

## Second Place Entry: High School

"MODERN DAY SLAVE" BY NGOZI ANYANWU

\$50 for the Hat  
\$80 for the Jeans  
\$90 for the Nike Checks  
Brotha check these  
Got my level on steeze  
Bout a hundred thousand G's  
Brotha's can't knock me  
Till the chains set me free  
They call it mental slavery  
Cuz see the chains on my feet  
Affect the way I walk  
N the swag I think I have  
Supposed ta fect the way I talk  
I'm either runnin' from my master  
or runnin' from the cops  
Bein' black is like time  
You just can't stop.  
And brotha. I Am so  
Ill.  
I got this permanent chill  
runnin' up and down my veins  
To the bottom of my roots  
where only I can feel the pain  
To back when black went past  
Your amount of stacks  
or your 80 dollar slacks  
Were we could get the facts  
N educate ourselves  
Where we could get our dignity  
Down off the top shelves  
Cuz this image is nothing but the media Baby  
N look at what the media made me  
Um something like  
Handy Capped  
being capped and held handy  
Ready to rap, or show off the cars I coated like candy  
Or wait on em  
Real dumb  
Till they put me in my act  
Sayin lights camera action!  
Stand there and be black!  
While the whole world watches  
and registers me in they mind  
so they'll know just who to find

For the next committed crime  
And you think while they arrest you  
for something you didn't do?  
They arrested you for not being you.