

# Pay Attention

Hey, hey you, yes nigga you.

Take that shit off of your ears. Boy, I am talking to you.

What, you don't like that. Don't call you boy. Oh so what you are a man now.

Shit nigga, by the way you shuck, and shuffle through life, boy, I can't tell.

Are my words making you mad? You are getting offended I take it.

Well that's too goddamn bad son. You are just going to have to take it.

I'm not going to be soft, be easy. Or to your ears be pleasing.

You think this shit that I am saying is bad. You honestly believe that my words are teasing.

You don't know shit. You don't know what it is like to open up your mouth, so the white man can spit.

To bloody your hands picking cotton, and when you're done, comb the cotton for bugs that you missed, forced to eat every one.

But my words offend you. I can't call you boy because you say that you are a man.

Ha, that shit is funny, but until your black ass pays some bills, about your manhood, I could give a good goddamn.

Huh lil nigga, tell me, what makes you a man.

Does standing up when you piss make you a man?

Or does watching that young lady in pain that you like to diss make you a man.

Tell me boy, does getting up and walking out of class make you a man.

I know, I know, pulling your little dick out and getting a funky piece of ass makes you a man.

Little nigga please, here is something that you need to take with you.

Pussy was here before you. Gave birth to you, and it will be here after you.

That doesn't make you a man. Good pussy just makes you fall asleep.

And if it is really good, when you lose that shit, it damn sure will make a hard nigga weep.

But let me tell you something right now little man. Something that is good and right.

The key to becoming a man is right here in plain sight.

It is love young man. That's right boy. Good ole L-O-V-E.

It is what keeps us. Keeps you, and keeps me.

It is love for a brotha, even when the brotha is not a brotha from your motha, but a brotha from another motha that is still black, so young brotha, that man is indeed your brotha.

It is love for a sista, a beautiful black sista. That you must treat as a Queen, when some dumb muthafucka has dismissed ha. Love her young man, and her world will be yours.

Make love to her mind first, her soul second, and that sexy ass body third.

Trust me on this. She will love you back son, that is my word.

But most importantly love the most high. Love your creator, because without him you would not be.

Now open your eyes again, and tell me what you see.

Is there a change in your life now? Or has all of this information left you vexed.

If so, then I feel sorry for you. I have to go now. I have to get on some of these sistas next.