

Black Effect

Beyoncé

Can you tell us about love?
Hmm, well there's love of children
Love of self
Love of God
Love of a partner
All of them have a different shape
But all of them is the same in the end
It's about sensitivity, it's about passion
It's about unconditional giving of self to another person
And there's love of humanity
That's the love that is right now needed most
Love of humanity
But in everything, in all of that love, there is a soul
It's like when you take some eggs and break them
And you take the shells and mix them up
Trying to find the ones that match
And you find the perfect match
When you find the perfect match
That compatibility results in passion
Results in unconditional giving of self

I'm good on any MLK Boulevard
I'm good on any MLK Boulevard
See my vision with a TEC, bitch, I'm Malcolm X
Haters dreadin' my effect, they want that Das EFX
Get your hands up high like a false arrest
Let me see 'em up high, this is not a test
Yes, put 'em up, this is not a test
Now hands where I can see them, fuck a false arrest

This all white fit that I rock shit permanent
The fro that I grow got no perm in it
Hmm, a nigga late but he best dressed
Got slowed down by the weight of my necklaces
Parked the Lexus in the projects, bitch I'm reckless
Extra magazine hopped on a jet with my Ebony chick
Blacker than the Essence fest
The behind the back pass is so effortless
LeBron James to you Omaroses
Dapper Dan at 4AM, shit, I am the culture
I made my own waves so now they're anti-Tidal
I'm livin' the no sock life despite you
Since the Kalief doc, they've been at my neck
Y'all can tell 'em Trayvon is comin' next
The FCC, the FBI or the IRS
I pass the alphabet, boys, like an eye test

I'm good on any MLK Boulevard (I'm good)
I'm good on any MLK Boulevard (He good)
See my vision with a TEC, bitch, I'm Malcolm X (I'm Malcolm X)
Haters dreadin' my effect, they want that Das EFX (Yeah)
Get your hands up high like a false arrest
Let me see 'em up high, this is not a test
Yes, put 'em up, this is not a test
Put your hands where I can see them, fuck a false arrest

Higher, higher...

I'm good any way I go, any way I go (go)
I pull up like the Freedom Riders, hop out on Rodeo
Stunt with your curls, your lips, Sarah Baartman hips
Gotta hop into my jeans, like I hop into my whip
Mobbin' in a hoodie like Melo
Come up out that pretty motherfucker like "Hello, Hello"
I will never let you shoot the nose off my Pharaoh
I like purple and purple rain
Tryna put red and blue together, bitch, that's all gang
These people tryna get me out the paint
'Cause I cook collard greens and yams better than your aunt
Man, we started with a mustard seed
Now we in the gray 911 with the mustard seats
Sheesh! Matte black puma jet
Shining my light on the world just like "UMI Says"
Got the Richard Milie all colors
Might hit you with the Rose Gold all summer
For the culture
They even biting cornrows, put your scarecrows up
I come from the finest crop
Tell em the god's on row, watch them line the block
The Chitlin' circuit is stopped
Now we in stadiums, Eighty Thou a wop, Watch

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I know, I only got 'pon the the way
But look in the mirror, I see him holding me
Not realizing all that your expect passed away
But I know, I only got 'pon my way