

## 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