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Mistaken Identity

Karlton “Knowledge” Daniel

There’s a party in the pen and the bigots, they ain’t invited.
No invitations needed, just a formal indictment.

It just seems to me that’s the way that things go
Open, unlock, unshackle. Close the door.

Lock him up, lock him up. Keep these Black men down.
Some conspiring shhhhhh going around.

Hot off the presses. Oh no, don’t get me started.
They stand on street corners with newspapers yelling prosecutors trying to
play us like Blacks are intellectually parted.

Guilty times twelve shut him down, shut him down.
All white jury, all white Hick town.
One Black man stuck out like a sore thumb.
Arrested, convicted, but they sentence the wrong one.
Trumped up some charges.
Think of subliminal
First-time offender, sentence career criminal.

I can’t believe it. This stuff has got to stop.
Front page headline read: Black Man Gets Popped
Judicial system just going crazy ‘cause I’m young, Black
How could they blame, me lock me up, take me away from my family.

Blame the judge. Or should I blame my attorney?
For letting the twelve jurors convict me
They blame, they framed, they used, they abused me.
They play with my L-I-F-E. It wasn't me.
It was mistaken identity.

Hmmm...mistaken identity.
They lie, they pry, they even tried to befriend me.
From the chief justice all the way down to the police. Prosecutors, vice
squads, even the people in DOC.
They made up a lot of lies anyway that they can
Breaking all the rules when they framed this Black man.
Now I'm sitting in the cell, my future is looking kind of dim though.
I'm learning how to be a Class A Criminal.

It's a trap.
Trap. Straight up it's a conspiracy
And the public, they want to call this place a correctional facility.
This is where they take your good and make it bad.
So when it's time to get out, they know you come right back.

You see round and round the system keeps going.
Prison, prison, Black men just keep coming
And it's easy for the police to catch you slipping
You're a target fool. So why're you tripping?

God oh God.
My life once you saved
A lot of the biggest still think Blacks are slaves.
I was rolling in my ride. I remember listening to this Ice Cube jam.
Next thing I heard was "Up with your hands."

they pulled me out the car.
Book 'em Danno! Book 'em Danno!
So I kicked him, made him sing soprano.
But it's a trap and I know it. Now I'm mad as hell
'cause I'm sitting right back to this hot little jail cell.

Facing seven charges of first degree armed robbery.
But I only kicked a cop. I'm not a thief. Charging me, that's another form
of conspiracy,
but actual and effectual it's mistaken identity.

So now I'm locked up, but I'm not shut out
Twenty-five and a half years of my life to just sing about.
I can't believe it. It's like a nightmare.
Doing time for crimes and I wasn't even there
and they say I'm protected by the constitution.
That's just a declaration of prostitution.

We the people, we the who?
'cause we ain't me. And it damn sure ain't you.
So wake up. You better wake up fast
You better wise up because they're all laughing at you.
Malcolm X, Doctor King, remember the guy in Detroit, Malice Green?
We the people? That's who tried to kill Rodney King.

Supremacy, derivative: supreme
Now refer that to a court. You know what that means.
That's trouble for me and you, you and me,
we minorities we all holes in the system. Can't you see?
I'm so tired so tired there's no sleeping.

I'm up all night 'cause my eyes just keep weeping
thinking about the way the system keeps doing me.
I'm woke, I'm woke, but they still playing games with me.
Mr. Knowledge, I'm like an information minister,
but they tried to make me out to be society's sinister.
Seems like every time they make a mistake with a minority, we always
hear the same excuse.
It's just mistaken identity.