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My Black Community

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My Black Community

Ashley Stewart

I see an oppressed community
Full of hopes and dreams
That do not seem like they can be redeemed
Society is setting me up for failure
And I try to mature
But I feel so insecure
Because the media depresses me
What's up with my black community?
Why can't we stand up in unity?
Be one Hold hands
Rock dreads Be friends
Is it even possible?
I have a vision of life everlasting
God looking down
Happy if you ask me
Did I just feel a chill?
Can this happen for real?
Maybe if we stop black on black crime
Peace love and power to the rhyme
Battle with our words and not these gang signs
Dang that's deep!
Black people selling themselves for cheap
Is slavery over or do we still housekeep?

Black brothers' lifeline so steep

Was here yesterday
But now they are down six feet
And tomorrow, TOMORROW IS JUST ANOTHER REPEAT
I feel sorrow and pain
No wonder my black community going insane!
Well that's what the media says
But according to them
What do I know?
Although the press provided black people so much oppression
No wonder the black man has so much aggression
Watching TV is like a False Black Confession
Well we get a month
Is that a blessing?
Remember when we were put up for auction?
Now our respect dignity and pride they sell for free
While we looking all crazy when they air us on TV
Looking like some idiots and fools
And this is just one of many of their tools
To make other races feel superior
While we come off as ignorant and inferior
I wish someone would look at my interior
And not just see another black face
Let's bring pride back to the black race