

# Dark Skinned

RAY BLK

Oh my God, what am I doing to myself?  
Bouncing off all the walls like a boomerang  
Locked myself in the booth like a runaway  
Maybe I, guess yeah I, I got shit to say

I ain't the messy type but you ain't seen my petty side  
I tried to redefine the hurt that made me hold my pride  
Loosing count of all the times that I had to cry  
And dry my tears, pull up my socks, cos I have to try

No, I don't need a hand, why you asking?  
Let it go, where was you when I was grafting?  
Cut the talk, know your type, know your type  
On my own, Imma bounce, Imma shine

My mamma told me from me born  
Ray a star  
That's my calling yeah  
I'm even glowing in the dark  
It's from my heart  
Not because I'm dark skin  
I hear the whispers in the halls, all the same shit  
But I won't echo all your flaws, Imma change it  
My mamma told me from me born  
It's from my heart  
Not because I'm dark skin

I can see future goals right in front of me  
Look at her, from the south, now she on TV  
And I won't, wont be judged by society  
Hold it down, goin' hard til the death of me

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