What Am I

Chino XL

Yo I don't even know what the vibe is kid
All these different things seperatin us
It got me walkin this fence man
and I don't even know what side I'ma fall on B
Can't see itWell I'm a zebra y'all
("Half Puerto Rican, half black, but you don't speak Spanish")
Don't call me zebra y'all
("Half Puerto Rican, half black...")Now how old are you?About six, on my BMX, doin tricks
Back to Middlesex with a couple of poor white trashy brats
Everything was coochie crunch till it was time for lunch
They said to wait in the back, they said that Pops ain't like black
See where I was the population's mostly white
Ain't it?
They wanna see you jiggaboo with your
face painted
Be brought home by one of their daughters and their fathers
fainted
They want to see you a failure so I never
became it
Light-skinned, showed them lead, curly-headed
Called me names, I was different, I was gifted, they made me ashamed
Found out that I'm a different shade when I'm in the second grade
Abe Lincoln's play, they want me to portray a slave
My momma's face went pale she looked like she wanted to puke
Now that I know the truth I'd rather play John Wilkes Booth
Although my family came and bitched and in the play my role was switched
My grandma told me I was fixed my problems wasn't fixed
My family seen my views of the world distort
Moms last resort, she decided we would move to Newark
I took a deep breath leaving everything I knew behind
The country air the green grass and my piece of mind
Harassed by white cops on our way we're pulled out our car
Mistook my mom for Joanne Chesimard now I'm really scarredWhat am I, I'm confused, can't decide
What am I who am I what am I
Black or white, I can't identify
What am I who am I what am I
I'm confused, can't decide
What am I who am I what am I
Black or white, I can't identify

What am I who am I what am ICulture shock, Newark's a far cry from Middlesex
Broadly called projects, black eyes, regrets
Torn lives, I've never seen so many people depressed
My mental gets molested, physical takes violent threats
Stress, walkin home from school's like a terrorist test
I learned blacks could be racist too, somehow still I felt I was blessed
Even my teachers called me half-breeds and all of that
I was scared of livin here but also scared of movin back
See where I was before I was the darkest thing they ever saw
They figured that I'm black, white around
They kick me like a soccer ball
White people didn't accept me
Fuck you
Black people didn't accept me
Fuck you
Puerto Ricans didn't accept me
Fuck you
Diggin researchin my identity it gots me goin cuckoo"I'm the yellow nigga right?
I'm tired of that. I am not passing, I am black!
I was born black, I live black,
and I will die, proud to be called black!"So now I'm goin "Hey niggaz" at niggaz that say Chino's not black
They come to my house and tell my African mother that
In fact causin crackup they said no sister would attract to me
These same brothers got perms to get their hair like mine was naturally
Descrimination, affects a brother's education
Hands up in black history class, they never called on my ass
But wait, growin at a rapid rate
I digest their hate, it's family
Found out my father left me when I'm three
Dealt with felt if I knew my Spanish family they'd help
Every mixed person I met they mostly just kept to themself
We moved to East Orange I set it off talent shows staring
A high yellow nigga's progression, my flavor's pouringNow how old are you?About nineteen lettin off my steam
Used to be a punchin bag, but now I stomps, in hip-hop fiend
Now I get the goya jokes, Menudo jokes, Rico Suave jokes
But females rush me and the MC's steal up all my quotes
See what I lacks in melanin I makes up wit adrenalin
Your weak attempts at blemishin my mixed heritage I'm treasurin
Don't need caucausian acceptance just that of a human being
Laughed and spit at I don't represent cause I am not Spanish speaking
Now how many dues must I pay to win
You're angry and you're stressin that opression
but you judge me by the skin I'm in when
Adam Clayton Powell's, light-skinned and

Farrakhan the brother's, light-skinned and
Elijah Muhammad's also, light-skinned
Discrimination from my own peoples is making my temper go thin so
So stop playing me slight saying my song's aight instead of hype
Don't called me red-boned, or light and bright and damn they're white
I ain't no zebra, ain't no half of original either
Don't call me mulatto I stab you with a broken bottle
Callin your brother oreo get off it yo, now Tom consider
He could be like Chino XL, a yellow ass nigga

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