

Mixed Feelings

Logic

I am not a poet, I am just a designer of words
Architecting sentences the way I form and merge
Paragraphs together that force MC's to submerge
With an urge, to break free of this bi-racial jail cell
Feast on my memories, please come and taste this
Papa was a black man, mama was a racist
Growing up she called me nigga, kids called me cracker
While the whites got whiter, and the blacks got blacker
I was hurting, doing everything I can
Conceived as a white boy with the soul of a black man
God damn, looking up to Malcolm X
Studying his speeches, underlining text
How can I be white devil if my parents had sex
'Cus I'm black and I'm white
And I'm proud of every word that I recite
I know my roots, I know my past
I know the issue of my race ain't gonna last
Yo, we all breathe the same air and bleed the same blood
And when we die, the same dish gets dug

"I still have a dream, it is a dream taught within the American dream
That one day, this nation will rise up, live out the true meaning of being free
Behold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equally."