

## They Taught Me to Hate Me

Why is he reading a book, what makes him think he's better than me, who does that nigga think he is

I'll tell you who I am, I'm a brother who was told you'll be nothing no more than a thief, liar, crook, a ditch digger was the worst I've heard besides a sad nigger singing gospel and the blues

To be hung from a tree strange fruit, not ripe enough for the picking, blood dripping watering the grass below our swinging feet, blowing in the wind like sweet Magnolias and flames over the land and sands

We see it all the time now being attacked by our brothers, cousins, fathers and friends being killed by one another in our communities because we simply can't agree to disagree

I've seen us in the streets beating each other down with our words, walking all over each other's thoughts, spilling our guts on the sidewalks like animals for their evening meal

My spirit weeps for those people because they taught me to hate me when they don't even know me, but want to use me for my all that I am because they truly want to be me what's the deal

Why did you teach me to hate me when we gave you the world that we built and you left us with the shame and guilt that he's better than me, or she's better than her because we're still the same pedigree, no matter the shade of black you are

We shine bright in the night like the stars, which is why we kill each other under the shade, with the chains, chances, and wishes of getting away, leaving our bodies twisted in the dirt left on the ground like a plant

Who told you it was okay to hate me the way you choose to when we're not enemies but I pray  
each day to please keep the hate and negativity away