Twitter Thread by Dr. Alexander Hamilton | Alter Ego: AHAM

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A NIGGA CHRISTMAS

Twas the night before Christmas, when all thru the plantation,
not a nigga was voting, not even for reparations,
Strange fruit was hung on the oak trees with care,
In hopes that Catcha Freeman would soon be there,

Little Sally was nestled all snug in her bed,
While Thomas the pedophile got in his head,
I'm president, I'm white, I can have what I want,
I'll take it, she'll give it, my privilege, I'll flaunt,

While Massa was taking it, I went back to sleep,
And prayed to White Jesus my nigga soul to keep,
When out in the fields arose such an Uncle Ruckus,
I sprang from my haystack to see what the fuckus,

Away to the outhouse, I ran like Nat Turner,
I tore open the shutters and let out a murmur,
when, what to my wondering eyes would appear?,
was Steve Harvey telling slaves "we black out here,"

I looked up in sky, was it a bird or a plane?,
No, It was Oprah in a sled filled with her favorite thangs,
Dropping gifts 2 good white folks who gave her good luck
tossing bootstraps to niggas so we could pull our ass up,

"Now Harvey! Now Jeffrey!
Now Weinstein & Epstein!
Love Charlie, Fuck Kobe!
Fuck Michael & Jackson!

To the top of master's porch!
She said with a smirk
Now dash away niggas
and get back to work!"

Heads hung low, us darkies trek back to the fields,
While Oprah & Gayle graced master in heels,
Next came Barack, Michelle and Kamala,
Lecturing Killmongers on how to be T'Challa,
If only field niggas knew how to behave,
Then master would love them too & they wouldn't be slaves,

And then, in a twinkling, I heard a commotion,
It sound like some Negroes being revoked a promotion,
Then I heard master's wife yell out in fright,
Hark, these niggers think that their white!

It seems the nigga Cinderella clock had struck 12,
Deese darkies had been reminded their skin was not pale,
So they filed out master's door, one by one,
Head in their hands, no longer having fun,

Their eyes, how sad! Their dimples so inflamed!
While field niggas burst into laughter mocking their pain,
To add insult to injury, master burned up their sled,
No mo flying uppity negroes, fame going to their head,

They're not black, they're OJ, so they'll turn the other cheek,
Like Chappelle lecturing Netflix but forgetting about Monique,
I don't care whose number you have in your phone,
All niggas get stopped by the police on the way home,

No stocking stuffed by the chimney with cash bail,
Deese dumb ass niggas will spend Christmas in jail,
No singing on tour like Mike, Ike and Tina,
No red table talk like Will, Jada & Alsina,

Mr.Charlie laid a finger aside of his nose
& squinted his eyes as he started his prose,
"Now listen niggers, U better behave!"
White folk press charges on darkies even during holidays,
I heard Massa exclaim as he drove off the plantation,
Merry Christmas 2 all & fuck reparations!