

Peace Across the Northside

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I just wish I was a kid again,
because back then when I lived on Glenwood and Penn,
it was almost all good in the hood.
Back when I could play outside and dodge balls instead of bullets.
When kids could shoot hoops rather than each other,
they could play at the park without being dragged
into the game of drugs and gangs.
Now it's everything but peaceful.
Say "Northside" now and modern day suburbia quivers with fear.
The news says, "*North Minneapolis*"
but "*CRIME, DRUGS, VIOLENCE*" is all the audience seems to hear.
These days, personality and faces are erased,
when young black males get bored, they choose to follow lords.
No, not the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ,
but the lords of vice and folks of GD,
shedding blood and crip-ling our neighborhoods.
The problem is the teens have low self-esteem and
run around having fatherless babies
from Broadway to Aldrich back down to Queen.
1-9, Deuce Six, Tre Tre, Tre Six.
When there's nothing positive to do, what's created are cliques.
These cliques are gangs that have the power to change the world
for worse or for better, but it's always for the worse the hotter the
weather.
In the summer, along with ice cream,
come violent scenes and shattered dreams.
We think *that's just the way it is* but

things will never be the same because

This summer, we're not just gonna sit around
and sigh when gunshots ring.

We're gonna get up and shout out about it
like Martin Luther King.

This summer we're not gonna stand by and
watch all of our youth slowly die.

Physically and mentally, letting their talent go to waste,
just because "working with the community" doesn't quite fit our taste.

So here, in the misunderstood, yet beautiful, Northside,
where we ride 'til we die, we can all agree to fight,
until there is . . . peace across the Northside!