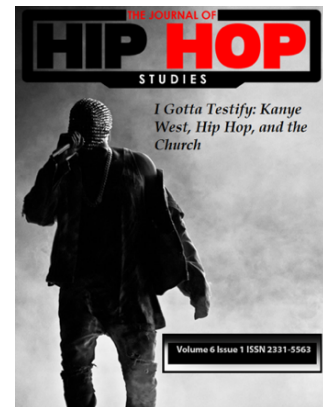

Poem – Footnotes for Kanye

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Journal of Hip Hop Studies, Special Issue *I Gotta Testify:
Kanye West, Hip Hop, and the Church*
Volume 6, Issue 1, Summer 2019, pp. 103–105
DOI: <https://doi.org/10.34718/2kxt-bj86>





Footnotes for Kanye

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You look hungry,
like that girl don't make you no fried chicken
or macaroni & cheese
like she don't feel you on the inside,
like you haven't had a home-cooked-meal
since your momma died.
You look like
you lost the Psalm in your own song--
like you want to talk to God
but you're afraid
because ya'll ain't spoke in so long.*
Do you tell your daughter about me,*
how we were bittersweet,*
"to never mess with entertainers because they always leave?
He'll get on and he'll leave your ass for a white girl"*
and he'll give her your style, your language, your waist
damn near try to give her your face,
and somewhere in his Post Traumatic Twisted Fantasy*
he'll make it all okay
but what's the worth in loving a man
whose lost his smile anyway?
When Kim fucks up the lyrics to the College Dropout*
like them white folks used to fuck up your name,*
do you pretend not to notice?
Do you regret the Marilyn Monroe in your decision,
and wish you could've taken Billie Holiday as your bride?
Do you ever want to run back to your wedding day
and have it all over on the South-side?
Do you wake up in the middle of the night and think
that she wasn't the right girl
like you should've found

one of them “i like art type girls.” *

Can you hear all the black kids calling your name
wondering why the boy who rapped
about his momma getting arrested for the sit-ins
didn't sit-in--
why he traded in his Nat Turner for Ralph Lauren.
Do you know how many kids
at the protest had your sneakers on?--
None of them.
Do you know how many of your songs
were played at the protest?
All of them.
Could your hear all of the lights,
the flashing lights,
the new slaves,
the runaways--
on their road to redemption
waiting for Malcolm West
to have the whole world at attention.
Nigga they got you quiet!
Like how come only at awards shows-- he riots.
Maybe Yeezus was all talk.
Jesus never needed Adidas to walk.
Why is he outlining sneakers
when the South-side is outlined in chalk?
Can someone go and find the man
who could make a diamond with his own b(e)ar(e) hands, *
we are looking for you.
Because these kids still want to be-- just like you *
they want to rap and make soul beats-- just like you *
even though you just not you.
Even though you traded in your spaceship *
to buy back your 40 acres in a mull,
purchased the plantation and master's daughters too.

Nigga why you got these white folks claiming you

like they built you,
like they made you,
like they polished you,
like the readied them a good nigga for the picking,
like they got you for sale,--
oh how they love Kanye

let's put him all in front of the store *
like you their black boy,
you forgot you black boy? *
They got you lost in this world? *
You getting blackmailed for that white girl? *
You don't see how your lies is effecting me,
you don't see how our lives were supposed to be? *
And I never let a nigga get the close to me,
and you ain't cracked up to what you were supposed to be.*
I guess its bitter sweet poetry. *