

Black Code Suite

LL Cool J

Look at momma, she's in the kitchen
She's swinging her hips and dipping the chicken in flour
She got the music, it's bumpin'
I smell the food in the oven while I two step in the shower
A well-balanced potato salad and hot sauce
Collard greens, fried catfish and Lima beans
Engrained in your brain without a meme
Like it's a precinct burning up on the screen

The operation is flagrant till reparations, we take 'em
And we been patiently waiting and for cake we be scraping until it's late in
the a.m.
When you sick of the mayhem, you demonstrate till they pay 'em
Your body swaying, you listen what I'm saying
Don't want that AK-K-K commence to spraying
OG Mind Freak, you cannot enslave 'em
And if the tables ever turn, you know nothing can save him
The sensation burning like Louisiana Cajun
The faint aroma somebody is blazing to bring the day in
Big bro on his way in

Never forget where you started
'Cause that could be where you end
From a faraway land, we were departed
Tryna find where we began
Momma said there was a code
That we all should abide by
Big man said there was a code
By which we should live and we should die by

Beat shaking like flour in paper bags
See 'em saluting and recruiting and waving flags
Spice in the hot sauce, crispy on the chicken
The screen door slamming and the young boy cripin'
Momma when she dancin', your uncle when he trippin'
The spirit of Stevie Wonder when Superstition was written
I'm the first bop when you walk into the party
I'm the Chris Rock when you snapping' on somebody
I'm the ingenuity, the mental acuity
Duke Ellington dexterity, I'm truly a rarity
I'm the sound of Miles Davis, it's impossible to bury me
The slow pimp walk, it's impossible to hurry me
The red cup, brown liquor, spades all night
Shower cap, house slippers, braids just right
Feeling when that itch in ya weave is relieved
I'm your taste buds biting on the sunflower seeds

Only crossover I support is Kyrie
W.E.B. mentality
I'm the Biz goin' off, Diana, I'm the boss
Or you could say Ross, I'm Pirelli's with the gloss
I'm the underground Harriet, the swing low chariot
Backyard smoker, fried okra and asparagus
The look in the eyes of someone who can relate
I'm the knowing that it's love and couldn't possibly be hate
I'm the prayer of a momma want her son to walk straight
I'm the prisoner released when he walking out the gate, I'm Black

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