Coastlines

I asked that they let me be great
(A rap by Joma Shelby)

I'm scratching my way to love
in this world filled with hate;
Friends lost to the struggle;
Orphaned child born through the hustle;
No whip marks, no brands of enslavement, we're free;
But my people treat me as if it was me
that hung our ancestors from the trees;
Let me weep, why should I hold back tears of pain;
My heart hurts from the unity my people fail to gain;
We'd rather slang drugs and gang bang;
And we're content with barely enough and just trying to maintain;
They say light one up and that'll solve the problem;
But when it burns out, I find that there's still no solution to this solvent;
I don't want to dilute it, I want to dissolve it;
Who put these thoughts of guns in my siblings' heads and told them the answer is to revolve it;
Six answers in the chamber and the seventh is to rest;
Our head on a cot and engrave tribal marks on our chest;
It seems the chain gang receives more praise than the weighted brain;
Of a genius that spends his time engaged in a book to gain wisdom of the unexplained;
I asked that you let me be great,
but if my greatness is validated through dummy rap;
Or my ability to spit spoken word that don't make you think,
but instead just snap,
then I'll pass on all of that;
I'm trying to take guns out my siblings' heads and place peace in their hearts;
I understand the fight for scraps and a little break from the dark;
Can motivate you to pick up the heater and make a spark;
Just to receive a little milk and honey to a throat that's parched.
I understand how fighting for your life seems right;
Until you're blinded by the light and lose sight of what's right
And wrong, and your home becomes a cage harboring jailbird songs;
I know what it feels like to have potential corked;
And what it's like to long to be spooned but you get forked;
Because you've been labeled a nerd, know-it-all, or a dork;
I asked that you let me be great, but let me alter the proposition;
I'm really asking for no opposition, and I believe that your assistance in this composition would be a wise decision.
I'm just trying to teach our children that there's more to living than just existing and becoming a stereotype and a part of the system.