

Black Cinderella

Protoje

Hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Whoa, whoa

I've got to find my Black Cinderella
She cannot be my Black Cinderella

Me tell you she nuh discreet pon the city streets
So she see it, so she do it
She say she sweet so 'til you repeat
Me have a speech fi you listen fi it
Young girl wear your size 'cause dem shoes deh nuh fit you feet
Choose fi manipulate, use you fi get you weak
And she nuh cheap, you have the dues fi facilitate
Cinderella put the spell on you
Princess with the glass slipper come fi trick oonu
Me tell oonu say

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And when me say it turn to porridge from the pumpkin
Country bumpkin inna the carriage where the skunk in
And like a dream when it sunk in, what a something
In reality she looking for a fun thing
But in reality I'm looking to become king
Though my duality it have me chasing, hunting
For the physical pleasure then
Although the real treasure them
Only spiritually measure them

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She nice and she fit and she round and she firm
Ripe Julie mango but heart full of worm
Daughter confirm that her thoughts full of germs
How she find me? Say goodbye lady!
She want it, she get it then she leave it fi spoil
Same meditation she teach to your child
Careful, you wind up beside her, you frighten, you might pay
So what I say