SET 4

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| **Rapper’s Delight** by Sugar Hill Gang  I said a hip hop the hippie to the hippie  the hip hip hop, a you don't stop  the rock it to the bang bang boogie say up jumped the boogie  to the rhythm of the boogie, the beat  skiddlee beebop a we rock a Scoobie-Doo  And guess what America we love you  cause ya rock and ya roll with so much soul  you could rock till you're a hundred and one years old  I don't mean to brag i don't mean to boast  but we like hot butter on our breakfast toast  rock it up baby bubbah  baby bubbah to the boogie da bang bang da boogie  to the beat beat, its so unique  come on everybody and dance to the beat  I said a hip hop the hippie to the hippie  the hip hip hop, a you don't stop  a rock on, pretty bubba to the boogity bang, bang,  the boogie to the boogity beat. |
| **The Song of the Smoke** by W. E. B. DuBois  I 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 God  I am the smoke king.  I am black.  >I am the smoke king.  I am black. |
| **Things** by Eloise Greenfeild  Went to the corner  Walked in the store  Bought me some candy  Ain’t got it no more  Ain’t got it no more  Went to the beach  Played on the shore  Built me a sandhouse  Ain’t got it no more  Ain’t got it no more  Went to the kitchen  Made me a poem  Still got it!  Still got it! |
| **Urgent by Imamu Amir Baraka**  Calling black people  Calling all black people, man woman child,  Wherever you are, calling you. **U**rgent, come in  Black People, come in wherever you are, urgent, calling  you, calling all black people  calling all black people, come in, black people, come  on in! |
| **Vivid**ness by Sterling Brown  Your **V**ividness grants color where  Great need is, in this dingy town.  As you in pride of rose and brown  Thread the dull thoroughfare, |
| **W**ho by Mari Evan  >Who can be born black  and not  sing  the wonder of it,  the joy,  the challenge  >Who can be born  black  and not exult! |