

Until You Understand Me, Please Find Me Guilty

Donte Clark

It has an aftertaste of slavery
A flavor like acid that seeps deep into the
system of your kingdom obliterating your
royalty destroying your sense of taste
no longer can experience the sweetness
of life', speak love, or savour truth

Well damn, it feels like lynch dream, huh
like a black boy six years old
Growing cold from watching everything he wanted
to be: death beaten, tied up, burn,
stretched, hanging from a tree
we still dangling from the noose that strangled our masculinity
now branded for life
hands no chances just leave you
rocking and rocking, hmmm, back and forth to
notes that the wind blows or a bunch of
Kings now pinned on death row just agin'
rotten and rotten get the maximum with no parole
went heavy on that thin rope
we was born a slave to hope
a black man assassinated
oh ho yo, that's the story of my life Yo
Silence, no cause the silence has a sharp edge
That will make your ears bleed, if you listen
Shh, quiet, quiet shhh, shut up
now tell me you can hear it
it's the sound of a raising fire igniting my spirit
or the rumbling of concrete walls
Inspiring within me echoes of torment
from a soul that's heavy with civil war
moaning the rhythms of agony so musically
how beautifully huh my heart
can beat the baseline patterns of a
hundred round drums

Chevron's chemicals, purple weed & gunpowder fills my lungs,
So I breathe a slow death
yes give you nightmares of a black man
banging at your conscience afraid I
Detonate on your doorstep
Well my thoughts have the effects of a nuclear bomb
So stand clear when I brainstorm
Yeeeah call me that nigga they fear most
the ghost of Nat Turner
tongue like Malcolm X I burn ya
to learn ya about the game that the white man been playing
no longer keep quiet
Change my diet from the plate full of self-hatred
Now I feast and digest on black pride
I chew on revolution and spit out solutions
What, but it's hard to What, but it's hard to Why
because where I'm from bullets fly
from black hands to be lodged in the head of
a black man's

And Damn we losin'
I'm constantly cruisin up shits creek
lift my head from the trenches
I walk through the battlefields of Richmond
with each step I'm inching closer to six feet under
Incarcerated and poverty
Handcuffed in a struggle
I gotta make it out
so my best plan is to hustle
I gotta hustle, I gotta hustle, I gotta hustle
Driving knuckles into the jaws of suckers
No pity
trying to stack my plate up, haaah
Who else gonna feed me haaah
Before too long they be confusing my insane starvation
for greed, but I'm not greedy
no I'm not greedy
I'm not greedy, I'm just empty huh

there's a split in my side right
and in the eyes of many i'm like a penny with a
hole in it
right here, right now
i am a body made of concrete walls whose insides is violent
with two souls in it, haaah, there's a fight for control in it,
I don't know who I'm supposed to be see
it's like I tried to do right and my right steered left and my left
and what was left was controlling me--me, me, me
like the doors of success only opens for
A black man is when he got the keys and they roar---laah, laah, laah
It don't matter what side of the gun you own
whether the victim or the trigger
you still a nigger
In the eyes of the law, you can bet that
If you do sometimes, if you do sometimes, if you do sometimes
I feel most like Emmitt Till, What
like boy, keep your eyes off them whites
And no whistle, keep tight, think twice.
And you might not get killed you see
They fear, no they, no, no, no they fear
No, no they, they envious of the physics of this big black buck
and they strongly believe that blonde hair and blue eyes is what all black guys want
like hunt and prey, like they hunt and we prey
We the prey since the birth of this nation
It be like sometimes I can't tell
If I am the target or the assailant
In this Black male assassination huh well maybe i'm both shiit
maybe maybe I'm just crazier than
most huh i'm the smoke that twirls
from the barrel of a 45
that adds to Richmond's homicides
Riiight no I'm the spear no
The arrow that shoots through history to advance
the centuries of my people's miseries woah
I'm the dream of Dr. King no
I'm the flame under the pot

the powder cooking the rock
that's chopped and served on the block
to the fiends I'm too dope woah
Hold up
Well you tell me
you tell me who I'm supposed to be
you tell me how I'm supposed to behave
you see it's hard for me to manage me
I'm split
I feel like half kingdom half slave have some pride no
have shame have freedom half chained
I'm part alive and half brain so I
battle with life and death everyday in my prison whoa my prison is good my prison like boy.
I wish you would my prison like I'm just saying I'm just saying I'm just saying
My prison is like being a black man no
it's more like having a conscience
Serving a life sentence for being numb cause of the frigidness is the ice brings to your soul
it looks like shiny and gold trimming on royalty purple
like Marcus Garvey bold no
it sounds like trumpets booming through the heavens
when I speak
Bang
It tastes like melted mountains of chocolate
Piles of black bodies torched by racism's flames
Can't you see how bad I wanna leave this place
Can't you see
That its too normal
For black kids to grow up unsafe
Feeling the warmth of blood
Like raindrops after the Hurricanes of bullets
Don't you know, don't you know
there is nowhere that i can go and just lay low cuz of the color of my skin
I can't blend in, I'm forever on radar---damn
Lifes too hard, life's too hard i just wanna go far but i can't leave---no. Can't leave---no
But it's killing me slow, like don't you know, don't you know that I'm tired of contradiction
keeping me in Prison
and being looked down upon by all black women whose faith has expired

They're sick and tired of my existence
I Feel cemented and I'm breaking my conscious is cracking and flaking
My life is shaky foundation
And underneath the pavement my
heart is not love but the yearning of
freedom and until you try to understand
me I will forever be found guilty and
I'm planning for my escape
Damn
I can't wait to leave this place
and I hope it's due to the strength of a rope
with an aftertaste of a bullet
Come on y'all
pull it, kill me, end me
ha aha aha but you can't though, What
But you can't though, Why
Cause where you from black to suffer
and struggle only makes you tougher,
Regal is DNA and Kingdom a state of mind and you
Will soon fly one day but until then, What
you have to be caged with confusion, Why me
and allow your spirit to travel the
middle passage another time to the other side
you'll make it out alive if god wills his soul
he'll make a warrior out of you
yes he will
Fight for the truth I will and until the
Angels carry you home remember, What
remember in the presence of solitude God
is with you and you are never alone
Shiit
It be them sometimes, y'all know it be them sometimes

Donte Clark, Richmond, California do it up