

Color Lines

George Watsky

Chorus

These color lines will make you break you make you choose a side

These color lines these color lines been here since jump

I write these color lines cause if I don't I'll lose my mind

I write these color lines these color linesVerse 1 (George)

your first rap show posted in the back row

of a sea of white kids bent on supermanning that hoe

pretty soon you're buying fitted hats and high tops

pretending that you're black enough and rapping with the lights off

it's like a cyclops with one closed eye

you can tell me that you're winking, but the grin won't lie

and no mouth supplies, what your skin tone hides

about a thousand miles south as the jim crow flies

And then we're playing he said she said

I see red when i peep a pink cheeked boston meathead

I wanna go Bruce Lee

When I see him on the T taking up two seats

and say, "excuse me, but would you move if hell froze?"

you know the subway is the underground railroad

lynch trees have the same white limbs

check out my arms, I look just like himVerse 2 (Catch)

Let's you and I get one thing straight

The game never been equal, ain't no food on my plate

I gave birth to this and you just took it and co opted it and profited

and packaged it and wouldn't give me half of it

Peep how I master this and break down how you took it all

Raped the culture and you standing there looking all

innocent, take a mile when I give and inch

And how you getting rich, is it a coincidence?

or is it ignorance? You don't know your own privilege

You own riches and don't know what homeless is

You got a lot to learn before you even think about

Hip hop, black culture and which fitted you pickin out

nigger in the street, I don't think so bro

My people ain't supportin your black history show

So stop what you doing we won't take it anymore

Before you come in my house wipe ya feet at the doorChorusVerse 3

George

I see the color lines

It's tough that Every other time a bother rhymes
white mothers think of gutter crimes
We keep our standard higher
We don't kick lower rhymes
other times it undermines the fact the mine are over minds
Catch

All you gotta do is get past the guilt
We ain't living in a house that master built
If you understand that, tell your people what you know
Because one of em got enough money to pay back what you owe
George

Yes, My great grands had land, had slaves
I guess I pressed this record off the bank he made
But I want independance, past the declaration
but one down ass white boy can't pay for reparations
Catch

I'm running out of patience while you do the work of Satan
Like an impulse. Edu Leedz Black history's an insult
George

Number one. I'm not. trying. to tell. your. story
I just want to sit on my porch, drink a forty and spit
Number two, cause You can smell bullshit
I just love hip hop
pinky swear that's it
Catch

If you love hip hop respect it
That includes the people who created it and paved the way for this
So that you're making it
George

Well if you're talking on who's making it, I'll play devil's advocate
A lot of black music has white dollars backing it
(Kweli's got it on lock)
Rupert Murdoch funded Rawkus
You looking for the keys, then you better check the pockets
Catch

I'll be checking pockets all right
As soon as it gets dark and all night
I'ma get my money we can all fight
George

You taking out the high and the mighty
and their kids
You say kill whitey
I say call i live?
You're not black militant
killing us diligent

Grab my fam, and grandma and light us up like a filament
I thought we were cool now I'm this close to giving in
just put a bullet in for each missed dose of Ritalin
Chorus

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