

Imagine not using your real name on applications
Because your name contains too many syllables
And you're afraid your race may seep through the page
Imagine being a minority
Being a minority makes everything about me minuscule
Victim turned into defendant
Freedom of speech turned something more tasteful
Something that you can more easily digest
Why is my saying the n word an invitation for you to say it as well
Is it because
In your eyes, Saying the n word is the only privilege I have
The one thing I can do that you can't
So you want to take that from me as well
Can we please have one thing to ourselves
If this word was used to oppress my people
Why can't I use it as a way to reunite my people
Why can't I turn it into some more tasteful as well
So I season this word with lemon pepper and liberation
And cook it so hot that it burns my tongue like whips enclosed in white knuckles
So if I choose to regurgitate the word that used to hurt like alcohol on open wounds
Then I should have the right, Not anyone else
My people have to dig graves deep enough to bury their black vernacular
When you use my slang like you created it
You just like my culture
Or the parts that make you look good
So you get blonde boxer braids
And do your edges with our blood, sweat, and tears
Can you imagine having to wear your hair in protective styles
Because you natural hair showcases too much of your race
Identifies too much with your hard earned roots and culture
There's nothing in your hair that you need to protect to be get a job
2019 looked more like 1920
The only difference is
You don't have to sing songs loud enough to overbear slave chants that echo in your head
You only have to rap songs loud enough to overbear the word nigga that echoes in you head
And questions like when it's okay to say it
Or if it ever is and it's not
skin beaten black and blue with this word
So you don't have the the right to write, sing, or say the word nigga
Unless you suffered the same fate
Unless this word was ingrained in the scars of your ancestors
Not engraved in the whips in the hands of your ancestors
You cannot say it
Not for education purposes
Not because the kids at your old school were ignorant enough to let you say it

No, My oppression is not the punchline to your joke
It's not the plot twist in you dark humour
Unless this word was hung from the same tree that you were
Never got my 40 acres, so I took a 5 letter word
You cannot say it