

## Yellow

## Black Thought

Yellow money, yellow women, yellow taxis  
The smell of the city that's coming at me  
Pepper head heffers in new york are never happy  
Rule of threes the main thing that attracts me is  
Yellow sapphire, yellow diamonds, and gold  
If loving her was the "bing" i guess i'm out on parole  
Out of control i was too sad to try to console  
I took my hair out of my durag, went out on a stroll  
To hail a taxi, a jiggy, a cabbie, a gypsy, a hack  
Someone to get me down 125th street  
Out on the corner lookin' for a driver to lift me  
To the height of a high yellow mama to kiss me  
That old man mini is probably going to miss me  
But that's ancient history i'm trying to get tipsy  
Some middle mystery mix might come whistlin' dixie  
And drunk from corn liquor or some bootleg whiskey  
In harlem black girls are too high saditty now  
I need somebody brand new to New York City now  
I need a mama who walk, talk, and look pretty now  
And if i could get the milk for free, why would i buy the cow before my

Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow  
Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow  
Yellow money, yellow woman, yellow taxi

Uh, Look  
Whoever said black don't crack was wrong  
I need me a saffran jawn to go platinum blonde  
Matter fact, big blue eyed Anglo-Saxon swan  
With the forked-tongue or horns like a Capricorn  
I need an amazon viking who's physically striking  
She could start of yellow then deliberately lighten her skin  
Until it's brightened and visibly whitened  
I mean, the polar opposite of Cicely Tyson  
If you need a black lover you can go 'head, brother  
I won't mess with anything less than cornbread color  
Of the flesh, she might see a tan but only in summer  
Shes my number one and one is still the loneliest number  
Without my hello, mellow, yellow amber waves of gray  
I hope you're able to love me 'cause I've been raising cane?  
And God don't like no ugly so Ima change the gay?  
Should I even change my name nothing stays the same after

Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow  
Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow  
Yellow money, yellow woman, yellow taxi

Ayo The smell of the city that's coming at me  
Yellow taxis taking me to my yellow honey  
Exactly, look at me smellin' the yellow money  
With my charm on my arm i dare you to take her from me  
Ima make her love me, Ayo bunny listen to me (clears through)  
I beg borrow and steal to cop a meal  
And dress with superior zest and proper zeal  
I should say my middle name is "Let's make a deal"  
Because gettin' something for free in life is not for real  
Last name Good, first name is Dr. Feel

If you're uptown let me know how much time you got to kill  
If you're in for a thrill and got a couple dollar bills  
We will give your back your money if your dreams are not fulfilled  
Me and my ominous laz? was on lennox ave  
The threads we were wearing cost an arm and a leg, don't laugh  
Pulled up at the honky tonk in a cab  
I said, "baby, don't worry, I'm paying the tab"  
When I dug in my pocket for the gusto  
Dug in my pocket for the gusto  
When I dug in my pocket for the gusto  
I had big bills and nothing low, I had

Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow  
Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow  
Yellow money, yellow woman, yellow taxi  
Yellow women, yellow taxi

Check it out  
Now around this point money his best friend  
His home girl, she walks up, right  
She looks him up and down  
Shakes her head and says

Boy, you're acting funnier than Groucho and Harpo Marx  
But you're a shark who comes with lots of cargo  
Raisin' hell up in Harlem, blowing money like Chicago  
Lookin' for you a Lillian Gish or Greta Garbo  
To come between us when you're darker than Uncle Remus  
Actin' like being green is the ultimate inconvenience  
Like you're some kind of genius, you're hoping to find you  
An octoroon, a quadroon, a mulatto, or mongrel  
What does it take to remind you there's an ax held above you?  
And Max, I hate to tell you but she'll probably never love you  
But heaven knows you're wildest desires I'm not denying so  
Go on try some candies and pluck you a dandelion but  
Yellow teeth for tarter, yellow eyes is jaundice  
That's a fine performance but you're not an Adonis  
Even if you find yourself an Aphrodite or Athena  
You'll never see Nefertiti or the true queen of Sheba  
With your yellow money