Meanwhile at home..

When I was fourteen years old, I got snatched from the horror of the inner city,

My father shunned me from that life so I would have every possible opportunity,

Was scrutinized for his decision, because the ghetto values loyalty,

Still he moved me to a suburban area where people lived like royalty,

First hand, I saw the huge racial indifferences of suburbia versus the streets,

Back home everyone was poor and starving,

And these people had more than enough to eat.

The whole time I was steady wondering,

Why these people wealthy but back home my family strugglin?

I was ridiculed as the new kid who couldn't afford $200 Uggs

Meanwhile at home our issues were violence and drugs

War, poverty and reckless thugs.

I went from a school that couldn't afford textbooks to one that had 100's of PC's.

A school where the kids had everything they could want, and still never were pleased

Meanwhile back where I'm from, kids are filled with potential but never given equal chances,

I guess in America you don't deserve a proper education if you don't have stable finances.

I never felt connected to any of my peers because they could never feel my pain,

They grew up spoiled rotten and outrageously vain

And it’s a shame

Beause meanwhile at home, my people are insecure and ashamed

And rely on Mary Jane to keep them from going insane.

I’ve learned that the disadvantages of our race will always be the same,

The oppression runs through our veins.

Yet when I moved to this place, the children were sculpted by their parents to be static and perfected

Meanwhile back home, kids are so talented and creative

But always left neglected.

Drive through the ghetto and then through suburbia,

You’ll see that the difference is as clear as day and night.

The contrast is like black versus white, you'll be humbled by the sight.

Come to where I'm from and you'll see fiends roaming the streets,

Yet suburbia has clean nice paved roads, grass cut nice and neat.

Even the consumer products differ, I never had seen so many technological devises,

Meanwhile back at home we are dealing with the worst economic crisis

When I first moved here, I sensed that Suburban’s were so blessed yet so lifeless,

I guess that goes to say that happiness is priceless.

Back where I'm from we have nothing materialistic but we have hope and spirit

I personally rather be broke and fearless.

Two different worlds and they couldn't be less alike,

One filled with riches and wealth and the other poverty and strife.

One blessed with a beautiful environment and opportunities by the tons,

The other surrounded by ghettos, famine, drugs and slums.

One with half a million dollar houses and almost every car is luxury,

The other with homeless shelters and where having a car is a luxury.

One where kids grow up to be doctors, engineers, lawyers or even famous stars,

The other where the children fall victim to the violence and end up behind bars.

One where there are community centers, great schools, city festivals and fairs,

The other with nothing that could even compare,

And somehow this doesn’t seem fair.

What kills me the most and triggers my deep frustration,

Is the irony of this entire situation,

Equality is the supposed foundation of our nation

Yet the black community is chained down by cultural limitations.