

# Land of the Free

*Arnulfo Daniel Segovia*

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*i'm at war with myself, i'm at war with the world  
brought the disease first then this hemisphere stole  
and america can't stand the type of spic that i am  
callin out 500 plus years of stolen land  
send the guns and the vapors to make us good neighbors  
reject everything and pay off all of the favors  
don't move here, we don't need saviors  
i pledge my allegiance to the creator*

*i try to change myself so i change the world  
strange tho how i trade my soul for the dough  
then at every show face the era of terror  
like i'm paying off the dues for my oppressors' errors  
trauma is human condition i consult the elders  
smudge with the feathers beneath sweats and steeples  
is there hope for the hood, or only rails and needles  
i'd destroy everything but the fam's catching feels  
so i'm seekin out the vision, back to the pyramids  
you know what the mission is, consists of first  
puttin food on the plate, a roof over the head  
clothes on the back so that victory spreads  
but there's a gun to my head speakin silver or lead  
it's stifling my growth, i can't get ahead, it's said  
when the student is ready, the master shall appear  
well i was born ready, i'm here*

*the land of the free is for the sympathizers  
made us first the foreman then the supervisors  
they disorganized my people, made us advisors  
still got the last names of our colonizers  
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*son of mesquite trees, king of the palm leaves  
pourin 40s on the earth to peace out the deceased*

*venture decolonist and abolition ideologist*

*cleanse in a río bath before the warpath  
and i speak wrath after i say my amens  
don't owe offerings to the academy, the agony  
of fools using masters' tools is old motto born to lose  
i choose being true to myself, remove thoughts from bookshelves  
if i'm being honest i'm tryna dismantle  
if i'm being honest i'm tryna set the example of how  
without the oppressed, there's no academy  
that it's part of the whole in transcending nationality  
you see the student has already become the master  
at the end of this verse, i finish the chapter  
walk away cuz liberation is what i'm after  
i close the book to shook looks before i summon the hook*

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***i This poem was previously published as part of Arnulfo Daniel Segovia's Master's Thesis Forgot My Tribe: Meditations on Hip Hop and La Frontera in August 2017.***