SET 4

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| **Rapper’s Delight** by Sugar Hill GangI said a hip hop the hippie to the hippiethe hip hip hop, a you don't stopthe rock it to the bang bang boogie say up jumped the boogieto the rhythm of the boogie, the beatskiddlee beebop a we rock a Scoobie-DooAnd guess what America we love youcause ya rock and ya roll with so much soulyou could rock till you're a hundred and one years oldI don't mean to brag i don't mean to boastbut we like hot butter on our breakfast toastrock it up baby bubbahbaby bubbah to the boogie da bang bang da boogieto the beat beat, its so uniquecome on everybody and dance to the beatI said a hip hop the hippie to the hippiethe hip hip hop, a you don't stopa rock on, pretty bubba to the boogity bang, bang,the boogie to the boogity beat. |
| **The Song of the Smoke** by W. E. B. DuBoisI am the smoke king.I am black.I am swinging in the sky.I am ringing worlds on high.I am the thought of the throbbing mills.I am the soul of the soul toll kills.I am the ripple of trading rills..>Up, I’m curling from the sod.I am whirling home to GodI am the smoke king.I am black.>I am the smoke king.I am black. |
| **Things** by Eloise GreenfeildWent to the corner Walked in the storeBought me some candyAin’t got it no moreAin’t got it no moreWent to the beachPlayed on the shoreBuilt me a sandhouseAin’t got it no moreAin’t got it no moreWent to the kitchenMade me a poemStill got it!Still got it! |
| **Urgent by Imamu Amir Baraka**Calling black peopleCalling all black people, man woman child,Wherever you are, calling you. **U**rgent, come in Black People, come in wherever you are, urgent, callingyou, calling all black peoplecalling all black people, come in, black people, comeon in! |
| **Vivid**ness by Sterling BrownYour **V**ividness grants color whereGreat need is, in this dingy town.As you in pride of rose and brownThread the dull thoroughfare, |
| **W**ho by Mari Evan>Who can be born blackand notsingthe wonder of it,the joy,the challenge>Who can be born blackand not exult! |