

Chance

Blood Orange

Genesis, chapter eleven, verse ten
Explains the genealogy of Shem
Shem was a black man, in Africa
If you repeat this fact, they can't laugh at ya

Seem to not take it too well
When I tell you that it's not the reason I fell
Then you know just how he felt
When you look at how you gave enough chance to sell
All I ever wanted was a chance for myself

Why the fuck do you even speak?
It's not a choice of speech, and it sure ain't free
to keep your edge
Stay in your corner, fuck you up, we lost our chill

All you ever wanted was a chance for yourself
To represent a thing that we have started to build
All I ever wanted was a chance for myself

Been chewed up but it makes you proud
You're the dark skinned nigga in a sold out crowd
Looking at the girl with the thick, blonde braids
And you're tryin' to make out what her t-shirt says
No one really cares what thug life means
They wanna be surrounded but they hate to breathe
The air is thick as I plan my escape

All I ever wanted as a chance for myself