# Iman

**Rapsody**

Ebony
Woman, woman, woman
Beautiful woman
Yeah, can I flex?
Talk to my girls North, South, East to West
Talk about a skin tone, God knows you're blessed
Love how you work that, God knows you're dressed
Uh, can I flex?
Talk to my girls North, South, East to West
Talk about a skin tone, God knows you're blessed
Love how you work that, God knows you're dressed

Yeah, fine enough to cause a scene, cover a magazine
Boss chicks around the world somewhere countin' up the cream
The pilot idea, the original Queen (Yeah)
When you fly as this, you ain't gotta worry 'bout wings
Commercial, private jets don't compare to jets I read (They don't)
Y'all buy those labels, I was born supreme (That's right)
The greatest, why in Africa they pay goats for Queens (Uh huh)
You know black don't crack, I still look in my teens (I do)
Hold up, my glow up, my bronzer, my shape (My shape)
He love me, my booty is big and it shake (It shake)
A mango in shape (Yeah), he love me with weight
Every brown shade, braids, long hair, or fades (Fine)
You fine mama (You fine), that's my mama (It is)
Could cover magazines, she's a ebony woman (Ebony woman)
First lady I honored (Uh huh), my Michelle Obama (Uh huh)
I love to love you baby, that's a song by Donna (It is)
All my foxy ladies, we still the ill nana (We are)
All around the world from America to Ghana
Look, my nieces in the Audi had to make me one promise (Uh huh)
Love yourself it's a cold world, I'm honest (For sure)
Count your riches (Count it), don't rock with snitches (Do not)
This for my sisters, my ebony sisters, like you

Dark skin and the brown eyes and that ooh
Hair laid and the nails did look at you
Shine before the sun rise, love so hard to come by
Sister, you been on my mind
Sister (Sister)
Sister (Sister)
Sister (Sister)

Yeah, yeah, beauty is a mindset (It is)
Lookin' at my skin, I don't know the year or time yet (I don't)
My mama still look 24, she a fine chick (She do)
Black don't crack, my age trapped where your spine is (Fasho)
Backwards, black been dope before the trappers (Yup)
Down to the roots before Cicley was actin' (Uh-huh)
Black Twitter got me crackin', undefeated when we laughin' (That's right)
I look good in yellow (I do)
You intrigued with my fashion, every undertone of orange, brown, yellow is a n accent (Huh)
Yeah that's me, cocoa butter cream head ass (That's me)
Put it on my knees, elbows, and my fat ass (That's me)
Lookin' at my skin like I don't know the year, dead ass (I don't)
My country boys like "you finer than frog hair"

Thick as cold grits, nigga you could make your own collards
Gravy and cabbage (Uh-huh)
Thinkin' of college (Uh-huh)
HBCUs, you'd think they only recruited models (They do)
Ebonies with two-three, 4B or 4C's (Yeah)
Pink oil moisture or the blue-green, hair grease (Uh)
Brothers hold us down like Spike do, Jolie (Please)
Fine enough to be on the cover of any ebony mag
God knows we bad (We bad)
I just ask, 'You mad?' (Ebony)

Dark skin and the brown eyes and that ooh
Hair laid and the nails did, look at you
Shine before the sun rise, love so hard to come by
Sister, you been on my mind
Sister (Sister)
Sister (Sister)
Sister (Sister)
Sister (Sister)
Sister

Go ahead and treat yourself better
You're worth much more, so much more
You better treat yourself better
You're worth much more

Uh, yeah
My cherie amor this door awaits for you and I valet for you
I'll fry, barbecue, and fillet for you
Brown shea butter baby
Why you so unavailable to the bullshit?
It's your world, I'm a tourist, I'm foolish though
I know that since the days they treated us like property for trade
It was times where they could come inside and take your soul away
But I'm here for your protection, like a servant
Like an agent or a secret service, some CIA shit
See I ain't okay with the way they tryna portray over the media
Alexandria, Egypt in Africa
Nefertiti was probably black as Roberta Flack back with the 'fro
Checkin' all my facts 'cause I be wrong but I'm passionate though (Ebony)
When I go to X-Videos I'm always searchin' up the (Ebony) amateur
Look at me bein' managed
I'm from Atlanta where ghetto ballerina exotic dancers be so talented
Get that cash and shawty set up an establishment (Ebony)
You balancin', fuck it, you don't need no management
Behind every great man is a bad bitch, handlin' shit

Yeah
'Preciate your elegance JID, but bro, love, tell me, who the fuck you callin
' a bitch?
(Ebony)

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