 buckle my shoe  
3 - 4 step out the door  
Put my shades on  
Strike a pose (ooh)

*Flex like Majimbo*  
*Stack checks like Majimbo*  
*Flex like Majimbo*  
*Stack checks like Majimbo*  
*Flex like Majimbo*  
*Stack checks like Majimbo*  
*Be the best like Majimbo*  
*Be the best like Majimbo*

*Majimbo, Majimbo*  
*Majimbo, Majimbo*  
*Majimbo, Majimbo*  
*Ay time to look my way*  
*Majimbo Majimbo*

Look at me look at me go  
Put my shades on strike a pose  
Look at me look at me go



# ROSÉ

Written by A. Ntibarikure & C. Cargnello  
Produced by C The Reason  
Bass by Divinity Roxx  
Horns by Hannah Mae-Bertwell, Griffon Forbes-Amos, Max Purcell-Burrows  
Additional back vocals by Kamana Ntibarikure

Remember back in the day  
When I stepped up on the scene  
You tried to play me, I was only seventeen  
Now you wanna kick it like we on the same team  
But I don't forget a face  
And I'm way out of your league oh

You ooh  
You must have me confused  
Let me hit you with the truth  
I'ma go left and you can go right, boy bye

*Sippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Why you gotta call my name (boy bye)*  
*Tippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Better get out my face (oh I)*  
*Sippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Why you gotta call my name (boy bye)*  
*Tippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Better get out my face (yeah)*  
*Sippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Why you gotta call my name (boy bye)*  
*Tippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Better get out my face (oh I)*  
*Sippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Why you gotta call my name (boy bye)*  
*Tippin' on my rosé*  
*Yeah yeah yeah yeah*

Back in the day it was so long ago  
Hate to admit we would talk on phone

I see you wanna pretend like we're close  
Don't even try homie leave me alone

You ooh,  
You must have me confused  
Let me hit you with the truth  
I'ma go left and you can go right, boy bye

*Sippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Why you gotta call my name (boy bye)*  
*Tippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Better get out my face (oh I)*  
*Sippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Why you gotta call my name (boy bye)*  
*Tippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Better get out my face (yeah)*  
*Sippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Why you gotta call my name (boy bye)*  
*Tippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Better get out my face (oh I)*  
*Sippin' on my rosé (boy bye)*  
*Why you gotta call my name (boy bye)*  
*Tippin' on my rosé*  
*Yeah yeah yeah yeah*

Oh no, oh you just a phony  
Please don't, don't act like you know me  
Oh no, oh you just a phony  
Please don't, don't act like you know me





# ONE & ONLY

Written by A. Ntibarikure & C. Cargnello

Produced by C The Reason

Horns by Hannah Mae-Bertwell, Griffon Forbes-Amos, Max Purcell-Burrows

I wanna make a toast to my lover  
His smile is like a milli  
No doubt he was sent from above, oh yeah  
Swept me off my feet like no other  
Make my heart go beat like a drummer  
Each time we lock eyes I know

That there's no more searchin' for my bonanza  
Mmm yeah we got the answer  
Even if I try to push him away  
He say, he say

*Let me care for you my darlin'*  
*Make you breakfast in the mornin'*  
*I'll always care for you my darlin'*  
*Loving you, my one and only*

It was a hot hot M-T-L summer  
When we got together  
Sugar bang bang sugar so sweet  
Mmm such a vibe, oh my  
Can't deny he  
Swept me off my feet like no other  
Make my heart go beat like a drummer, ah yeah  
Each time we lock eyes I know

That there's no more searchin' for my bonanza  
Mmm yeah we got the answer  
Even if I try to push him away  
He say, he say

*Let me care for you my darlin'*  
*Make you breakfast in the mornin'*  
*I'll always care for you my darlin'*  
*Loving you, my one and only*

Let me care for you  
Oh oh oh (oh oh oh)  
I love him so, I love him so  
Never let him go, let him go  
I love him so, I love him  
So I never let him go (oh he says)

