

Behind Ya//Cage
Lonan Shaye Jennings

To you this shit a rap song
a few verses that make you feel gangsta as you sing along
To me it's a reality of gats, bats, and dead cats,
violence all for some cadillacs paid in full
money made by selling CIA backed crack
that shit's a historical fact, but instead of teachin' like that they distract
by claimin' we're wack, blamin' your immorality on the Blacks
When in reality, your culture is built on their backs.
Fashion, rock, and rap, all shit I hear you slap your hands to and clap
Not realizing that we'd kill you in a bloody snap,
the poor Whites and Blacks, in a second we'd hang you off the rack
Hispanics and Natives want their unmarked graves back.
You should be afraid of the day we make a pact and attack,
arm and hammer raised high as you stammer and plead,
as if you were unaware of your villainous deeds,
as if you don't think we just slack and tell us to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps.
Now we thirst for revenge, spit like Wu-Tang over boom bap
Boom bang crack, a trigger finger and action I can't take back
a dead son or daughter is somethin' you should have thoughtta,
sidewalk splatta, funeral chatta, brought to us by you, thought they didn't matta
don't let it distract ya, bump the speakers and rap ya favorite song
That way it won't be a fright when we unite,
once it's done you won't sing for long.

To me this shit a rap song,
A few verses that remind me I'm gangsta while I sing alone.
To me it's diamond encrusted chains weighing me down as a wage slave,
clock in clock out, grin as my eyes catch my ice's glint,
mistakenly proud of this shiny cage I made, built on betrayal this road I pave.
Anger bubblin', car rumblin' as I roll down the window with illegal tint
and cap him, *pap pap pap*, ain't shit more serious than that,
besides a graduation cap, a diploma promisin' these nightmares won't own ya.
No need for race cars like Daytona, chest ain't coated with names and tats,
a future I forcefully took back, ain't nothin' more gangsta than that.
It ain't all that shit in rap, life's much more complicated than killin' the rat
or fallin' in love with the trap, it's about walkin' away intact,
there ain't shame in looking back, habit from when I was under attack

when I used to use faces like welcome matts,
moments that trail me like a shadow, under constant fear that my heroism is shallow,
and nevertheless towards you is the direction that I go.
My future is now sung with the sweet chirp of a sparrow.

To us it was a rap song
But now I hear nothing, the music has gone,
Instead I hear a poem, a reason to move on, a place not so far gone
It's beyond these bars, I just have to let go of the phrase "en garde!"
Why is it so hard? I was told a soldier never leaves his post,
the only escape from duty is to become a ghost.
I just wish escape would get through to me,
shackled by the fear that I'm only a product of violent industry,
I can see, but I can't imagine what salvation would be.
I only know that there has to be a brighter day
A truth so large it hurts to say:
What if I need to feed the lion I've become?