ANGEL

We right chare at the Epicenter of the Epilogue

We been having us a time

Dabblin' in rhyme

Slippin' into some Biblical skinny

Double-lippin' and entenDRE flippin'

But now it's time to count the day's noses

These are the days of lies and poses

The Incarceration Nation is what this land keeps hidden

The Incarceration Nation to sight this land's forbidden

Every Kureish In Bangladesh lives life a little longer

Than a brother up in Harlem fresh from Riker's or San QUENtin

And a sister penned in Bedstyford has to be a whole lot stronger

When she gets out, pounds the pavement like nothing 'fore she went in

So much more we hoped for with a Prez we all did hope for

But he's the only O in HOPE with the Tea Party's Mad Three-Cocked Hatters

going off half-cocked aiming at Amendment 14 repeal

as the RNC takes a dump on Michael Steele

Dreading Scott three-fifths a person brought back by the Party of Nope for

Yes, we got the O we worked for and who would have thought

Not your great-grandaddies and mammies all of them sold and bought

No Drama Obama ain't no Marcus or Tiberius Gracchus

But lest we forget, the Son of God was a community organizer

And the governor was a man name of (Pontius) Pilate

When Speaker Boner, the teary-eyed orange-faced Tan Man, fouls and whacks

The O behind the third year three point line

That's when O must go to the public option charity stripe

and make the four year four point shot

And the Oprah O will Ole Ole Win Free

and God bless the chile who got her own network

And the WorkOutNotWelfare Queen Michelle O will green us all into shape

Even the sister who'd rather sit in hell than miss a Happy Meal

And the brother keeping it real waiting for the DNA test

to show he did not commit the rape

And we shall have the cessation of the Incarceration Nation

No longer will this land keep hidden

When the Incarceration Nation is once and all forbidden

It's just this – It's Just - tice

We here at the Sovereign Ship of State

Send you our urgent Boogedy Boogedy IM's

And all the BFF's, the LOL's and the OMG's

Will not stop us Black Folk from our magnanimi-TEES

Your Honors, mah pleasure

Mercy Mercy, Lordie, Lordie

O O O's the only show to go

It's just this, it's Just – tice/ It's just this, it's Just - tice
The End.

(Not to be read - Just for your private consideration

And the O Thell O Fell O Desde Moan O Ia GO

The Blessed Trinity of O’s all O ver)