

BLM—to WHO?

Justice is hard for those who deny it to others,

Disposed in the guise of equality and truth, underneath lies hatred and torture.

What percent of human does black folk have to be?

To be equally treated and respected, not giving our last breath before we can be free?

How many eyes must suffer to bear witness to perpetual injustices, and yet they still can't see?

That my skin has always been the cause of fear and hatred, such envious friends of my enemy.

Relentless at inventing new ways to keep us oppressed, according to their narrative vicariously,

Through systems ran by legislature, laced with misanthropic content, it's designed to enslave the blackest me.

They seem oblivious to recognize that they have conformed to the nature of their own prison—
invincible to eyes that see,

That it's my color and the very power of my skin that's been given permission to possess their
freedom key,

How much blood should black people give to fill injustice's cup and scream to the world, how
AmeriKKKa fails to endorse black folk to be free!

400 years of slavery translated into systemic racism, 8 minutes and 46 seconds —George was
murdered by death of a knee

By: Taye' "Tha Sensei"