

The Cost
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How much would you figure
That it costs to be a nigger
In Amerikkka

It costs more than I'll ever make
It costs more than most folks can take
It costs low-wage jobs and long welfare lines
It costs death by cops and jacked up ticket fines
It costs too much

Too much stress
Too much death
Too much madness

Our cups runneth over with sadness

We have too much of everything that nobody needs
We bleed out on street corners and nobody sees
Don't believe me?

America didn't have a gun problem until Sandy Hook

There was no need to look
on the corners of America's ghettos where the death rate looks like Afghanistan
Yet, the popular narrative is that the Black man
isn't sticking by his children
But no one wants to talk about the thousands sent to prison

I been calculating the cost of my nigganess
And the wretchedness and depths of the greed
Questioning why its so hard
For white folks to see
that this price tag on my neck
It's been shackled there for years
Worn rusty by gallons of tears

Cried for damn near 500 years
By 25 generations of a people

Being a nigga in America costs too much
It costs low graduation rates and changing names on resumes
It costs rats in the cheerios and roaches in your room
It costs life insurance policies for children and names etched in tombs
It costs too much

Too much hunger
Too much pain
Too much darkness
Too much rain

And yet, somehow, we remain

We still standing
Tall Black and Proud

Cause we got too much of that too
Resilience Resistance and Resourcefulness
The negro mind refuses to lose
When the sole grows worn
We just put on new shoes
And keep walking
And talking
And planning
And plotting

And that's why we scare them you know?
They are in the know that there is no
way that we, should still be standing
Demanding our liberation, civil rights and such
No matter what they throw at us
Our Blackness they can't touch
Cause we got too much
of that too