

## White Privilege II

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Pulled into the parking lot, parked it  
Zipped up my parka, joined the procession of marchers  
In my head like, "Is this awkward, should I even be here marching?"  
Thinking if they can't, how can I breathe?  
Thinking that they chant, what do I sing?  
I want to take a stance cause we are not free  
And then I thought about it, we are not we  
Am I in the outside looking in, or am I in the inside looking out?  
Is it my place to give my two cents  
Or should I stand on the side and shut my mouth for justice? No peace  
Okay, I'm saying that they're chanting out, "Black lives matter", but I don't say it back  
Is it okay for me to say? I don't know, so I watch and stand  
In front of a line of police that look the same as me  
Only separated by a badge, a baton, a can of Mace, a mask  
A shield, a gun with gloves and hands that gives an alibi  
In case somebody dies behind a bullet that flies out of the 9  
Takes another child's life on sight

Blood in the streets, no justice, no peace  
No racist beliefs, no rest 'til we're free  
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(Ben, think about it)

You've exploited and stolen the music, the moment  
The magic, the passion, the fashion, you toy with  
The culture was never yours to make better  
You're Miley, you're Elvis, you're Iggy Azalea  
Fake and so plastic, you've heisted the magic  
You've taken the drums and the accent you rapped in  
You're branded "hip-hop", it's so fascist and backwards  
That Grandmaster Flash'd go slap it, you bastard  
All the money that you made  
All the watered down pop bullshit version of the culture, pal  
Go buy a big-ass lawn, go with your big-ass house  
Get a big-ass fence, keep people out  
It's all stubborn, anyway, can't you see that now?  
There's no way for you to even that out  
You can join the march, protest, scream and shout  
Get on Twitter, hashtag and seem like you're down  
But they see through it all, people believe you now  
You said publicly, "Rest in peace, Mike Brown"  
You speak about equality, but do you really mean it?  
Are you marching for freedom, or when it's convenient?  
Want people to like you, want to be accepted  
That's probably why you are out here protesting  
Don't think for a second you don't have incentive  
Is this about you, well, then what's your intention?  
What's the intention? What's the intention?

Psst, I totally get it, you're by yourself

And the last thing you want to do is take a picture  
But seriously, my little girl loves you  
She's always singing, "I'm gonna pop some tags"  
I'm not kidding, my oldest, you even got him to go thrifting  
And "One Love", oh, my God, that song - brilliant  
Their aunt is gay, when that song came out  
My son told his whole class he was actually proud  
That's so cool, look what you're accomplishing  
Even an old mom like me likes it cause it's positive  
You're the only hip-hop that I let my kids listen to  
Cause you get it, all that negative stuff isn't cool  
Yeah, like all the guns and the drugs  
The bitches and the hoes and the gangs and the thugs  
Even the protest outside - so sad and so dumb  
If a cop pulls you over, it's your fault if you run  
Huh?

So, they feel that the police are discriminating against the, the black people?

I have an advantage? Why? Cause I'm white? What? Haha. No. People nowadays are just pussies.

Like, this is the generation to be offended by everything.

Black Lives Matter thing is a reason to take arms up over perceived slights.  
I'm not prejudiced, I just-. 99% of the time across this country, the police are doing their job properly

Damn, a lot of opinions, a lot of confusion, a lot of resentment  
Some of us scared, some of us defensive  
And most of us aren't even paying attention  
It seems like we're more concerned with being called racist  
Than we actually are with racism  
I've heard that silences are action and God knows that I've been passive  
What if I actually read a article, actually had a dialogue  
Actually looked at myself, actually got involved?  
If I'm aware of my privilege and do nothing at all, I don't know  
Hip-hop has always been political, yes  
It's the reason why this music connects  
So what the fuck has happened to my voice if I stay silent when black people are dying  
Then I'm trying to be politically correct?  
I can book a whole tour, sell out the tickets  
Rap entrepreneur, built his own business  
If I'm only in this for my own self-interest, not the culture that gave me a voice to begin with  
Then this isn't authentic, it is just a gimmick  
The DIY underdog, so independent  
But the one thing the American dream fails to mention  
Is I was many steps ahead to begin with  
My skin matches the hero, likeness, the image  
America feels safe with my music in their systems  
And it's suited me perfect, the role, I've fulfilled it  
And if I'm the hero, you know who gets cast as the villain  
White supremacy isn't just a white dude in Idaho  
White supremacy protects the privilege I hold  
White supremacy is the soil, the foundation, the cement and the flag that flies outside of my home  
White supremacy is our country's lineage, designed for us to be indifferent  
My success is the product of the same system that let off Darren Wilson guilty  
We want to dress like, walk like, talk like, dance like, yet we just stand by  
We take all we want from black culture, but will we show up for black lives?  
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We take all we want from black culture, but will we show up for black lives?

Black Lives Matter, to use an analogy, is like if there was a subdivision and a house was on fire.

The fire department wouldn't show up and start putting water on all the houses because all houses matter.

They would show up and they would turn their water on the house that is burning

because that's the house that needs it the most.

My generation's taken on the torch of a very age-old fight for black liberation,

but also liberation for everyone, and injustice anywhere is still injustice everywhere.

The best thing white people can do is talk to each other.

And having those very difficult, very painful conversations with your parents, with your family members.

I think one of the critical questions for white people in this society is what are you willing to risk,

what are you willing to sacrifice to create a more just society?

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What I got for me, it is for me

Why we may, we may to set us free

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