Masala

Madlib the Beat Konducta

Sit and think about me upbringing
And tearing it apart is a serious thing
They say I'm confused
They say I lost my culture I lost my grassroots
All that shit I just give it the boot
Cause I know where lies my truth
With me coming around the corner with dem boom, boom, boom
I hit the dance floor so make some room
I'm the crazy Indian let me scream and shout
So tell whose selling out
First generation American

No one knew where I was coming from
Fuck the past, what's done is done
We'll rule the world together?
Cause I got much Masala, yeah, I got much Masala
Born and raised in America
But when I came home it felt like India
Yes! Three languages I read, write, and speak
And everybody's saying that my future is bleak
I dropped my racism, and I donned my blonde streak
So tell me whose culture is weak

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