*Let me care for you my darlin'*  
*(day and night, care for me day and night)*  
*Make you breakfast in the mornin'*  
*(he make me breakfast yeah, he make me breakfast yeah)*  
*I'll always care for you my darlin'*  
*Loving you, my one and only*

I love him so, I love him so  
Never let him go, let him go  
I love him so, I love him  
So I never let him go, let him go

I wanna make a toast to my lover  
His smile is like a milli  
No doubt he was sent from above, oh yeah  
You're my one and only  
You're my one and only, yeah I know I know  
You're my one and only  
You're my one and only, yeah I know I know



# LITTLE GIRL

Written by A. Ntibarikure & C. Cargnello, S. Woywitka, L. Fogale

Produced by C The Reason

Little girl with a heart so pure  
You carry the weight of the world on your tiny shoulders  
With a smile that could end a war  
Sparkle in your eye so hopeful, hopeful  
All alone to pick up the pieces  
While you should be busy daydreamin' oh

All that you needed was a little understandin'  
Prayin' for a little love  
How could you know that some people take advantage  
Make you feel like you're not enough oh  
I'm sorry that it took me so long  
You won't always have to be strong  
Now won't you take my hand

*Together we are stronger  
And now that I know better  
I promise to protect you  
Through the stormy weather*

There's too much pressure to keep up appearances  
I used to lie and keep denyin'  
Bury the truth, internalizin' my pain  
But I never wanted to shame you  
Never intended to blame you  
And despite all that you been through  
You were brave enough to stay true

When all that you needed was a little understandin'  
Prayin' for a little love  
How could you know that some people take advantage  
Make you feel like you're not enough oh  
I'm sorry that it took me so long

You won't always have to be strong  
Now won't you take my hand

*Together we are stronger  
And now that I know better  
I promise to protect you  
Through the stormy weather*

I understand you now  
And baby I can feel you now  
And you can let the tears fall down  
We made it through somehow

*Together we are stronger  
(Hey together we are)  
And now that I know better  
I promise to protect you  
(I promise to protect you, I promise to protect you)  
Through the stormy weather  
Through the stormy weather*

*Together we are stronger  
(Together we are stronger)  
And now that I know better  
(Now that I know better)  
I promise to protect you  
(Oh, oh protect protect you)  
Through the stormy weather  
(Through the stormy weather)  
Through the stormy weather*

*Oh, little girl  
Little girl, little girl*



# I WANT YOUR LOVE

Written by A. Ntibarikure & C. Cargnello

Produced by Aiza

We always run, run to win the race  
Givin' all we got to win the first place  
The trick is this track it never ends  
So I'd rather walk instead  
I been lost and found way too many times  
And my heart's been scarred for a while  
And I don't want to rush  
Oh no, I'm takin' it slow  
And still I wanna give you a chance, oh

*'Cause I want your love  
I want your love  
Oh said I want, said I want, said I want your love  
I want your love, yeah I want your love  
Yeah yeah*

Since you came around I don't feel the same  
I'm not used to the sound the beat of my heart makes  
It's been so long since I've felt this way  
But is it really worth the pain oh ooh  
I'm so used to hidin' the way I feel  
I'm gonna need some time before letting you in  
So afraid to go down that road again  
But I'll be alright if you take my hand, oh

