

Bubbles

Jamila Woods

Black girl be in a bubble, bubble
Floating quietly out of trouble, trouble
They call you shy
Always ask why you listen before you speak
Black girl braids filled with bubbles, bubbles
Jump in puddles in double, double
How many different oils we know, we know?
To turn our skin from brown to gold

(Na na na na na na na na na na)
(You can't bust up my bubble busta
You can't bust up my bubble
You can't bust up my bubble
You can't bust up my bubble
You can't bust up my bubble

You should know that
I keep knives inside my kitchen
Oh not the one you're thinking
I've been picking my hair out and I know, now
How tall I really be