



## Handout 1 - Primary Source Documents

Document 1: Transcript of Fox News' *The Five* reaction to Kendrick Lamar's BET performance of "Alright" (June 2015)

**Eric Bolling:** Rapper Kendrick Lamar raised some eyebrows last night when he opened the BET Awards singing atop a vandalized cop car.

(Footage plays from Kendrick Lamar's performance of the BET Awards, singing a censored version of "Alright"): "...would you know we've been hurt and down before, hitta!, when our pride was low, looking at the world like where do we go? hitta! And we hate po-po wanna kill us dead in the street fo'sho, I'm at the preacher's door, my knees getting weak and my gun might blow but we gon be alright..."

**Bolling:** Did you catch that? Ah, Lamar stated his views on police brutality with that line from the song quote, "and we hate the po-po wanna kill us in the street fo-sho." KG?

**Kimberly Guilfoyle:** Ugh, please. Oh, I don't like it. You know I don't like it, that's why you came to me. I-I get it, it's his right to express himself, let the free market decide. Personally, it doesn't excite me, it doesn't turn me on, doesn't interest me, I'm not feeling it.

**Bolling:** Geraldo, how helpful are the song lyrics?

**Geraldo Rivera:** To say the least, not helpful at all. This is why I say hip hop has done more damage to young African Americans than racism in recent years. This is exactly the wrong message and then to conflate what had happened in the church in Charleston South Carolina with these tragic incidents involving um-um-excessive force of um- use of force by cops is to equate that racist killer with these cops. It is so wrong, it is so counterproductive, it gives exactly the wrong message, it doesn't recognize that a city like Baltimore where, remember Freddie Gray?, that a homicide a day since Freddie Gray. No one's protesting that. Baltimore, a tiny city, seven percent the size of New York, has just as many murders as New York. You know, we've gotta wake up at a certain point and understand what's going on.

**Bolling:** Dana, timing's everything and this may be a little too soon...

**Dana Perino:** Well the thing I was thinking about this too, it's not like it was somebody on cable news who just happened to say something that they regretted and that they had then go apologize for. This was planned. There were probably a thousand people, at least several hundred if not a thousand, who all knew this was all going to happen. Nobody raises their hand and say "maybe this isn't the best idea to do?" (Several people talking over each other)

**Guilfoyle:** Yeah, terrible.

**Bolling:** But what's going on Tommy, look at that police car

**Guilfoyle:** It incites violence!

**Tom Shiulle:** You sure it was planned? It looks like a spontaneous demonstration to me-

**Perino:** *Who pushed the video?*

**Shiulle:** Nooo, another rapper who's anti-police? I mean it's never happened before. (Laughter)

Document 2: "DNA." by Kendrick Lamar

[Verse 1]

I got, I got, I got, I got—  
 Loyalty, got royalty inside my DNA  
 Cocaine quarter piece, got war and peace inside my DNA  
 I got power, poison, pain and joy inside my DNA  
 I got hustle though, ambition flow inside my DNA  
 I was born like this, since one like this, immaculate conception  
 I transform like this, perform like this, was Yeshua new weapon  
 I don't contemplate, I meditate, then off your fucking head  
 This that put-the-kids-to-bed  
 This that I got, I got, I got, I got—  
 Realness, I just kill shit 'cause it's in my DNA  
 I got millions, I got riches buildin' in my DNA  
 I got dark, I got evil, that rot inside my DNA  
 I got off, I got troublesome heart inside my DNA  
 I just win again, then win again like Wimbledon, I serve  
 Yeah, that's him again, the sound that engine in is like a bird  
 You see fireworks and Corvette tire skrrt the boulevard  
 I know how you work, I know just who you are  
 See, you's a, you's a, you's a—  
 Bitch, your hormones prolly switch inside your DNA  
 Problem is, all that sucker shit inside your DNA  
 Daddy prolly snitched, heritage inside your DNA  
 Backbone don't exist, born outside a jellyfish, I gauge  
 See, my pedigree most definitely don't tolerate the front  
 Shit I've been through prolly offend you, this is Paula's oldest son  
 I know murder, conviction  
 Burners, boosters, burglars, ballers, dead, redemption  
 Scholars, fathers dead with kids and  
 I wish I was fed forgiveness  
 Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, soldier's DNA (soldier's DNA)  
 Born inside the beast, my expertise checked out in second grade  
 When I was 9, on cell, motel, we didn't have nowhere to stay  
 At 29, I've done so well, hit cartwheel in my estate  
 And I'm gon' shine like I'm supposed to, antisocial extrovert  
 And excellent mean the extra work  
 And absentness what the fuck you heard  
 And pessimists never struck my nerve  
 And Nazareth gon' plead his case

