

Sit and think about me upbringing  
And tearing it apart is a serious thing  
They say I'm confused  
They say I lost my culture I lost my grassroots  
All that shit I just give it the boot  
Cause I know where lies my truth  
With me coming around the corner with dem boom, boom, boom  
I hit the dance floor so make some room  
I'm the crazy Indian let me scream and shout  
So tell whose selling out  
First generation American  
No one knew where I was coming from  
Fuck the past, what's done is done  
We'll rule the world together...  
Cause I got much Masala, yeah, I got much Masala  
Born and raised in America  
But when I came home it felt like India  
Yes! Three languages I read, write, and speak  
And everybody's saying that my future is bleak  
I dropped my racism, and I donned my blonde streak  
So tell me whose culture is weak