

Goddess

I used to think your names were ghetto, I know better now
You've heard every version of Sha, Meka and Keisha
Black girl the earth is trying to reach you

Oshe you were once worshipped for your convictions
America has relegated you to welfare recipients and video vixens
Stole your drum beats to give feet to their ethnic cleanse
Your men stopped shaping the village to shine their rims

Meka you are Mecca
Your hips were created to do more than make babies, birth nations
Stop idolizing idiots to illiterate to read between the lines
Great artists should do more than just rhyme
Return to yourself, when you are temple, their pilgrimage will begin

Acacia remember your roots deeper than all their deception
You have stood beside Nile, Jordan, and Mississippi
Rivers of life flow from your lips,
Bearing strange fruit has caused you to bend
Lay their burdens down branch out and rise again

Ana de Sousa assimilation is prolonged defeat
Being crafted into a replica of your Masters
Will not now or ever purchase your peace
You don't have to worship their Gods or their Kings
Nay Nay, Nzinga was your name when you were free

It is not accident that your names are predominant
Every Nay, Sha, Meka, and Keisha is Queen mother
Tearfully calling forth her daughter's
I promise you were created in the image of a Goddess
The kingdom is still within your reach
Remove the blinders from your eyes and the shackles from your feet
I know they think your names are ghetto, you know better now.

by Confidence Omenai

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