The reason my power's here on earth  
 Salute the truth, when the prophet say

[Bridge: Kendrick Lamar & Geraldo Rivera]

I got loyalty, got royalty inside my DNA  
 This is why I say that hip hop has done more damage to young African Americans than racism in recent years  
 I got loyalty, got royalty inside my DNA  
 I live a better life, I'm rollin' several dice, fuck your life  
 I got loyalty, got royalty inside my DNA  
 I live a be-, fuck your life  
 5, 4, 3, 2, 1  
 This is my heritage, all I'm inheritin'  
 Money and power, the maker of marriages

[Verse 2]

Tell me somethin'  
 You mothafuckas can't tell me nothin'  
 I'd rather die than to listen to you  
 My DNA not for imitation  
 Your DNA an abomination  
 This how it is when you in the Matrix

Dodgin' bullets, reapin' what you sow  
 And stackin' up the footage, livin' on the go  
 And sleepin' in a villa  
 Sippin' from a Grammy, walkin' in the buildin'  
 Diamond in the ceilin', marble on the floors  
 Beach inside the window, peekin' out the window  
 Baby in the pool, godfather goals  
 Only Lord knows I've been goin' hammer  
 Dodgin' paparazzi, freakin' through the cameras  
 Eat at Four Daughters, Brock wearin' sandals  
 Yoga on a Monday, stretchin' to Nirvana  
 Watchin' all the snakes, curvin' all the fakes  
 Phone never on, I don't conversate  
 I don't compromise, I just penetrate  
 Sex, money, murder—these are the breaks  
 These are the times, level number 9  
 Look up in the sky, 10 is on the way  
 Sentence on the way, killings on the way  
 Motherfucker, I got winners on the way  
 You ain't shit without a body on your belt  
 You ain't shit without a ticket on your plate  
 You ain't sick enough to pull it on yourself  
 You ain't rich enough to hit the lot and skate  
 Tell me when destruction gonna be my fate  
 Gonna be your fate, gonna be our faith  
 Peace to the world, let it rotate  
 Sex, money, murder—our DNA

Document 3: Gordon Parks Introduction

Widely acclaimed photojournalist, director, and activist, Gordon Parks was born on November 30, 1912, in Fort Scott, Kansas. Parks was the son of two farmers, and the youngest of their 15 children. After an turbulent adolescence, he held numerous odd jobs to make ends meet, including working as a waiter, a piano player, railroad porter, and a semi-pro basketball player.

In 1939, Parks became a photographer for the St. Paul YWCA and International Institute. He had exhibitions of his work in major Midwestern cities such as St Paul, Minneapolis, and Chicago. Parks also began shooting for journalistic publications, including the *Chicago Tribune*.

By 1942, he was granted a fellowship for the Farm Security Administration (FSA), a program part of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal. For the FSA fellowship, photographers were tasked with shooting rural and urban areas in America during the Great Depression. Parks stayed in cities like Washington D.C., where he took his now iconic photo of a Black office cleaner Ella Watson in front of the American flag, entitled "American Gothic."



The FSA eventually disbanded, however Parks continued with photography. His work led him to one of the most popular American publications at the time, *Life* magazine. Parks was the first Black photographer at *Life* and in his two decades there produced some of his most memorable photo essays, including "A Harlem Family," a series of photos that captured the everyday struggles of the Fontenelle Family. Parks' photographs captivated readers, some being so moved by Parks' images that they would donate money to help the subjects of his essays, such as the Fontenelle Family. Aside from using his photography to highlight issues like poverty, racism, and segregation, Parks also photographed celebrities and fashion spreads for *Life* magazine.

Parks' career was not only limited to still photography; he participated and directed several films as well. In 1969, he released his first film, *The Learning Tree*, which was based on his 1963 book of the same name. Two years later, he released his second film, *Shaft* which some credits as the first and most popular blaxploitation film. *Shaft* was successful, and its soundtrack earned the film an Academy Award for Best Original Song.

Parks continued to expand his career, co-founding the magazine *Essence* and dabbling in painting. He continued with his photography towards the end of his life. Parks passed away in 2006 at the age of 93. His legacy survives through the Gordon Parks Foundation in Pleasantville, NY and the Gordon Parks Museum and Center in Fort Scott, Kansas.

