

# 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