

## A Private Life Made Public

I was 10 years old when my brother told me private school was the move  
Fast forward 5 years I moved into my single room in Peabody dorm at Brooks School

After my first year here, I went back home and told my brother "You were right private school is pretty cool"

It took me two year after that realize this it was cool in a different way  
Frigid, icy, and heartless like a winters day

I came back with my colorblind ray bans, it wasn't until I removed the shades and...  
saw this place wasn't what it really was, this shit was fake  
Example, someone talks about behind your back and think it's okay  
until you confront them about it and they ain't got shit to say

Living here has taught this all just a facade  
No different than teenaged girl, picturing herself on the glamorous pages in some industry  
pimps spring catalog

This place lacks authenticity  
To add insult to injury, we just sit back and laugh at someone else's misery

In case you didn't get it the first time allow me to repeat it  
This work comes from a private school junior, who has been worn down and defeated  
This place is NOT authentic  
I know every word I wrote down and trust me I meant it

Here's a cliché  
"If you knew better, you'd do better"  
But these kids here don't know no better, so answer this how are we supposed to get better?  
We're all just caged animals encompassed by this Zoo we call the "Brooks Bubble"

To be real for a change,  
I don't like most of the kids here  
I really only mess with the dudes in my huddle and the girls who understand my struggle

If you get lost in the shuffle,  
I hope reading this has made you realize you were destined to make a big splash from a  
small puddle

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