Fuck It!
Yeah I'm mad bro.
Not about the economy.
Not about the homeless children in Africa, with bones
Sticking out t show the sorrow depicted in the pictures from the TV ads of 'Save the Children
But I'm mad.

Fuck It!
I'm mad; mad at the constant shit I face on a daily
as the unlucky sperm that got the curse if melanin to run through my body so dark
as the constant reminder that no!
I'm not the lucky white kid that walks through the doors of the most successful business in the corporate world
and instantly I'm the prospective candidate
for a new position that just opened
Fuck It!
I'm mad bro.
Instead I'm the walking picture of a nigger that can polish the ladder
that my white peer is about t climb.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!
I stand tall in a room of white walls
Wishing my mother could beat me till the whites of my flesh show
fuck the blood
circumcise my whole body so i can blend into my background.

So round and plump are my lips
that they could only be the lips of a nigger
Speak through the phone for a job interview
And ain't no question that my curse sips through the receiver
And makes contact with the pale skin.

Fuck It!
ain't no use getting mad.
Ancestors were mad for me.
Rode first class in a boat to free me.
Free me form my animal skin clothing
Free me from the accent
Free me from the uncivilised foods.
Free me from appearing n a tv ad fr 'Save the Children'
Fuck It!
I'm that sperm that won.

By: Anonymous