

Black Sheep

Mick Jenkins

Young Mozart with more keys
Black sheep with a gang of wolves before me
They think we homies
But keep hearts and shoulders colder than Loki
I be no Thor, just bring 'em more of this halitosis
Got everybody asking is it hot in here?
I ain't no polka dot man, I ain't tryna find no spot in here
I ain't no guinea pig
Just know that he drop hot lines that all in my lineage
The process is linen the wrinkles definitive
So what all the hate for?
Her premise is primitive, her promise is tentative
Better pay attention, so polish the penmanship
I been late to mention the fact that it's free
This is for all the niggas bastard as me
Food for your soul, Harold's chicken
Statik Selektah battered the beat
Assault and battery on your mind, can't see how this world be?
It won't be to long before you need a battery pack
But I'm better than that
A freshman on varsity nigga where yo Letterman at?
Ginger ale on the rocks where yo gentleman at?
Boy my pinky in the air, I just crush a lot
I ain't never been a playa
Niggas throwing shade they could holla at me later
You might catch a fade, give a fuck about a fader
And I do it for the love
Praying that my people get to see the one above show me love
And know that I'm speaking the truth
I never had no problem being transparent
Remember I was younger wishing that I had my friends parents
Back when they lied to us better, I'm on this water now
Funny how these other niggas thirsty but they watered down
They oughta drown, watching niggas run for the boat when the rain drops
How many lies can you tell yourself before the pain stops
Out here harvesting the same crop, woe is me
I'm out here Sewing seeds, blowing trees, writing all this poetry
Every freaking night peep the Jodeci
'Till the people quoting me, or at least peep the potency
And profess a nigga artistry openly
Black sheep but I know you see the GOAT in me

What do you think can be done to change, to use your term, the moral fiber of America?

I think that one has got to find some way of putting the present administration of this country on the spot.
One has got to force, somehow, from Washington, a moral commitment, not to the Negro people, but to the life of this country.
It doesn't matter any longer, and I'm speaking for myself, for Jimmy Baldwin, and I think I'm speaking for a great many other Negroes too.
It doesn't matter any longer what you do to me; you can put me in jail, you can kill me.
By the time I was 17, you'd done everything that you could do to me.
The problem now is: how are you going to save yourselves?