

Darkie

Propaganda

Pickaninny fieldhand, just another darkie
Blue black, big lip, motherland monkey
Dark skin, nappy head, always being ugly
You just another darkie, you just another darkie
When you hear 'em talking, just love 'em and keep walking
Prayed for you, brothers, the masters done brainwashed 'em
Say it loud for 'em, ignoring all of the mocking
You just another darkie, you just another darkie

I used to wish I was Puerto-Rican
'Cause that type of black was different
They had curly hair and accents
And I would be called exotic
I would lie and say I'm half-something
Mixed with this and that of sorts
Anything to not just be a fieldhand descendent
I knew black meant I was beautiful
X Clan done taught me that much
That ain't stop the black folks, black jokes at lunch
I had Shaka Zulu, Nefertiti, Tutankhamun posters
Hanging on my walls to ease the pain of them boulders
Thrown 'em, so ashamed I got the round nose of a king
I'm from the most mimicked culture but that ain't do a thing for my self-
image
Subjected to a standard I could never meet
Genetics don't let blue eyes ever come with black feet
Culture say that black feet don't belong on skateboards
They should stay on reservations; Mama Winnie came for 'em
Black people self-police "you sound white when you speak"
Why you're hair so nappy? You was just another darkie

Fat lip, wide nose (you just another darkie)
Looking like some burnt toast (you just another darkie)
Nappy headed, so gross (you just another darkie)
Master got 'em so fooled (you just another darkie)
Some people still blind (you just another darkie)
Hating on they own kind (you just another darkie)
Put your fist in the sky
And don't pay 'em no mind (you just another darkie)

Man, why should I care at all
When you burn your own city hall?
And your daughter want a white doll
Man, y'all don't even like y'all

I remember they told me I would look better if I was lighter
Get wedded on the island with the dress to match my silence
Tell your melanin be quiet, it's too loud to match the culture
The vultures of the media, Wikipedia wrote the posters
Who you mailin' to? Who you selling to?
Is your cerebellum bailing you out?
Or is you jailed by the mouth that told you failin' to not be yourself?
I know I believed it, I know I repeated what was me sleeping
Killing my dreams, maybe if I was thicker my skin wouldn't make a scene
Such a protagonist activist for a massive king
They treat him like the villain yet they don't want what master schemes
Living like immigrants yet they don't want the master's things

Who's a slave? Who's the one to blame for the nappyness, the averages?
Love over hate is the fraction with the happiest
Mathematicians adding the blackness African applicants
The night embedded, I don't regret it, the blackest skin

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