

The Conscious Poet

From the mind of a prophet promising consciousness
And acknowledging the incompetence
Of those who can't be empathetic
"I feel you"
NO! You don't feel me
Your phone has been ringing since I was born
But you have yet to pick up the phone and answer my crying plea, for help
You just put me vibrate, while your government made it their duty to annihilate
My people

The message of ignorance that spreads is cancerous
And we continue to let it spread
That is why so many of my brothers lie in the streets lifeless.
Dead.
The message of ignorance that spreads is cancerous
Yet we all wonder how in 2017 and America is at a social stalemate
Stuck, like a department store mannequin

Delve into the mind of the conscious poet
Through his twitter feed he's scrollin, them videos got him rollin
Until he stumbles across a video of police brutality, realizing his reality
He's on to better things, but his brothers are still at war
Suffering from casualties
Handed out by the oppressor, my fault
I mean the one's who are supposed to protect us
What an interesting duality

The conscious poet of his class,
Will walk across the stage on graduation day
And leave it all in the past
How can he change the future?
With a heart made of glass

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