

Cause I'm Black

Styles P

I'm Black, been a greasy kid
I'm better off sayin nigga like Eazy did
Mike Vick bought a pit', now he goin to jail
He ain't have a license to shoot a dead duck or quail
Did the pigs have a license when they shot Sean Bell?
Now hell is a place we live
Cause the race we is, I mean race we are
Too cold for this cop to have our face on the car
It ain't candy so I don't want a taste of the bars
Ain't a ball game, I don't wanna sit at the court
Do a long bid, I don't wanna give that a (Thought)
But I'm +Black+ and people in jail is most my color
What up black cop? Every brother ain't no brother
I'm a have-not, grandma's grandma suffered
You just mad we hustled right out of the struggle
Let it rain nigga, we gon' dance out in the puddles
What?

Looking back over my false dreams that I once knew
Wondering why my dreams never came true
Something is holding me back, ohhh-ohhh
Is it because I'm Black? Yeah...

Uhh, yeah
They say payback's a motherfuckin nigga, that explains why I'm
sick of gettin treated like a goddamn step-child
Livin like a {?} I'm an exile
Gotta climb out of my skin, just like a reptile
Born where the feds file, them suits and neckties
Operatin under the cold, live and let die
I'm tryin to break free of the hole
But five out of ten brothers gon' see a parole
Who this system fail with Mychal Bell, might as well be Sean
Fat cats picnickin on the White House lawn
And it's only ten percent in the hood, where health benefits
Genocide, Jena 6, guilty 'til we innocent
Citizens, listenin to government smooth talk
Take, one step forward and do the moonwalk
back, give me the Peace Prize like Al Gore's
I got a mind like Malcolm X, how 'bout yours?
C'mon

Struggle lives on and it tire on
Imus should've never been fired, just fired on
Not with a gun, hit him up with a water hose
Got some nerve to call a black man's daughter hoe
Whoever put the nooses up, we oughta slaughter those
Klan in the precinct, where did the order go?
Klan in the schools too, where should my daughter go?
Where should my son go? Let me know what {?} is hung fo'
I'm too Black to not dream like Martin did
Die like Malcolm, a martyr to be part of it
Came from the ghetto, you know the heart of it
We just want it finished and, we ain't even started it