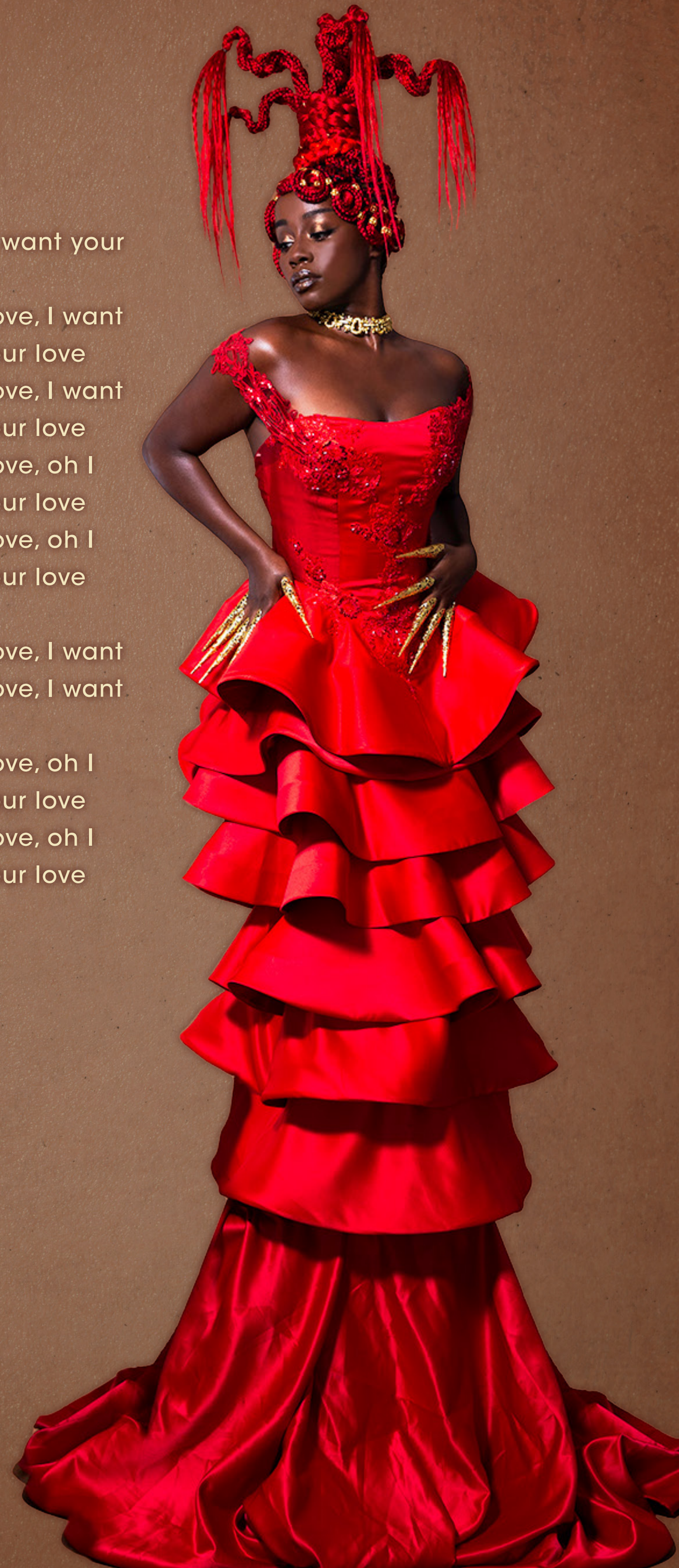
*'Cause I want your love  
I want your love  
Oh said I want, said I want, said I want your love  
I want your love, I want your love  
Yeah yeah*

I want your, I want your

I want your love, I want  
Yes I need your love  
I want your love, I want  
Yes I need your love  
I want your love, oh I  
Yes I need your love  
I want your love, oh I  
Yes I need your love

I want your love, I want  
I want your love, I want

I want your love, oh I  
Yes I need your love  
I want your love, oh I  
Yes I need your love





# KITÉ

Written by A. Ntibarikure & C. Cagnello, K. Ntibarikure

Produced by C The Reason

Back vocals by K.O.G

Additional percussion by K.O.G and Tom Excell

Ah ah mais de quoi tu parles toi  
Je n'ai pas le temps de penser à à  
Tous tes maudits tracas  
Moi je te dis j'en ai assez  
C'est le moment de quitter  
Tu n'es peut-être pas au courant  
Mais ton heure a sonné  
C'est le moment de quitter  
Je m'en doutais depuis longtemps  
Oui ton heure a sonné, eh

Ooh t'as pas l'habitude d'entendre non, c'est fou  
Comme si la terre tourne autour de toi an-ooh  
Toi t'es un problème, toi et tes problèmes  
J'en ai plus rien à faire, j'en ai plus rien à faire

