Capital

Why must we replace rounds of basketball for rounds of ammo like the eraser cutting my story short

Why must we replace ink in pen or lead in pencils for the lead casings that lead to me being pinned on a pole surrounded by dirty plushies, burned out candles and long dead flowers

I don't wanna be remember by what had happened to me

These horrifying bangs knocking me off my feet so low to the ground and yet I still look up to pray I get home safe

Is it selfish to not wanna end up as shoes on a powering line, their meaning so sweet and yet their insinuation so grim

We're so caught up in color, and a war for blocks to preserve food for our own

We never take a moment to look out and see where our resources are going

Like an ant hill, rummaging for scraps

While anyone who does see who's dropping them is supposedly a magnified issue

Like a beam leaving us to char as black as our skin and the panthers The CIA also deemed a threat for feeding communities

Is existing in this plane a different color a root to all sin

Using sex to pacify the violence that causes the internal screams of our mothers tearless eyes

Gathering for the queen with 9 to 5s and restless nights

We don't fight because we're as umintelligent as you make us seem but for our rights

Leaving the 14th 15th and 16th buried with captions of fly high

Social media leaving our young to get high and idolize serial killers like hive minds

Leaving it to us to lay rest to anyone with open eyes

Rest in peace LGPQua