

Angry Black Woman (I'm Screaming for my Sistahs)

I'm screaming for my sistas
locked up for freedom,
holding their own for good reason,
but nobody believes them:

*I'm raising babies alone.
I'm paying bills alone.
I'm working a nine-to-five,
going to school part-time,
holding my household down on my own.
Yet the world still calls me lazy.
Even with my degree,
my intelligence is surprising.
But I'm not angry.
I just keep on rising.*

I'm screaming for my sistas
misguided,
misled,
doing whatever
to make a dollar,
don't quite know
their worth is priceless:

*I ain't angry. I'm tough.
Ain't shit you can do to shut this tough bitch up.
I do what I do to survive and maintain.
I'm knocking e'erybody out that try step in my lane.
I'm sayin, I'm grown.
And if you ain't making schmoney,
Niggah, leave me alone.*

I'm screaming for my sista
who's scared to be sista.
For fear that her career will diminish
with a finger snap, neck roll, or hand on the hip:

*Oh, I'm not angry. I have self-control.
My job is essential to pay my mortgage.
I went to college and minored in African-American studies.
I majored in accounting, then took a job at this fortune 500.
I wear this long weave, so my hair blends in with the rest.
I talk in this low tone, so my voice doesn't attract
negative misconceptions about being a woman while black.
I speak in my "White voice" so I won't get fired.
But when I get home, the real me comes out
cause all this assimilation has got a sista tired.*

I realize you're not use to me, Corporate America.
But if God wanted me to look like you,
talk like you,
dress like you,
act like you,

I'd simply be you.
I'm not bleaching my skin.
I'm not hiding my figure.
I'm not relaxing my hair.
I don't want to be you.
No disrespect.
But I do want your level of success.
So, for 8 hours a day,
5 days a week,
269 days a year—
not including holidays
—I'm a diligent,
less intimidating version of myself.
But the irony is, the very world
of which I'm trying to adapt
wants my style, my culture
when it's convenient,
and then they toss it back
when being black is too tough.
They've had enough of society's pressure
I'm under constantly
ridiculed,
ostracized,
unappreciated
by brothers who get fat pockets
and all of a sudden, I'm not good enough.

I'm screaming.
I'm pleading,
but he keeps shushing me. Why?
He says I'm nagging.
Well, he's napping.
I'm trying to wake him up.
I'm not his teacher,
but I'm schooling
the child in him, trying to help him realize the God in him
But he be yelling *SHUT THE HELL UP*
Until he needs a real woman
to hold him down.
And then he's searching for a sista
To speak up,
step up,
grab his hand,
pull him up.
Speak Up,
Step Up,
Grab His Hand,
Pull Him Up.
SPEAK UP,
STEP UP,
GRAB HIS HAND,
PULL HIM UP.
OH, BUT I'M NOT ANGRY.

I'm just loyal to a fault.