**Still, I Survived**

You may have trumped me in the very dirt,  
But still, like dust, I'll survive.

Does my feistiness distressed you?  
Why are you overwhelmed with dejection?  
'Cause I gait like I've had oil wells,  
Propelling in my drawing room.

Just like moons and suns,  
With the inevitability of waves,  
Just like anticipations leaping high,  
Still, I'll survive.

Did you want to see me shattered?  
Arched head and lowered gaze?  
Shoulders dropping down like tears.  
Faded by my soulful screams.

Does my arrogance offend you?  
Don't you take it dreadful hard,  
'Cause I hoot like I've got gold mines,  
Digging' in my own back yard.

You may kill me with your confrontations,  
You might cut me with your gaze,  
You may slay me with your atrociousness,  
But still, like air, I'll survive.

Does my sexiness troubled you?  
Does it come as a shock,  
That I rave like I've got ruby,  
At the huddle of my thighs?

Out of the affairs of history's disgrace,  
I survive  
Up from a past that's rooted in agony,  
I survive,  
I'm a black ocean, soaring and eclectic,  
Rising and distension, I bear in the flow,  
Parting with nights of terror and fear,  
I survive,  
Into a daybreak that's astoundingly clear,  
I survive,  
Bringing the favors that my lineages gave,  
I am the reverie and the courage of the slave.  
I survive,  
I survive,  
I survive,

You may inscribe me down in antiquity,  
With your acrimonious, warped lies.