

Hello, Lakisha

Kilo Kish

My name's lakisha
Named after my dad
His name's lakostia
Goes by cause
I go by kish
Because its shorter
And to me
A lot less obvious

At home my momma
She calls me kisha
But at the school yard
There were a million
When I was young
I needed freedom
And to feel
I stood out in this world
(Too many girls)
Just. stand. out

I was sixteen
I wanted money
I put lakisha
On my resume
How funny
It was a joke
I found that no
One would call me back
Because of it
(Oh shit)

I'll tell you the truth
Like when I moved to new york
Nobody knew name
I put my head down and worked
Like 2 jobs at a time
Learned to read between the lines
I'll say I'm kish on my resume
This time!

I was meant to be named india
After my greatest grandmother
(That's her name)
But someone had a baby first
And the name was
Given right to her
(What a shame)
I'd probably end up
A lot more conscious
I'd burn some incense
I'd pray to rocks and
Its hard to say
Who you would
Be if you were named
After somebody else

But I feel guilty

Stereotyping
Would have me leave it
Out of all and everything
Some people like
To assume different
But in truth
I'm not a bit ashamed
(It's my name)

When I sign my signature
It's with an "l"
And never with a "k"
You call me kilo
But lakisha
Forever will be my name