

# I Write

*I write for the most high  
So when I die, I can see his face  
I write for my people and the liberation of the black race  
I write for hustlers chasing greed  
I write for hood rats aborting their seed.  
I write for every soul sold with a bag of crack  
I write because the odds ain't equal when you are black.  
I write for every life took by a black man  
I write for those in jail who won't get a second chance  
I write for me and for the slaves who hung from trees  
I write for the ladies  
I write for the crack babies  
I write for the single mothers on public aid  
I write for the strippers trying to get paid.  
I write for the brothers who died on the street  
I write for the blood stains on the concrete  
I write to vent  
For every child killed on accident  
I write for every child that watched her father die  
I write for every thug afraid to cry  
I write for FEMA  
And the victims of...MUCH MORE.*

*Written by: Keyana Ray*