

The city looks different now

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The south side is not what I remember,
It didn't use to look this poor,
We were rich,
with little kids recruiting others door-to-door,
We would gather up the gang and then recruit a little more,
We would play a game of football and speak of dreams that were in store,

At Grandpas house,
he always had space for me
even tho he used to hoard,
The foster system steady chasing us both in and out of court,
It was him, me and my brothers, plus the bunny on the porch,
Now grandpas gone and I'm adopted nothing hurts me anymore.

The Eastside is not what I remember,
It was poor and it was poppin',
Lazy Janes, helped me cure All the pains of my adoption,
Ella's Deli, in my belly, filled me up with all the options,
on the porch, on my throne, watching over East Washington,

Atwood, Terry with the clips,
At home, Mama with the comb,
She used to pick my hair out cause I wouldn't do it on my own,
I remembered memories don't just happen when alone,
So my foster parents took me in and made a family of our own,

The north side isn't what I remember,
It didn't used to move this fast,
it was the place where time stood still
Not hot nor cold,
Beautiful with leaves all dressed in gold,
Where loves from, found deep inside the slow but calm breeze,
Where empty blocks and pickup trucks are the only things you see,

I still remember when that 11-year-old girl got shot,
When time didn't move,
I remember when McDonalds on Packers made the news,
I remember when my little sister went to jail,
Time seemed to move faster
and since then has never stopped,

Faster and faster
the town changed as I watched,

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The Southside looks poor, but still rich with the memories,
La Hacienda, Jade Garden, Lanes Bakery, and Grandpa,

I still know some of those kids,
Or at least the ones that lived,
My classmates, peers, and inspirations,
You hold a special place in my heart,

The Eastside got gentrified, but its still ghetto enough,
Ella's Deli left, but Lazy Janes is still around,
Terry still cutting hair,
And I pick my own hair out,
I'm on my own now,
But found people to make memories with inside my hometown,
I graduated from East High and I'm making myself proud,

The Northside moving fast,
More of the same,
My name grows, as the rain goes through the window like the pain,
Now that my status has elevated like a plane,
The northside life feels flat like plain,
It's all the same both ways,
But I love it always,
Cause the northside is where the folks I truly love stay.

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Although different isn't always bad,
In this case, different isn't always good,
It was what it was,
and it is what it is,
In the end, it's the city in which I still live,
The city looks how it does,
And I'm ok with that.
This is my city,
This is our city,
It's up to us to make it that.

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