**"I got fed up with hearing all these people, even Negroes, ask, 'Why are those people rioting?' My personal project was to show them why." - Gordon Parks, *Life*, March 8, 1968.**



*Document 4: "XXX." ft. U2 by Kendrick Lamar*

[Intro: Bēkon & Kid Capri]

America, God bless you if it's good to you  
America, please take my hand  
Can you help me underst—  
New Kung Fu Kenny

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

Throw a steak off the ark to a pool full of sharks, he'll  
take it  
Leave him in the wilderness with a sworn nemesis,  
he'll make it  
Take the gratitude from him, I bet he'll show you some-  
thin', whoa  
I'll chip a nigga lil' bit of nothin', I'll chip a nigga lil' bit of  
nothin'  
I'll chip a nigga lil' bit of nothin', I'll chip a nigga, then  
throw the blower in his lap  
Walk myself to the court like, "Bitch, I did that!," X-rated  
Johnny don't wanna go to school no mo', no mo'  
Johnny said books ain't cool no mo' (no mo')  
Johnny wanna be a rapper like his big cousin  
Johnny caught a body yesterday out hustlin'  
God bless America, you know we all love him

[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

Yesterday I got a call like from my dog like 101  
Said they killed his only son because of insufficient  
funds  
He was sobbin', he was mobbin', way belligerent and  
drunk  
Talkin' out his head, philosophin' on what the Lord had  
done  
He said: "K-Dot, can you pray for me?  
It been a fucked up day for me  
I know that you anointed, show me how to overcome."  
He was lookin' for some closure  
Hopin' I could bring him closer  
To the spiritual, my spirit do know better, but I told him  
"I can't sugarcoat the answer for you, this is how I feel:  
If somebody kill my son, that mean somebody gettin'  
killed."  
Tell me what you do for love, loyalty, and passion of  
All the memories collected, moments you could never  
touch  
I'll wait in front a nigga's spot and watch him hit his  
block  
I'll catch a nigga leavin' service if that's all I got  
I'll chip a nigga, then throw the blower in his lap  
Walk myself to the court like, "Bitch, I did that!"

Ain't no Black Power when your baby killed by a cow-  
ard  
I can't even keep the peace, don't you fuck with one of  
ours  
It be murder in the street, it be bodies in the hour  
Ghetto bird be on the street, paramedics on the dial  
Let somebody touch my momma  
Touch my sister, touch my woman  
Touch my daddy, touch my niece  
Touch my nephew, touch my brother  
You should chip a nigga, then throw the blower in his  
lap  
Matter fact, I'm 'bout to speak at this convention  
Call you back—

[Break: Kendrick Lamar]

Alright, kids, we're gonna talk about gun control  
(Pray for me) Damn!

[Chorus: Bono]

It's not a place  
This country is to me a sound  
Of drum and bass  
You close your eyes to look around

[Verse 3: Kendrick Lamar]

Hail Mary, Jesus and Joseph  
The great American flag is wrapped in drag with explo-  
sives  
Compulsive disorder, sons and daughters  
Barricaded blocks and borders  
Look what you taught us!  
It's murder on my street, your street, back streets  
Wall Street, corporate offices  
Banks, employees, and bosses with  
Homicidal thoughts; Donald Trump's in office  
We lost Barack and promised to never doubt him again  
But is America honest, or do we bask in sin?  
Pass the gin, I mix it with American blood  
Then bash him in, you Crippin' or you married to  
Blood?  
I'll ask again—oops, accident  
It's nasty when you set us up  
Then roll the dice, then bet us up  
You overnight the big rifles, then tell Fox to be scared  
of us  
Gang members or terrorists, et cetera, et cetera  
America's reflections of me, that's what a mirror does

Document 5: "FEAR." by Kendrick Lamar

[Intro]

Poverty's paradise  
I don't think I could find a way to make it on this earth  
(I've been hungry all my life)

[Bridge 1: Charles Edward Sydney Isom Jr. & Kendrick Lamar]

Why God, why God do I gotta suffer?  
Pain in my heart carry burdens full of struggle  
Why God, why God do I gotta bleed?  
Every stone thrown at you restin' at my feet  
Why God, why God do I gotta suffer?  
Earth is no more, won't you burn this muh'fucka?  
I don't think I could find a way to make it on this earth

AkcuF'hum siht nrub uoy t'now ,erom on si htraE  
Reffus attog I od doG yhw ,doG yhW  
Teef ym ta 'nitser uoy ta nworht enots yrevE  
Deelb attog I od doG yhw ,doG yhW  
Elggurts fo lluf snedrub yrrac traeh ym ni niaP  
Reffus attog I od doG yhw ,doG yhW  
Teef ym ta 'nitser uoy ta nworht enots yrevE

