

WE MADE IT

"So I'm from a stock that pitch cocktail bombs and hand grenades.
We pour cayenne pepper around the perimeter to keep the police dogs at bay.
I'm the Panther Party in the Desire Housing Projects in New Orleans.
I'm a Nigga turning the gun on the National Guards.
Take a long, long look.
I'm a cook in the kitchen asking the missuhs to taste the dinner.
Take a long, long sip cuz death ain't always this good.
It's eyes poppin' out they socket's.
It's a lifeless body rockin' backwards and forwards.
It's a boy stabbed forty seven times in front the church house.
It's a man forty-three years old stuffin' his penis in a nine year old girls mouth.
Naw, death don't always taste good.
Just don't sound like something I want.
And I hear them say it was like a train came through the room.
Left Mama so depressed she was unable to move until one day a few months after the hurricane.
Husband and child found the Trinity bloody in bed.
His wife, son, other daughter dead.
And on the endtable there was a letter that read
I couldn't stay here not for one minute longer
And it made no sense for me to leave here alone
Cuz who would take care of my babies with they mama gone?
I'm tellin' you, Death ain't always good.
It will leave you feenin' for water and food.
It'll riddlin' up your body like an Alderman ballroom.
It'll El-Hajj Malik el-Shabazz you,
Crown you king then dethrone you in a Loraine hotel.
They'll disfigure yo body the way folks can't tell if you Emmitt Till or not.
Tell their Mama keep that casket open,
Let all the world see,
it ain't just burning in Mississippi, Hell it's hot where ever you be.
From the roof tops to the cell blocks, step on up to the auction block.
Bend over, Touch your toes, Sir, show your teeth, Lift her titties, Examine his balls.
This damn near sound like a Hip-Hop song but it's slavery at its' peak,
A circus for all the freaks.
They'll warn you caution when you speak,
Can't afford the truth to leak,
But we'll say blessed are the meek,
And all the ones who make peace,
And all the ones who are persecuted for the sake of righteousness.
For we say theirs' is the kingdom,
Earth is their inheritance no matter how treacherous.

They try to trap in them trenches.
They'll dig deeper ditches.
But all that matters is this--
Which side will we pick?
Which path will we choose?
Either win or lose,
Cuz Death don't come in vain,
Not for us to remain enslaved
Or our spirits to remain in cages.
It comes so we might be courageous
To fulfill our obligations to our God and all creation,
And stand here in determination,
Able to look Death in the face and say,
We Made It
We Made It
We Made It
We Made It "

--Sunni Patterson