

Souljahz

"Vejea Speaks On Racism"

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God's pen paints my limbs and skin with melanin
And so begins my history, but you curse me for his
creativity
thus my nativity is a scene of injustice,
just us created in his image,
best wishes for faded color lines
debated these lives of mine
a fate chased by prejudice
Freedom, a story, a race then edited by race
Race and we are still running
about to be Erased by the colors of hate
so i await
Dreaming like Martin i awoke to the strokes of Gods
brush on my flesh
and realized that we are still blessed
as we all are stand tall and we cannot fall
take baby steps
crept into equality swept away past follies of
yesterdays
and pay attention to tomorrows
to rectify coming sorrows of these borrowed souls
and we were meant to love one another as sister and
brother under the sun
and we were meant to eat at the table of brotherhood
sisterhood, your hood, my hood,
the good of a people created equal are in their souls
within
and not in the hues God will choose to paint their skins.

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