Picket Fence

Lisa Stansfield

I was up and out my mothers house at 17
Been a grown ass married man ever since
Family reunions, I'm talked about but never seen
Cause I learned that some of them can be your nemesis
Got a lot of scars on me, and I'll tell you the stories
If, you promise not to take offense
Homie, sit back then, hand bring the beat in
I'll try to find a place to start that makes sense now
The first time I was pushed out blind
Cold and naked, spanked on the ass to breathe
An immigrant from heaven on earth with a WORK VISA
I announce my self with gasps and screams
Before black and white supremacy, heisted my innocence
I was living out life behind the picket fence
Happy go lucky scared of no one
With only the exception, I'm allergic to the sun
Didn't know I had a image that a camera couldn't capture
100% Allah's manufacture
But then came the laughter, and outside I'm battered
Picket fence shattered
I saw my self as bastard tagalong, harassed and spat upon
By the children of slave masters who passed it on
The saddest songs been sung at the hands of who I call the race from hell
Its a disgrace from hell
Fell face first in the self hate
Burst into tears when I hear my own hellish name cursed
If I seem timid, its only because every mirror that I saw back then had the earths ugliest human being in it
And with that said, they would kick me till they got tired or I act dead
And I, have to tell ya'll that the obvious part
That I always feel free when I'm talking to god
Alone on the playground, Friday afternoon
And the, old sister who hums gospel tunes
I saw her, noticed her getting closer
She approached me and put a knowing hand on my shoulder
And booked my feelings
Cause she looked at me in a way that adults very seldom look at children
And with the wisdom only earned by years
She read my thoughts and she welled up with tears and said

"You look the way you do because you're special

Not the short bus way, I mean that God's gonna test you
And all of this pain is training for the day when you
will have to lead with the gift God gave to you
Grown folks don't see it but the babies do
And there's a chance that you can save a few"
And time would prove that, she started my movement
She didn't tell me to take it - she told me to use it
The second time poppa ripped the womb open early
And exposed me to the coldness life prematurely
Where mom's love used to live, now housed denial
And when that decayed, it made it bitter and spiteful
But me and my runaway, we share something special
Rode into the sunset, can barely can tough the pedals
No strings attached, screaming, "fuck Geppetto"
We may live in the gutter, but we cling to each other
A week before my son came, I caught a bad bounce
And had to step to mom with my hands out
And momma proved the two of us could not live in that house
She lied to the police so they would throw us in the streets
And separating from you, is something that I feel I must do
Its not that I don't love you, its' more that I don't trust you
Its been a year since I've seen a living relative
And it's just now that I'm starting to live
But while I'm sitting here, choking on tears wishing I didn't care
Feeling all alone in this hemisphere, I swear upon everything I hold dear
And then my wife comes near, and I hear a voice whisper in my ear
"You're going through all of this because you're special
Not no superstar shit, I mean that God had to test you
And all of this pain has been training for the day when you
would lead us with the gift God gave to you
Your parents might not see it but your babies do
And there's a chance that you can save a few"
And time would prove that, she started my movement
She didn't tell me to take it, she told me to use it
So I use it

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