



Nigger: the utmost degradation.
They're 'child-like, animalistic' as justification
To a systematically imposed Niggerization
Rationalized racism that ruled a nation
A deep-rooted hatred without explanation.
A declaration of a century old intimidation.

All to uphold white supremacy,
Enslaving the black culture as the remedy.
To undermine the idea of humanity,
Vindicating a power-provoked insanity.
Branding, whips, shackles, rape- physical binding tools
"Always playing on the white man's court by the white man's rules."

To put down a man for the color of his skin,
Undeniably the sin that did the white man in.
Beware of those blacks defying societal norms of inferiority.
The convenience of lynching in protecting white racial superiority.
Even through fear, we knew we had to fight.
Trusting and believing in God that "we gon' be alright."

Equality, attainable but still an unfamiliarity that strikes me,
Even after the War guaranteed that we were 'free'.
They continually tighten the nooses out of fear,
But it is Our voices that the white hooded Klan will hear.
Little do they know, our time is near.
A confident Negro transpiring in the atmosphere.

The New Negro emerges, ushering in an era of change.
Breaking through the shackles, taking off the restraints.
Determined to shed the image of 'Niggers' as "landlocked, immobile, static, and segregated"
Countering the notions that established our race as ill-fated,
Proving our strength to be underrated.
The path we take now in Our hands to steer,
Leaving enforced, second-class citizenship in the rear.

We've forgotten our struggle somewhere along the way,
Equating ourselves back to a "domestic animal formed to serve and obey."
Nigga: a friend to whom I confide in...
Must we persist in such ignorance?
Thinking we've subsided the treacherous storm,
Only to collide with another that's rather similar in form.

It's back... Truth of the matter is, it's a trap.
White supremacy never left.

Only now, we're the theft.
Making light of a blood stained racial epithet.
Nigga is self-enslavement, self-mutilation.
Attempting to alter its connotation
Unaware of the fate we're facing,
Illustrating an ignorant younger generation.
It's use reminiscent of a land of subjugation.

Nigga tossed around on a regular basis.
Similar to a cancerous growth--metastasis.
An 'a' replacing the 'er',
We wear it on our chest as a badge of honor.
But we are simply fools,
Puppets that have been programmed and too long ruled.
Failing to realize it's all a part of an underlying conspiracy
To continue the white man's oppression through rap lyrics and misogyny.

It's a commonality in modern day artistry,
A mere mockery of its embedded history.
Last time I checked, Nigga was NEVER our name.
Seems as if we must take a walk down memory lane.
Forever a slur that revisits racial bigotry.
Realizing that the pain and suffering of our ancestors was blasphemy.
Why did Rosa refuse the back of the bus?
Simply to bring light to the power God instilled in US.
Yet, voluntarily we cower.
Every utterance of Nigga giving the white man the ultimate power.

Nigga's mainstream presence
Only creates an atmosphere of acceptance.
The Black community must do itself a favor,
Ridding our tongue of such an unsavory flavor.
Why the efforts of our great-greats to challenge segregation,
Press for progressive integration?
If only to be mocked by a new Nigga translation.
MLK should never have prayed nor marched
Interchange the 'a' and 'er' and we're back to the start.

Nigger or Nigga, it's the same old tune.
Like dousing salt on open wounds.
Both illustrate pain and suffering, the extent of our ancestral strife.
Its use analogous to a recurring stab from a serrated knife.
Any and every utterance should trigger a ripe anguish,
For it is indeed the "filthiest, dirtiest, nastiest word in the English language."
Yet, until the black community sets the stage,
Only referencing it on historical page,
It'll remain an essential urban slang.
And out on the tree, OUR cultural dignity will forever hang.

Nanci Hunter