

# Black Stacey

Saul Williams

I used to hump my pillow at night  
The type of silent prayer to make myself prepare for the light  
Me and my cousin Duce would rank the girls between one and ten  
And the highest number got to be my pillow's pretend

Now, I apologize to every high ranker  
But you taught me how to dream and so I also thank you  
I never had the courage to approach you at school  
We joked around a lot and I know you thought I dressed cool

But I was just covering up  
All the insecurities that came bubbling up  
My complexion had me stuck in an emotional rut  
Like the time you Flavor Flaved me and you played me Yo Chuck

They say you're too black, man, I think I'm too black  
Mom, do you think I'm too black?  
I think I'm too black, I think I'm too black  
I think I'm too black, black, black, black, black

Black Stacey  
They called me Black Stacey  
I never got to be myself  
'Cause to myself I always was  
Black Stacey  
In polka dots and paisley  
A double goose and bally shoes  
You thought it wouldn't phase me, I was  
Black Stacey  
The preachers' son from Haiti  
Who rhymed a lot and always got  
The dance steps at the party, I was  
Black Stacey  
You thought it wouldn't phase me  
But it did  
'Cause I was just a kid

I used to use bleaching creme  
'Til Madame CJ Walker walked into my dreams  
I dreamt of being white and complimented by you  
But the only shiny black thing that you liked was my shoes

Now, I apologize for bottling up  
All the little things you said that warped my head and my gut  
Even though I always told you not to brag about the fact  
That your great grand mother was raped by her slave master

Yeah, I became militant, too  
So it was clear on every level I was blacker than you  
I turned you on to Malcolm X and Assata Shakur  
In the three quarter elephant goose with the fur

Had the high top fade with the steps on the side  
Had the two finger ring, rag top on the ride  
Had the sheep skin, name belt, Lee suit, Kangol  
Acid wash Vasco, chicken and waffle

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Now here's a little message for you  
All you baller playa's got some insecurities, too  
That you could cover up, bling it up, cash in and ching ching it up  
Hope no one will bring it up, lock it down and string it up

Or you can share your essence with us  
'Cause everything about you couldn't be rugged and ruff  
And even though you tote a glock and you're hot on the street  
If you dare to share your heart, we'll nod a head to its beat

And you should do that, if nothing else, to prove that  
A player like you could keep it honest and true  
Don't mean to call your bluff, but mothafucka, that's what I do  
You got platinum chain then, son, I'm probably talking to you

And you can call your gang, your posse and the rest of your crew  
And while you're at it get them addicts and the indigent, too  
I plan to have a whole army by the time that I'm through  
To load their guns with songs they haven't sung like

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Black Stacey  
They called me Black Stacey  
Ah, Black Stacey  
Ooh, Black Stacey  
Move, Black Stacey

Groove, Black Stacey  
Shake, Black Stacey  
Make Black Stacey cry  
Cry  
No, not I