

My skin could never no curse, no it can't
I wear it like a prom tuxedo
I wear my hair as if its the sun and...
each and every dread is a powerful light ray
never wanted things to be in reverse cuz
GOD makes waves wise travellers so
my views of this world are ever growing
thus ever growing is the way one must view me
A soul of conviction unjustly convicted
happy tv commercials and bi-racial shows
the smell of reality still burns my nose
not content until it smells like a rose
whether it's in syle to keep the fight
I tread these waters and make my waves yes I do
And I will fight until my dying day
And even after that my ghost resides with pride
Forward ever backward never
day by day these trials I trod
Always triumphant never fail
We've come too far to turn back now
I won't turn back I move
My blood is thicker than the waters of any flood
Here I am facing the almighty herself
If she approves then I am saved
Clear of trouble is the path I pave
for generations to walk and run
Whether it's in style to keep the fight
I tread these waters and make waves GOD knows
and I will fight until my dying day
and even after that my ghost resides with pride