

# Complexion (A Zulu Love)

Kendrick Lamar

Complexion (two-step)  
Complexion don't mean a thing (it's a Zulu love)  
Complexion (two-step)  
It all feels the same (it's a Zulu love)

Dark as the midnight hour or bright as the mornin' sun  
Give a fuck about your complexion, I know what the Germans done  
Sneak (dissin')

Sneak me through the back window, I'm a good field nigga  
I made a flower for you outta cotton just to chill with you  
You know I'd go the distance, you know I'm ten toes down  
Even if master listenin', cover your ears, he 'bout to mention

Dark as the midnight hour, I'm bright as the mornin' Sun  
Brown skinned, but your blue eyes tell me your mama can't run  
Sneak (dissin')

Sneak me through the back window, I'm a good field nigga  
I made a flower for you outta cotton just to chill with you  
You know I'd go the distance, you know I'm ten toes down  
Even if master's listenin', I got the world's attention  
So I'mma say somethin' that's vital and critical for survival  
Of mankind, if he lyin', color should never rival  
Beauty is what you make it, I used to be so mistaken  
By different shades of faces  
Then wit told me, "You're womanless, woman love the creation"  
It all came from God then you was my confirmation  
I came to where you reside  
And looked around to see more sights for sore eyes  
Let the Willie Lynch theory reverse a million times with...

You like it, I love it  
You like it, I love it

Let me talk my Stu Scott, 'scuse me on my 2pac  
Keep your head up, when did you stop? Love and die  
Color of your skin, color of your eyes  
That's the real blues, baby, like you met Jay's baby  
You blew me away, you think more beauty in blue green and grey  
All my Solomon up north, 12 years a slave  
12 years of age, thinkin' my shade too dark  
I love myself, I no longer need Cupid  
And forcin' my dark side like a young George Lucas  
Light don't mean you smart, bein' dark don't make you stupid  
And frame of mind for them bustas, ain't talkin' "Woohah!"  
Need a paradox for the pair of dots they tutored  
Like two ties, L-L, you lose two times  
If you don't see you beautiful in your complexion  
It ain't complex to put it in context  
Find the air beneath the kite, that's the context  
Yeah, baby, I'm conscious, ain't no contest  
If you like it, I love it, all your earth tones been blessed  
Ain't no stress, jigga boos wanna be  
I ain't talkin' Jay, I ain't talkin' Bey  
I'm talkin' days we got school watchin' movie screens  
And spike yourself esteem  
The new James Bond gon' be black as me  
Black as brown, hazelnut, cinnamon, black tea

And it's all beautiful to me  
Call your brothers magnificent, call all the sisters queens  
We all on the same team, blues and pirus, no colors ain't a thing

Barefoot babies with no cares  
Teenage gun toters that don't play fair, should I get out the car?  
I don't see Compton, I see something much worse  
The land of the landmines, the hell that's on earth