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My people! My people!

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College of DuPage

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MY PEOPLE! MY PEOPLE!

Joseph Johnson

Yea! I 'member the daze down in 'Bam
and the ol' Aunt Hagar and all her chillun.

Yea! I 'members W - E - L - L.

Dem wuz the daze whin doze redneck peckerwoods and
the man wuz lightly, slightly, and politely.

But everythings wuz solid, 'cause we new
who we wuz.

Yea! We new auright.

We wuz the color scale, the bear, and the
stupid muffuckers of s'ciety an' it
never bother'd us 'cause we didn't
expect change.

Now. . . now thangs are diff'rent.

We'z gitt'n tir'd of a kitchen mechanic
lifestyle in West Hell.

We'z gitt'n tir'd of beating our gums of
watts fair and watts not.

Do you get me? Do you collar the jiver?

'Cause whin the wagon comes ol'

Mister Charlie and Miss Anne are gonna
git whipped to the red.

And we'z gonna stanch out like a dusty
butt who'z flyin' on reefer and juice
doin' the boogie-woogie in the street
of the Big Red Apple.

I'm crackin' but I'm fackin'.

So, all you Ofays out there better acknowledge
a pancake whin you see one 'cause he may
be yo' only ticket to a free ride.

And I'm not bullskating.

Take it from a conk buster and

DON'T MESS WITH US BECAUSE WE DON'T PLAY.