

The Lack in Black

What happen---to you blacks today?

I thought the chains were broken,

But you're still enslaved.

You still can't read---write,

Speak--correctly.

You finally have Liberty,

Yet you choose to stay property?

You black men creating offspring

Impregnating multiple women,

Not fathering those children,

In the streets they are livin'.

Mine were sold----taken---beaten---slavin'

I couldn't save them.

You need to save them!

Negro thugs today---saying it's hard in the streets

Saying it's tough in these ghettos,

Try surviving in the meadows

of Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana

Hold these shackles in your hand,

I'll gladly carry the pistol.

Freedom's in your palms

While Cotton was in mine

Killing your own,

Nigga! Nigga! Nigga!

Your cruel entertainment,
It is not charming,
My broken bones aren't laughing,
These stripes on my back are not amused.
These lashes were for you!
Our beatings were for you!
Our Freedom handed right to you!
Chains still cover all over you---
Not deserving of none of you!
You now-a-day blacks are weak.
All of you blacks----
Still slaves.

How Women Say No

I don't know.
I'm not sure.
I'm not ready for that, yet.
Maybe another time.
How about next week?
I'll have to check my schedule.
I'm focusing on my career.
It's not you, it's me.
I'm not looking for anyone right now.
I really rather not.
Oh, I shouldn't.

Maybe later.

How about next time?

How about tomorrow?

No.

Okay I will.

Welcome to America

These people love fried chicken

Watermelon

They are always loud

They are uneducated

They like to shoot each other

But they can dance

They can sing

Man, are they funny!

Then them over there

They can't speak our language

They take all our jobs

Their taking over our country!

Illegal citizens ---most of them

They also like chicken—tacos

Have ALOT of children—undisciplined.

Then there's them across the way
Their women—on billboards
They are smart--gifted
They have it all!
They come from stable homes,
Great incomes,
Scoreless on the basketball courts,
Can't jump,
But have great credit scores.

Stereotypical delights,

1st Black

2nd Hispanic

Last 3rd White,

If you guessed these

You're so wrong

But right.

Teenage Dream

They no longer scream for ice cream

Voices sore from loud music

Raging from the party before

Drinking the school night away

Stealing smokes from mom

Stealing drugs from dad

Sex Education –Their favorite homework

Babies at 16

Learning from T.V.

Their idols from

The shores of Jersey

The twerking girl, sticks out her tongue

They raised their hands to her

Instead of in the classroom

They drop out like flies

Have to cook French fries

Flip burgers, “Can I take your order?”

Words of regret linger in their mouths

Like the taste of cheap beer

Cheers!

Ringling in their heads

Singing doubtfully out loud,

Say it loud, so we can hear it,

“We’re proud, still young!”

Smells Like Teen Spirit