

Logic

"Mixed Feelings"

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I am not a poet
I am just a designer of words
Architect of sentences
The way I form and merge
Paragraphs together that force MCs to submerge
With an urge
To break free of this bi racial jail cell
Feast on my memories
Please come and taste this
Poppa was a black man
Mama was a racist
Groing up she called me nigger
Kids called me cracker
While the whites got whiter
And the blacks got blacker
I was hurting
Doing everything I can
Seen as a white boy with the soul of a black man
God damn
Looking up to Malcolm X
Studying his speeches and underlining text
How can I be white devil if my parents had sex
Cuz 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
We all breathe the same air and bleed the same blood
But when we die
The same ditch gets dug

I still have a dream
It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream
That one day
This nation will rise up
and live up to the true meaning of its freedom
We hold these truths to be self evident
That all men are created equal