*Tu vas kité?*  
*Quand est-ce tu vas kité?*  
*Continue de déconner*  
*Je vais te couper décaler*

Move trick, get the f\*ck outta my house trick  
(get the f\*ck outta my house)  
Move trick, get the f\*ck outta my house trick  
(kité kité)  
Move trick, get the f\*ck outta my house trick  
(kité)  
Move trick, get the f\*ck outta my house  
(kité kité)

Eh bébé lala, typiquement tu fais ton bébé lala  
Tu veux faire pitié et tout l'monde le voit

Mm ah bon, là tu t'en vas?  
Tes remords, tes larmes de crocodiles  
Comme si ta vie n'était pas facile  
Promis juré, je vais te couper

Ooh t'as pas l'habitude d'entendre non, c'est fou  
Comme si la terre tourne autour de toi an-ooh  
Toi t'es un problème, toi et tes problèmes  
J'en ai plus rien à faire, j'en ai plus rien à faire

*Tu vas kité?*  
*Quand est-ce tu vas kité?*  
*Continue de déconner*  
*Je vais te couper décaler*

Move trick, get the f\*ck outta my house trick  
(kité)  
Move trick, get the f\*ck outta my house trick  
(kité kité)  
Move trick, get the f\*ck outta my house trick  
(get the f\*ck outta my house)  
Move trick, get the f\*ck outta my house  
(kité kité)

*Tu vas kité?*  
*Quand est-ce tu vas kité?*  
*Continue de déconner*  
*Je vais te couper décaler*

*Je vais te couper décaler*



# WALK AWAY

Written by A. Ntibarikure & C. Cargnello

Produced by C The Reason

Horns by Hannah Mae-Bertwell, Griffon Forbes-Amos, Max Purcell-Burrows

Once upon a time I was mindin' my business  
Goin' solo was enough  
You came around, you got me fallin'  
Though I swear I wasn't lookin' for love  
You pulled me out of my cave baby  
When I was doin' just fine, oh yeah  
And now you're tryin' to escape my love  
Not sure you even know why

*But do what you gotta do*  
*Walk away, walk away boo*  
*Do what you gotta do*  
*Walk away, walk away boo*  
*Do what you gotta do*  
*Walk away, walk away boo*  
*Do what you gotta do*  
*Walk a— walk away boo*

It's so easy to get caught up in a feeling  
Now it seems you're picking fear over reason  
You think that you're the only one who's scared?  
I keep it classy by this sh\*t ain't fair  
Feeling borderline desperate, delusional  
I should have known better  
See I was ready to dive in but now you got cold feet  
Soon enough you're gonna realize  
You'll never find another woman like me  
Well go on with your bad self tough guy  
See I won't wait around 'till you change your mind  
They say to let it go, that's how you know  
So I'm gonna let the bird fly ooh

*Do what you gotta do*  
*Walk away, walk away boo*  
*Do what you gotta do*  
*Walk away, walk away boo*  
*Do what you gotta do*  
*Walk away, walk away boo*  
*Do what you gotta do*  
*Walk a— walk away boo*

I'm too real, I'm too fly  
And around me you come alive  
I'm saying you can run  
But you can't hide from the truth, ooh baby

Hey, walk a— walk a— walk away  
Walk a— walk a— now walk away now  
Walk a— walk a— walk a— hey  
Walk a— walk a— woah

*Do what you gotta do*  
*Walk away, walk away boo*  
*Do what you gotta do*  
*Walk away, walk away boo*  
*(Now walk away now)*  
*Do what you gotta do*  
*Walk away, walk away boo*  
*Do what you gotta do*  
*Walk a— walk away boo*  
*(Now walk away boo)*

You're gonna miss my love





In a world where we are constantly told that we are not enough, this collection of songs is me claiming my power and saying *f\*ck it I'm coming through, young, Black, gifted and beautiful!* To my precious and growing tribe around the world, thank you for believing in this little Burundian girl from Montreal. I have never been more proud to put out a project and I can't wait for you to listen to it on repeat. May this album become the soundtrack to powerful awakenings and unforgettable nights dancing under the moonlight.

*Aiza* ✓