

## Black Sambo

Skyzoo

How they said a little black Sambo could never fit a crown  
Mama said now that you got it don't ever put it down  
Mama I swear I swear I'll never put it down  
They gonn' have to kill me first 'fore it ever hit the ground

And if it ever hit the ground  
Bet that I'm next to it off of catching me a round  
The only way I could ever be beheaded from the crown  
They wanted me to ignore 'cause they said that it amounts  
To a door where allure is as heavenly as it sounds  
But the floor that you on could levitate off the ground  
And you off to the call of speculating on how  
You could want what you want but never get to surmount  
What you saw, to tell them what you saw  
Is telling them you was willing to peddle to front  
And being in front will put you ahead of who belongs  
Til you leaking up under who you could never prove wrong  
You'll never prove them wrong, right?

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They said I'm black sambo  
Bright Bape hoodie by the lamp post  
Umbrella up that I can't close  
You try to corner me but I can't fold  
They said I'm black sambo  
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Hands in the air but my hands closed  
Is my instinct if you stand close, how close?

Close enough where a name  
Can fully be re-cited if I'm ever on a stage  
With a judge pre-siding over everything that changed  
When 12 was replying to an image that was saved  
Of looking to creep by him with a desi' on the waist  
Or wanting a seat by him while you stepping out the way  
You take up the seat by him and he guessing how you came  
He think that he seems fine but he left it on his face  
And his face?, same one he giving you now  
Remember you close enough where you can single him out  
He know that you know low enough to know what limits allow  
So believe him to open up and close your memory out  
Like such, lights up, all eyes like the coke price cut  
Whole time it'll throw a slight rush  
All rise like loading up the pump  
And you'll never prove them wrong, right?

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Too close for a loop hole to be the reason why you go  
To the hole where the loop froze  
And then it repeats, and then you hoping that the loop broke  
And the truth go, stretched out like Manute Bol  
They press y'all like suit clothes, and them suit clothes  
Couldn't save you from the type of stereo  
That they're willing to shoot fo', and the loop hole  
Turns blacker than the light  
That they had you under when they handed you a mic  
And they asked you whether you was acting outta fright  
When they asked you if you was out trafficking tonite  
Then they're at you with an automatic outta rights  
Facebook Live panorama with your life  
And that view goes from the cameras to the lights  
Til they tell son that he had every right  
You'll never prove them wrong, right?

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