

Color Lines

Watsky

(George)

Your first rap show posted in the back row
Of a sea of white kids bent on supermanning that ho
Pretty soon you're buying fitted hats and high tops
Pretending that you're black enough and rapping with the lights off
It's like a cyclops with one closed eye
You can tell me that you're winking, but the grin won't lie
And no mouth supplies, what your skin tone hides
About a thousand miles south as the jim crow flies
And then we're playing he said she said
I see red when I peep a pink cheeked boston meathead
I wanna go Bruce Lee
When I see him on the T taking up two seats
And say, "excuse me, but would you move if hell froze?"
You know the subway is the underground railroad
Lynch trees have the same white limbs
Check out my arms, I look just like him

(Catch)

Let's you and I get one thing straight
The game never been equal, ain't no food on my plate
I gave birth to this and you just took it and co opted it and profited
And packaged it and wouldn't give me half of it
Peep how I master this and break down how you took it all
Raped the culture and you standing there looking all
Innocent, take a mile when I give an inch
And how you getting rich, is it a coincidence?
Or is it ignorance? You don't know your own privilege
You own riches and don't know what homeless is
You got a lot to learn before you even think about
Hip hop, black culture and which fitted you pickin out
Nigger in the street, I don't think so bro
My people ain't supportin your black history show
So stop what you doing we won't take it anymore
Before you come in my house wipe ya feet at the door

Chorus

(George)

I see the color lines
It's tough that Every other time a bother rhymes
White mothers think of gutter crimes
We keep our standard higher
We don't kick lower rhymes
Other times it undermines the fact the mine are over minds

(catch)

All you gotta do is get past the guilt
We ain't living in a house that master built
If you understand that, tell your people what you know
Because one of em got enough money to pay back what you owe

(George)

Yes, My great grands had land, had slaves
I guess I pressed this record off the bank he made
But I want independance, past the declaration
But one down ass white boy can't pay for reparations

(Catch)

I'm running out of patience while you do the work of Satan
Like an impulse. Edu Leedz Black history's an insult

(George)

Number one. I'm not. trying. to tell. your. story
I just want to sit on my porch, drink a forty and spit
Number two, cause You can smell bullshit
I just love hip hop
Pinkie swear that's it

(Catch)

If you love hip hop respect it
That includes the people who created it and paved the way for this
So that you're making it

(George)

Well if you're talking on who's making it, I'll play devil's advocate
A lot of black music has white dollars backing it

(Kweli's got it on lock)

Rupert Murdoch funded Rawkus
You looking for the keys, then you better check the pockets

(Catch)

I'll be checking pockets all right
As soon as it gets dark and all night
I'mma get my money we can all fight

(George)

You taking out the high and the mighty
And their kids
You say kill whitey
I say call I live?
You're not black militant
Killing us diligent
Grab my fam, and grandma and light us up like a filament
I thought we were cool now I'm this close to giving in
Just put a bullet in for each missed dose of Ritalin