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

I beat yo' ass, keep talkin' back  
I beat yo' ass, who bought you that?  
You stole it, I beat yo' ass if you say that game is broken  
I beat yo' ass if you jump on my couch  
I beat yo' ass if you walk in this house  
With tears in your eyes, runnin' from Poo Poo and Prentice  
Go back outside, I beat yo' ass, lil' nigga  
That homework better be finished, I beat yo' ass  
Your teachers better not be bitchin' 'bout you in class  
That pizza better not be wasted, you eat it all  
That TV better not be loud if you got it on  
Them Jordans better not get dirty when I just bought 'em  
Better not hear 'bout you humpin' on Keisha's daughter  
Better not hear you got caught up  
I beat yo' ass, you better not run to your father  
I beat yo' ass, you know my patience runnin' thin  
I got buku payments to make  
County building's on my ass, tryna take my food stamps away  
I beat yo' ass if you tell them social workers he live here

I beat yo' ass if I beat yo' ass twice and you still here  
Seven years old, think you run this house by yourself?  
Nigga, you gon' fear me if you don't fear no one else

[Chorus: Kendrick Lamar]

If I could smoke fear away, I'd roll that mothafucker up  
And then I'd take two puffs  
I'm high now (Huh), I'm high now (Huh)  
I'm high now (Huh), I'm high now (Huh)  
Life's a bitch, pull them panties to the side now  
(Pull them panties to the side now)  
I don't think I could find a way to make it on this earth

I'll prolly die anonymous, I'll prolly die with promises  
I'll prolly die walkin' back home from the candy house  
I'll prolly die because these colors are standin' out  
I'll prolly die because I ain't know Demarcus was snitchin'  
I'll prolly die at these house parties, fuckin' with bitches  
I'll prolly die from witnesses leavin' me falsed accused  
I'll prolly die from thinkin' that me and your hood was cool  
Or maybe die from pressin' the line, actin' too extra  
Or maybe die because these smokers are more than desperate  
I'll prolly die from one of these bats and blue badges  
Body-slammed on black and white paint, my bones snappin'  
Or maybe die from panic or die from bein' too lax  
Or die from waitin' on it, die 'cause I'm movin' too fast  
I'll prolly die tryna buy weed at the apartments  
I'll prolly die tryna defuse two homies arguin'  
I'll prolly die 'cause that's what you do when you're 17  
All worries in a hurry, I wish I controlled things

[Chorus: Kendrick Lamar]

If I could smoke fear away, I'd roll that mothafucker up  
And then I'd take two puffs  
(I've been hungry all my life)  
I'm high now (Huh), I'm high now (Huh)  
I'm high now (Huh), I'm high now (Huh)  
Life's a bitch, pull them panties to the side now  
(Pull them panties to the side now)  
Now

[Verse 3: Kendrick Lamar]

When I was 27, I grew accustomed to more fear  
Accumulated 10 times over throughout the years  
My newfound life made all of me magnified

How many accolades do I need to block denial?  
The shock value of my success put bolts in me  
All this money, is God playin' a joke on me?  
Is it for the moment, and will he see me as Job?  
Take it from me and leave me worse than I was before?  
At 27, my biggest fear was losin' it all  
Scared to spend money, had me sleepin' from hall to hall  
Scared to go back to Section 8 with my mama stressin'  
30 shows a month and I still won't buy me no Lexus  
What is an advisor? Somebody that's holdin' my checks  
Just to fuck me over and put my finances in debt?  
I read a case about Rihanna's accountant and wondered  
How did the Bad Girl feel when she looked at them numbers?  
The type of shit'll make me flip out and just kill some-thin'  
Drill somethin', get ill and fill ratchets with a lil' some-thin'  
I practiced runnin' from fear, guess I had some good luck  
At 27 years old, my biggest fear was bein' judged  
How they look at me reflect on myself, my family, my city  
What they say 'bout me reveal if my reputation would miss me  
What they see from me would trickle down generations in time  
What they hear from me would make 'em highlight my simplest lines

[Verse 4: Kendrick Lamar]

I'm talkin' fear, fear of losin' creativity  
I'm talkin' fear, fear of missin' out on you and me  
I'm talkin' fear, fear of losin' loyalty from pride  
'Cause my DNA won't let me involve in the light of God  
I'm talkin' fear, fear that my humbleness is gone  
I'm talkin' fear, fear that love ain't livin' here no more  
I'm talkin' fear, fear that it's wickedness or weakness  
Fear, whatever it is, both is distinctive  
Fear, what happens on Earth stays on Earth  
And I can't take these feelings with me, so hopefully, they disperse  
Within fourteen tracks, carried out over wax  
Searchin' for resolutions until somebody get back  
Fear, what happens on Earth stays on Earth  
And I can't take these feelings with me, so hopefully they disperse  
Within fourteen tracks, carried out over wax  
Wonderin' if I'm livin' through fear or livin' through rap  
Damn

[Bridge 2: Bēkon]

God damn you, God damn me  
God damn us, God damn we  
God damn us all