

As if it's possible to boil personhood to simply colors and regions
Like what justice sum total of our molecules and happen stances
No like how you deal with this
When you a child of a black militant
Whose entire network of friends and family only spoke Spanish...

They like me forget about the color I might be
It's likely they just like me
We different but the same we covered by the blood of the King

I don't do black music I don't do white music
I do fight music unified in Christ music
Let's get right to it hear the music write to it
From the context of a black kid fighting through it
Some folks said it was worldly it was too good
Some folks was scared of it it was too hood
So I took it to the places who would embrace it
And sometimes believe it or not it was white faces
Am I a sellout assimilating what's in my head
No I am Cyclops homie cause all I see is red
People covered in the blood are my fam
And we don't just relate we all related through the Lamb
My family tree is a lower case t (a Cross)
And we are all the same cause you need him like me
We different but the same and it's likely
They just like me that's probably why they like me (they like me)

I don't do black music I don't do white music
I do fight music (fight music, fight music) I don't do black music I don't do
white music
I do fight music unified in Christ music
So God Psalm 139 see the beautiful fact that we all wonderfully and fearfully...

I got blue eyes light skin and some black curls
Grew up the white kid in a black world
When ya live and ya different well the facts hurt
Moved to the burbs and I don't fit in that's worse
I'm just a nerd getting chased home on my bike
After school fight lay in my bed cry at night
Hate the fact that my status read poor and white
And all the rappers I idolize tell me that I'm never right
Now my skin is light and I ain't fitting in
I'm on the outside of hip hop screaming let me in
I'm hooked up with sin hate the very skin I'm in
Cause every time I rhyme they like "look it's Eminem"
Looking back again I's in the worst place
All I had was Beastie Boys and third bass
I'm the dude who always come down in 3rd place
Until I heard the story of Your Life and Your Grace (they like me)

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white music
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And let me make this clearer
You was looking at a mirror

Reflection of our creator's image, image-barers
Bare with me, bare each others burdens
Till we barely feel the weight
It's so light most likely you'll say he's just like me
How boring would a painting be
With no tone or color distinctions
Are differences stance together
Creating sympathies of tapestries
Beautiful color master-pieces
In 1080p we all love High-Def
You just like me
So rather just pointing out the obvious
Say to yourself

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o white music
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