

# Home

## Propaganda

I have discovered there are parts of me that are off limits  
A location that I'm not willing to share  
A place that I have unknowingly been protective of, though just recently understood what and where and why

How I discovered this place deep in my soul  
Surrounded by electrically charged barbed wire, was when  
Someone once asked me, in all innocence, what does spin the bloc mean  
I was surprised by my response  
It felt like my home was under siege  
I told him I'd never tell him  
He said okay  
I walked away, came back over to him  
And said I'd never tell him  
He said you just said that  
I said exactly  
He who has ears to hear

He did not deserve this  
I just felt like he ain't see the signs  
This is off limits  
It's not your house, I ain't invite you over

Now, we always be faced with this paradox  
That if we share, they just take  
But if we don't, they just take and redesign it  
It's just a lose-lose scenario

But mostly, it's just  
The question felt invasive  
That's when I knew that place I been protecting is my home

My home is our slang  
My home is our story  
Our speech is our experience  
Our protest  
Our joy  
Our safety  
Our legacy

Inviting you into my slang is inviting you into my home  
I protect mine at all costs  
Everybody can't come over  
Y'all pull up rearranging furniture in ways that don't even make sense  
Words like woke and swag and jam  
You out here Columbusing definitions, like even the meaning of words are under your supremacy  
But not on my watch

The stories told in this diction  
Is the blood coursing through our collective body politic  
The legitimizing force in me calling you cuzzo and sisterhood, auntie and un  
c  
I don't know that man, but I know that man

Like our communities  
Gentrifying slang is desecration of our sacred space

These words are holy scriptures  
Where prophets teach us the virtue of laying aside the selfish act of fillin  
g up our gas tank  
Because we in VIP wit a fresh tall white tee, so all drinks  
Turn to your neighbor and say wipe me down

Home a sacred space  
There are some cleansing ceremonies you need to go thru  
Purified by the fire of red and blue lights  
To know the smell of hair after being singed by tasers  
It's slightly different than hot combs

Having been made holy by blood and concrete  
Baptized in an ocean of hopelessness, still I rise  
Choked out and called out for yo mamma  
Hot grease creating scatter plots of pain up and down your arm when it pops  
off

Big head, hard head, knuckle head  
June Bug Jr, Duce Tre, how your mamma doin' head ass  
Locked the game after having to knock twice

It's not all suffering, but suffering seasons our meals to perfection  
I can see why it's too spicy for ya  
I'll leave you to your boiled unwashed chicken in peace, my non-leg-  
washing brothers

Everyone needs a set of stories to call home  
A place our children will always find shelter  
No matter where their travels take them  
Home will be on their lips and in their art

I'm not going to explain my slang  
You are playing with children's inheritance  
Our art is our home  
Our monuments Motown  
Dilla beats, Dre drums  
Photo albums filled with survival  
And some that chose ocean over oppression  
Because all other ground is sinking sand

Home look we give to the other one at work in meetings means you know our ad  
dress  
We finna spin the block on this job ain't we  
This slang is my home

I feel like everyone should have a place that's off limits  
Where love and identity sit and share a meal with meaning and acceptance  
Where explanations are unnecessary  
Where you good can mean several things  
Based on where the tonal accent is placed  
And is still never misunderstood

See, we can be deeply serious about unserious things  
And very unserious about serious things  
I take my home everywhere I go  
It wasn't that dude's fault, I just wasn't ready for company