

# Identity Crisis

Pigeon John

This is for the girls that used to diss me  
Now they all just...wanna diss me

It's an identity crisis (3x)  
I do not know what to do  
Grow dreads or sport a bald head  
I don't know  
It's an identity crisis (3x)  
I do not know what to do  
Wear Nikes or be Dick Van Dike  
I don't know

I was walking down the street  
To a funky beat  
Feeling real nice  
Feeling real neat  
Had a little money so I had something to eat  
Sitting alone so I kicked up my feet  
And what do you know another freakazoid  
Had a little confidence and didn't feel void  
Stood up slow to dust myself off  
Not too hard, not too soft  
She was shopping at Miller's Outpost dude  
She looked 14, I was that plus two  
I was kinda dusty cause I just finished skatin'  
Went over to her and she started hesitatin'  
I tried to ignore it, then I kicked my game  
And ever since then I never been the same  
She looked me up and down to check my stilo  
Before I said a word, she said she had to go  
I said "Can I come?" Started kicking my drag  
She paused for a minute, listened to what I had  
I said, "Can we talk over the phone or something  
Instead of in the mall, be all alone or something"  
She said "No thanks, it just don't feel right  
Cause you walk black and act white" (say word?)  
And as she walked away  
I could hear the ricochet  
And it's effect on my whole dang life

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So I grew out my hair, switched up my clothes  
Down with LA Symph and I rocked some shows  
Dancing and acting a fool and stuff  
But in the back of their mind is it all a bluff  
Am I doin' all of this just to cover it up  
All of my insecurities is hovering up  
Either I gotta act silly or I gotta act tough  
Either I think I'm the best or I'm bout to get cut

Do I rock hip hop or do I wear some slacks?  
Look like your homeboy or look like your dad?  
Should I sing a little more or should I stick to rap?  
And if I sing a little too much will they think it's black  
Or just a little too white to fit a Harlem night  
They wanna put a handcuff on the things that I write  
Now it's a fight just to write a freakin' normal song  
Either it's too long or just wrong

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