

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Alex & Panda: “A Response to Kendrick Lamar’s ‘Feel’”

Alex & Panda · Saturday, July 4th, 2020

A Response to Kendrick Lamar’s “Feel”

Ain't nobody praying for me
I feel like everybody is an enemy
“Land of the free” but you taking my family
In reality we are the victim of the police
Abusing their power I feel like they taking advantage of me
I feel like selling drugs is the only way I can eat
I feel like carrying a gun or else
I can't sleep
I feel like taking drugs or else
I can't breathe
They see me falling but they don't help me
I don't feel safe in these streets
I don't feel safe without the heat
I don't feel this life is right so I gotta cheat
They want me dead on my feet
They don't want me to succeed
They just wanna kill my dreams
I plant the seed but they make it bleed
I got the key and they take it away from me
Is this what life's supposed to be for a teen?

I don't feel safe – I can't feel no more
I feel like a statistic waiting to get locked up
I feel like a battle that I'll never win
Like fathers put in graves
Babies getting put through hell
Single mother suffering but they get no help
I feel like everyone a cop
I feel Imma get shot
12-years-old already knowing grown man politics
14 knowing who the enemy is
16 learning how to slang on the block
Let me ask is that how a kid supposed to live?

I abuse drugs cause momma
couldn't show no love
Worked 2 shifts just to get
They money up
I just needed a hug
Instead I got a blunt
I feel like I'm trapped
I feel they want me dead
I feel like when I'm sober
I don't know
Who I am
Lost in my darkest hours
Suicidal thoughts I coulda lost it all
Everybody praying on my downfall

Wonder why I get high?
Cause these streets raised me –
Struggling to face this reality
Trapped in this cycle of criminality

When I feel sad I look for the dope man
All this pain in my heart
I ain't got no hope man
I feel all eyes on me like Pac once said
I feel like I'm trapped
So many want me dead
I don't even feel anymore
I feel like sipping this lean
Til there's nothing to pour
These drugs don't help anymore
These streets don't love anymore
Maybe they never did

I feel so many people got us wrong
You never been here you don't know
You hear about us in songs
But you don't know what really goes on
You never been in Watts
Never been hit up with plots
Can't understand words like Pac's
But we live by his thoughts:
"If you can't find something to live
Fo best find sum to die for"
I'm freeing my people and unlocking doors
Get my people united
Show how lies got us divided
Labeled us as enemies, separated by projects
We're nothing but objects – only use us as profits

I feel like I learned the lesson though
So many brothers gone
Feels like we here to spread their message
Not everything is for fun
You gotta do what's gotta be done
You think we like to carry a gun?
Watts is filled with violence
You don't know what we go through
Everything I've done is for a reason
Either to survive in these streets
Or get money I really needed
I feel I'm misunderstood
Not even loved by my hood
I feel like only God can judge me

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