

Color Blind

Ice Cube

Here's another day at the stoplight
I'm lookin in my mirror so I can see who can see me
South Central is puttin Ice Cube to the test
With four brothas in the SS
I can't go around and can't back up
So I gotta peep game layin in the cut
Is this a jack or a kidnap?
Since I'm never ever slippin I fully strapped
I grab my gat out the glove
Now, do these fools got a problem with me?
Or do they got love?
So when the light turns green, I don't bone out
I wanna see what these black men are all about
Cuz if it's my time, I'm just short
If not, I'm pluggin they Super Sport
First they get behind my ride...
Then they switch lanes to the left side
I'm scopin out the one smokin indo
Comin up fast, rollin down his window
He threw up a sign, I put away my nine
Fool, cuz I'm color blind

Killa Cali, the state where they kill
Over colors cuz brothas don't know the deal
And they'll cap you, not if they have to
But if they want to, first they might confront you
But every nigga on my block can't stop
And he won't stop and he don't stop
Not to the bang bang boogie, but they like to gangbang
And rookies ain't the only ones that drop
Some say the little locs are gettin a little too loc'ed
And when it comes to dust, they kick up the most
Say the wrong word
then whistle down the street to your homies like a bird
Bust a u-turn, come back and get served nigga
For the women, it don't matter how loud they blouse get
But men, the wrong color outfit, could get your mouth split
It's a shame, but it ain't no thang to me
Cuz I slang these thangs like a G
It's on, is anybody killin for the summertime
I gotta get another nine, even though I'm colorblind

I'm fresh outta county on bail
And no sooner do I get out, seems like I'm right back in jail
For some gang related activity
Cuz everyday, different fools try to get with me
For no more than a color, or territory
Can't rehabilitate 'em, that's the sheriff's story
So what's left, the judge goes deaf
When you try to tell your side
And you ain't blue eyed
Boy you better duck cuz the book is comin'
And just hand your car keys over to your woman
Because it aint no sunshine where you headed
And the shit'll drive you crazy if you let it

But now, I got time to think
Because they hit me with everything but the kitchen sink
And I ain't even shed a tear
Cuz believe it or not, they got more love for me here
Now picture that, but on a black and white photograph
Cuz brothas, you don't know the half
On the streets I was damn near outta my mind
But ever since I've been down
I'm colorblind

Now here's the game plan, yo, at a quarter to nine
I was told to peel a cap on the other side
Yo, young and dumb, full of come up, a baby loc
I gotta put in work for the hood and that ain't no joke

Stable and able but I'm not ready and willin
Cuz I'm only 13 and I ain't never did a killin
Grabbed the A.K. and jumped in the G ride
Started up the bucket and headed for the other side

Yo, spotted the enemies, now I'm on a creep tip
Hit the 5 dollar stick and then I put in my clip

So, I jumped out the car and no matter what the cost
I had my mind set on sendin niggaz to Harrison Ross

Caught one from the back and I looked in eyes
Thinkin should I peel his cap, or should I let him survive
Yo, I'm trapped in the plan designed by another side

I ain't contributin to genocide (why?)
Cuz I'm colorblind

Niggaz in the hood ain't changed
And I've finally figure out that we're not in the same gang
Cuz, I walk the alleys of Compton with nowhere to turn
Every which way I get burned baby
Lou wears blue, Big Fred wears red
Put 'em together and we color 'em dead
Dead, dyin, gettin smoked like part of the fun
They get smoked just to show how many come to the funeral

I understand how all my homeboys feel
Cuz I was shot and to this day, I pack my steel
Cuz I was born in a certain territory
Where you don't talk only the streets tell stories
With blue and red bandanas on the street
And if you slippin, you'll be six feet deep
Cuz me and T-bone, we pay it no mind
And for the rest of the mob, we stay color blind. . .