

Hands on the Dashboard

Chevy Woods

(Ghostrage)

Officer, Mr. Officer
Tell me why you wanna see me in a coffin, sir
Officer, Mr. Officer
Hold up, can you tell me first why you stopped me, sir?

Well, first of all, your tint's too dark
No, that's a lie
I think I need back up, we got us a tough guy
Not being tough, I just know the law
Too much to get proof of tints, can I make a call?

Look, put your hands on the dashboard, son, and don't move
Feel like me against them, no weapon, I'm bound to lose
Now, what's your name?
I'm like, "Kevin"
He like, "Kevin who?"
Kevin Woods
You must be new, I never heard of you

Well, just so you know, I'm a black, intelligent brother
And it's a nice day out, I'm enjoying the summer
Ain't been in trouble since twenty-three, I'm clean, baby
Look, I just wanna get this done, so I can leave maybe

Dashboard, hands on the dashboard
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Dashboard, hands on the dashboard
Hands on the dashboard

I too sing, America
I'm the darker brother
They send me to eat in the kitchen when company comes
But I laugh, and I eat well and I grow strong

Tomorrow, I'll be at the table
When company comes
Nobody will dare say to me, "Eat in the kitchen", then
Besides
They'll see how beautiful I am and be ashamed
I, too, am America