I don't believe in the myth of the angry black woman
I believe in the magic of blackness
See, we are the builders
We are the bridges
We are the connections that stick and that lead you to riches
You wonder where they got it from
Well, they got it from us
Their novelty is our natural
Their rehearsal is our off-the-cuff
If you ever feel not enough, know this
You are gold
You are rubies
You are diamonds
Little black girl, you are exalted