**MOCKING BIRD rap Mirka Dirgová (4A)**

My father taught me well
Only courts get to send people to jail and God to Hell
But the rest of us here, like the mere mortal me
If I wanna judge I'd better get a law degree

And I've stuck by this policy
I've never condemned a man or thought myself holy
See everyone's lot in life first through their own eyes
Walk in their shoes and wear their self-disguise

It seemed so logical to me, I thought it strange
Not everybody was so eager for a wardrobe change
Getting out of your skin is inconvenient, right
But you can't ignore others' pain when it's pointed out!

So I went, I said:
"Dear Sir, please, look this man in the face"
"Put on his shoes, picture yourself in his place"
We have to stop tolerating this, don't we?
You know what they said? They told me:

"Oh, silly girl, those savages don't wear shoes"
"No more than a horse or a beast of burden"
"You say saw a negro in shoes, oh, sure, then"
"It was just an elaborate ruse"

"Or someone made them, it's not something they'd choose"
"It's not their nature, not their style"
"They prance around naked in the wild"
"That's why in the game of evolution they lose"

Well, Dear Sir...how do I convince someone like that?

And we're just getting started.

Here's the one I find the most dope
The fallacy of the slippery slope:

"If we give them the right to vote, where will this all end?"
"Will we be sending dogs into the senate next? Understand -"
"There's a fine line to walk and I think you've passed it"
"Understand? We can't set them all free too fast"
"It is imperative we keep our two worlds apart"
"Cause tryna' live as equals right now would be too hard"

Well dear sir, no one's asking for that

A dog government isn't our plan, you misunderstand

As for the rest of your statement, alright, let's start small

But your course of action seems to be Nothing At All

And then they go on to question

What has a single black man ever done worth mention

To earn his spot next to us, look, the gall, the nerve

He's just jealous of what we have that he doesn't deserve

Well Dear Sir, please, you seem misinformed

It's not your fault your horizons aren't that broad

But great blacks have always been there when given chance

From the kingdom of Songhay to the Revolutionary France

You should see their face when I mention Dumas or Seacole
Enter their next argument: the exceptional negro
Sure he can write and talk like a scholar
But he stands alone among his brothers of color
It's less that he does his race honor and more that he's
Quite simply a statistical anomaly

Like we're all geniuses
Like life and liberty's just mathematics
I'm getting tired of these mental gymnastics
Believe me, I've tried to reason with people
Who thought me just a pest; it rarely leads to anything but
A big hot mess, and oh, the stress it causes folks
Who fear losing their freedom to oppress

So scared to lose their family name

What's the suffering of thousands against their personal shame?
So scared them blacks wont skip and hop as they order
Dear Sir, please, build a bridge
And GET OVER IT
Or have someone else construct it, I don't care
So long as they get paid their fair share
Simple as that
And yet.

I know what Atticus would say

Strong emotions can lead you astray

I know you feel like bursting, but before you do

Look at it from their point of view

And I do, but I can't see anything new-
I would'a never guessed I'd find
People as vile from the inside as their looks suggest.
Oh, they come finely dressed.
They may be nice otherwise, all debonair, charm and wits
With a gaping hole where their conscience fits

It's not that they think people of color aren't people, in a sense

It's that they think: "If we can get away with it, it makes no difference."

How can they justify that

How can I justify that

Or fix their twisted opinions

And think of their feelings while millions

In our States can't breathe

It's getting hard to keep on putting up with peeps who tell black folks

To ask nicely for their human rights
But they hate it when I say they're the top dog
And that only a cornered animal bites

You know what happens to those

Who keep pressing on sores despite getting told to stop?

Fall right from the top

Blood gets shed, heads roll

I fear it happening any day, it's happened before

Don't get me wrong
I know that no messiah'd fight fire with fire
Don't get me wrong
This is not to say there won't come a day when we all get along.

I hope, but that day's nowhere in sight

And I know that Rome wasn't built overnight
But there are times when I feel like I can't stand it and I'm going mad
and I just wish it were legal to punch some people, dammit! (Sorry dad!)