

I'm locked away in this cell
 Wondering what the hell even happened to me.
 How could I let this be?
 Now these bars that hold me back are my oppressors.
 They keep pushing me back into this corner,
 Yelling at me to keep quiet, stay silent
 While I watch this country get more violent.

See I'm conflicted by my conviction,
 And I don't understand how I couldn't have seen this prediction.
 The Simpsons did.

I mean all I had to do is look at this country's history,
 But people have been trying to hide this evidence like it's a big
 mystery.

So what was my crime?
 Living while color.

All of this evidence was not hard to discover.

I mean, I knew this shit since I was five.

Damn, at five I was able to realize that I would have to hide the cul-
 ture in me.

Just picture: five-year-old you asking what you did wrong

And you're willing to do anything just to belong.

So you try talking like them, dressing like them, acting like them,
 thinking like them,

But they still won't accept you.

You're on your knees begging God "Please let me be like them,"

But they all just turn on you

Calling you illegal, immigrant, illiterate and they keep questioning
 your citizenship.

You cannot count the number of times you have been told to go back to
 your country

As they look down upon you and give you the 3rd degree

So you're crying your eyes out,

Enough water is shed to fix California's drought.

See I'm a restless rebel of my youth,

I be resting less since I know the truth.

Call me Sherlock Holmes because I'll be the sleuth

Let me assess the whole situation.

So I've done my research and according to my calculations:

There is racism in this country.

There is racism in this state.

There is racism on this campus.

See all this malice was practice.

We weren't born to hate we were taught this shit.

As humans we were born to love,

But for some reason this country wants to get rid of
 People who fall somewhere on the spectrum outside of the norm.

We are treated like shit because we refuse to conform.

This is reality not TV,

This is my tragedy.

Seems like Shakespeare wrote this scene perfectly for me.

I wonder, how many deaths will occur in this play?

President Farish do you have anything to say?

I'll wait.

I mean I've been waiting 18 years what's another four?

You've made so many others wait.

They've already graduated and still waiting for the day

When you decide it's time to change.

I'm tired of you talking the talk,

It's time for you to walk the walk.

See I've been quiet for too long,

I've always sat back and held my tongue.

But I'm sick and tired of being the one to explain diversity,

or what it is like to be a minority.

We should all be taught this and not by me.

I mean, why do you think we are in college?

We're supposed to be here so we can acquire knowledge,

But it seems that I'm more woke than some of these professors

Who keep laughing at diversity as if it's a court jester.

But my education is no joke.

Come on, we millennials should unite,

Be ready to fight for a better life.

I will be heard loud and clear.

I'm here

And best believe this will not be the last you see of me,

Because I'm not just here for myself.

I'm here for all the girls who don't get to go to college.

I'm here for all people of color who are told they can't do it.

I'm here for a collection of people who refuse to "fit in."

We were not born to hate we were taught to.