

I grew up a young choir boy  
Christian like Krizz, is like the last you ever think to pick a fight  
Kids used to throw rocks at me  
When the bus stops at me  
How sis would come running out  
"Leave my brother alone!", she would tell em  
"I'm a kill em momma, if they send him home again yellin'  
I'm a erase at least one of em from this place  
I hated they make fun of him cause his face"  
Go on and on, traveling on through adolescence  
Teach em a lesson, carry a weapon  
Cause that's the only way to keep em off of me  
They teasin me awfully bad  
Wish I could take of my mask and I'm asking my momma,  
"Why you think the lord seen it fit to hit me with this?"  
He could make a different Krizz, if he wanted to  
Here's what I'm gonna do... I'm a tattoo my face and erase this:  
This is Vitiligo

What kind of life is that for a boy who looks like this? (Famous)  
Wanting to fit in this world, but it's just a wish  
Pointing fingers, people whisper. Silhouette, of a lonely figure  
(Where can he go?) Where can he hide? Livin' inside, of his Vitiligo

Save this... freak of... nature songbird... make his way from...

From the bottom all the way to the top  
Even though he hated the way he painted, momma told me I can't stop  
Cause no one cares, if anyone's watching  
People stare, at Mr. Watson  
But that never stopped him from coppin' the,  
Vodkas, and was popular  
It's over and shit  
Colder the older it get  
Sorry pop never made it to see his son be the great one  
Escape from the place that definitely made him  
Look what I did, I made a life, a wife, and a kid  
People know me wherever I go:  
This is Vitiligo

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This, is Vitiligo... hold on...

"Here comes the drop! Here comes the drop! Oh shit!"