

Emmm, Nigga You Is Tasty >:)

\$ilkMoney

Treated as delicacies
Turned my ancestors into a 20 piece
Wearing our dicks around their necks as trophies and accolades
Devouring the flesh of my first and only love
Cannibalistic sadistic intent of my captors
My stomach turned to realization as my skin compared relation to chocolate now
(My little chocolate éclair)
Nothing satisfies this white man more than he
Cutting me down to half of me
Spiritually mentally and physically
A rusty axe swinging towards my knees
Held down by my brother preventing and missing assisting and hitting cleans
fuck that
(Come on, you gonna feed me or not, hey)
The consumption of black flesh coincides with the cultural regurgitation of
blackness
Aroused by thine unconsensual screams as I'm boiled alive
How can I be so delicious to a nation that claims to hate my skin and existence
Unless next to the biscuits and dishes they fixed with it
I, I see so much with my eyes gouged
Cattle personified skin described as animal hide
Labeled 'uncivilized' by a civilization participating in cannibal genocide
Any takers for negro soup?
All of my emotions and memories are molecules from the spotless few, dig
Deep down within my soul [?]
3 corks and some isopropyl will get you more than local
Magazine covers, playlist shuffles the whole 9 like [?]
Stars across the hood in all of your cars
Gained all but lost what was taught but applaud by styles as if krav magas
The progress bar to deletion of my people's species is near completion I see
it motherfucker
You gon get there first but will you last?
Nigga you fast but you not in
(Oh Lord, the [?] is empty, oh Lord, let me get them groceries)
Another platinum record about killing niggas again
Another viral dance to songs about switches
Extensions stepping and drillers scripted
For kids to emulate like a trend
Aww baby I'm losing focus as I soak down in this culture but
How can it be a culture if you don't control it
I sink lower down to my shoulders as it boils over
Soon I'll just be another meal for my owners to feast
As dark meat seems to be the cup of tea for these elites that meet
1 2 3 fuck
How can you count the ways
Still to this day states remain where it's legal to own slaves
Not enough calendars to count the days
Sooner or later we'll just be all back on the motherfucking plate
After master sharpens his blade
And the family gathers around the plate and says grace
Your motherfucking cake is baked
You're still being eaten alive
It's just taking you longer to die
I stated my goodbyes before my demise
Dig in nigga let's motherfucking eat