"IT'S TIME FOR SOME U.N.I.-T.Y."

They want to freeze my 360 degrees,
But I believe, my instinct is to perceive,
for as long as I shall breathe,
My self-esteem has been interrogated
By the schemes of the unclean;
Still in my dreams, I spread my wings,
to soar to greater things...

They say my wrongs are natural 'cause I
Evolved from the darkness - but mind-poisoning
Pollutions is what got me hateful, heartless,
thoughtless, as I dwell in the shadows of poverty,
tellin' me don't let this bother me -
Pray, but I can't stay on my knees,
while they throwin' dirt on top of me.
And the gods & governments keep-me twisted
Like twine,
Infiltrating my mind, turnin' me against my
own kind.
Helpless, as the propheses of Revelations unfold in my eye,
while I strive for a place in the midst of this human race.
Oh sweet mother, pray for me, can you see what they
made of me?
Lookin' me down 'cause they're afraid of me,
screamin' there's no other place for me.
I struggle & strive to strain my eyes to see a better side,
while I'm stricken with tears, soaked in tears
from all these ghetto cries.
Sho they don't love us, the undercover wit they martial law,
mourning my brother, we lost another, cops knocked him off.
The struggle for love, peace, happiness just make us sicker,
so we substitute it with Hanging, slanging, Good weed,
and hard liquor.
People's misfortune sometimes can make people laugh, but how can we laugh at being chained & dragged, thumbcock 45's, point blank between our eyes, when will we realize only God is on our side. Pain be the morals of the stories we tell, cause graveyards & jail cells is where the most of us dwell. Ghetto mothers alone in broken homes, but they do the best, stressed, in a black dress, laying their babies to rest. I can't sleep, hopin' I live another week, will I conquer defeat, or fall victim to them bloody streets. They say give up our tools and they gon' give us some food, that's so when the holocaust come we gon' be destined to lose, the war.

Uneducated, discriminated & violated, we ranked most hated, and our survival is nickel plated. War-path ritual, our offenses habitual, while we pray for a miracle, handed down from the merciful. Screams in the Ghetto cut through my heart like butcher-knife, while I witness the sacrifice, when another child loses his life. I see queens torn friends, watch'em shatter they lifedreams so bad how it seems we ignore so much unclean. And have you ever seen death in a street child's eyes, no they don't look surprised as he dies while his family cries. Huh, cause street children already understand, that it's a part of a perfect plan, manifested by the evil man. Smoke like the gates of rise up from they gun blast, cause they feel they's best to blast fast, if they are expecting to last. False mission politicians trickin' parents to listen, promisin' what we missin', but it's just to get in position.
now it's no more welfare and my mom can't cope,
my pop stay broke,
but give me life 'cause I'm selling dope.
Abominations among men,
in a dark-world plagued with sin,
got more children trapped in the pen,
who'll never see the streets again.
Presidents play their games, but I think they're insane,
strappin' down in their airplanes,
over there messin' wit Hussein,
for some oil, God knows I don't wanna fall;
for such a small cause, leave him alone y'all;
that fool gonna kill us all.
and patch up that hole so I don't burn down to my soul.
Surface the last scrolls to show why the world so cold.
I'm having hot flashes imprisoned in sadness,
while the flames from this madness burn my whole
world to ashes.
I sit in my room alone in a zone and I ponder the
question why,
but the real question is why don't I just unify
with others who cry so that we can fly.
It's time for some unity... truly.
Ronald Blackman
#97337

We can make a difference
because we are the difference.