

You want me to assimilate,  
To change.

To not show my pain  
Even when my people are being slain.

And I listen.

I change,  
I assimilate and play the game.  
But you can't even abstain,  
From calling me out my name.

I'm called many things  
Too Loud,  
Too Ghetto,  
And even overproud.

I'm not even allowed to show pride in me

Cause it makes you uncomfortable  
But what about my comfortability

I'm consistently playing a game.

I feel like a lion getting tamed  
A dog that is always getting shamed.

For not being enough.

I'm tired of switching up  
Can't I just be me  
embrace what I am  
I'm sick of the image that is painted about me,  
That I'm an Africanized honey bee.

All I am is yearning to be set free  
Blood thirsty  
For more than a world ran by the majority  
But for people that look like me  
And other minorities.