

## Picket Fence

Brother Ali

I was up and out my mothers house at 17  
Been a grown ass married man ever since  
Family reunions, I'm talked about but never seen  
Cause I learned that some of them can be your nemesis  
Got a lot of scars on me, and I'll tell you the stories  
If, you promise not to take offense  
Homie, sit back then, hand bring the beat in  
I'll try to find a place to start that makes sense now  
The first time I was pushed out blind  
Cold and naked, spanked on the ass to breathe  
An immigrant from heaven on earth with a WORK VISA  
I announce my self with gasps and screams  
Before black and white supremacy, heisted my innocence  
I was living out life behind the picket fence  
Happy go lucky scared of no one  
With only the exception, I'm allergic to the sun  
Didn't know I had a image that a camera couldn't capture  
100% Allah's manufacture  
But then came the laughter, and outside I'm battered  
Picket fence shattered  
I saw my self as bastard tagalong, harassed and spat upon  
By the children of slave masters who passed it on  
The saddest songs been sung at the hands of who I call the race from hell  
Its a disgrace from hell  
Fell face first in the self hate  
Burst into tears when I hear my own hellish name cursed  
If I seem timid, its only because every mirror that I saw back then had the  
earths ugliest human being in it  
And with that said, they would kick me till they got tired or I act dead  
And I, have to tell ya'll that the obvious part  
That I always feel free when I'm talking to god  
Alone on the playground, Friday afternoon  
And the, old sister who hums gospel tunes  
I saw her, noticed her getting closer  
She approached me and put a knowing hand on my shoulder  
And booked my feelings  
Cause she looked at me in a way that adults very seldom look at children  
And with the wisdom only earned by years  
She read my thoughts and she welled up with tears and said

"You look the way you do because you're special  
Not the short bus way, I mean that God's gonna test you  
And all of this pain is training for the day when you  
will have to lead with the gift God gave to you  
Grown folks don't see it but the babies do  
And there's a chance that you can save a few"  
And time would prove that, she started my movement  
She didn't tell me to take it - she told me to use it

The second time poppa ripped the womb open early  
And exposed me to the coldness life prematurely  
Where mom's love used to live, now housed denial  
And when that decayed, it made it bitter and spiteful  
But me and my runaway, we share something special  
Rode into the sunset, can barely can tough the pedals  
No strings attached, screaming, "fuck Geppetto"  
We may live in the gutter, but we cling to each other

A week before my son came, I caught a bad bounce  
And had to step to mom with my hands out  
And momma proved the two of us could not live in that house  
She lied to the police so they would throw us in the streets  
And separating from you, is something that I feel I must do  
Its not that I don't love you, its' more that I don't trust you  
Its been a year since I've seen a living relative  
And it's just now that I'm starting to live  
But while I'm sitting here, choking on tears wishing I didn't care  
Feeling all alone in this hemisphere, I swear upon everything I hold dear  
And then my wife comes near, and I hear a voice whisper in my ear

"You're going through all of this because you're special  
Not no superstar shit, I mean that God had to test you  
And all of this pain has been training for the day when you  
would lead us with the gift God gave to you  
Your parents might not see it but your babies do  
And there's a chance that you can save a few"  
And time would prove that, she started my movement  
She didn't tell me to take it, she told me to use it

So I use it