

## I Wonder...

I wonder what it's like...  
 What it's like to go on a jog,  
 Feel that fresh morning fog...

Without fearing being shot down like a dog.

I wonder what it's like...  
 What it's like to walk outside,  
 To take those strides...

Without having to look side to side.

I wonder what it's like...  
 What it's like to walk in a store,  
 Prance around that sales floor....

Without being watched from the door.

I wonder what it's like...  
 What it's like to experience emotion freely,  
 Have anger not be a luxury....

Without worrying what stereotype they see....

But I'll never know what it's like,  
 'Cause I wasn't given that life

No....

See mine's more filled with plight  
 'Cause the world said my skin wasn't right.

But if I had been white  
 I wouldn't have to wonder what it's like  
 'Cause I'd be living a more privileged life.

Now don't get purposely confused.  
 I don't want to be misconstrued,  
 'Cause y'all have your hardships too,  
 But you'll never have it as hard as I do  
 'Cause this country was built for you....

By people who look like me,  
 Ironically.

And don't get it twisted.  
 I don't want you to miss this,  
 See, my black it is gifted  
 Topped with a bow like it's Christmas,  
 And my power, it is mythic.

Wouldn't trade it in at all,  
 Wouldn't hit uninstall.  
 Even with the world's recall,  
 My Black still stands tall  
 'Cause it wasn't meant to be small.

So I'll keep wondering what it's like  
 To live that more privileged life.  
 I'll keep all my strife.  
 Now watch my black ignite,  
 And set this world alight.

