

# Color Blind

Nick Holder

Here's another day at the stoplight  
I'm lookin' in my mirror so I can see who can see me  
South Central is puttin' Ice Cube to the test  
With four brothas in the SS  
Now I can't go around and can't back up  
So I gotta peep game layin' in the cut  
Is this a jack or a kidnap?  
Since I'm never ever slippin', I'm fully strapped  
I grab my gat out the glove  
Do these fools got a problem with me or do they got love?  
And when the light turns green, I don't bone out  
I wanna see what these black men are all about  
'Cuz if it's my time, I'm just short  
If not, I'm pluggin' they Super Sport  
First they get behind my ride  
Then they switch lanes to the left side  
I'm scopin' out the one smokin' indo  
Comin' up fast, rollin' down his window  
He threw up a sign, I put away my nine  
Fool, 'cuz I'm color blind  
Killa Cali, the state where they kill  
Over colors, 'cuz brothas don't know the deal  
And they'll cap you, not if they have to  
But if they want to, first they might confront you  
But every nigga on my block can't stop  
And he won't stop and he don't stop  
Not to the bang bang boogie, but they like to gangbang  
And rookies ain't the only ones that drop  
Some say the little locs are gettin' a little too loc'ed  
And when it comes to dust, they kick up the most  
Say the wrong word then whistle down the street  
To your homies like a bird  
Bust a U-turn, come back and get served nigga  
For the women, it don't matter how loud they blouse get  
But wearin' the wrong color outfit, could get your mouth split  
It's a shame but it ain't no thang to me  
'Cuz I slang these thangs like a G  
It's on, is anybody killin' for the summertime  
I gotta get another nine, even though I'm color blind

I'm fresh outta county on bail  
And no sooner do I get out, seems like I'm right back in jail  
For some gang related activity  
'Cuz everyday, different fools try to get with me  
And for no more than a color or territory  
Can't rehabilitate 'em, that's the sheriff's story  
So what's left, the judge goes deaf  
When you try to tell your side and you ain't blue eyed  
Boy you better duck, 'cuz the book is comin'  
So just hand your car keys over to your woman  
Because it ain't no sunshine where you headed  
And the shit'll drive you crazy if you let it  
But now, I got time to think  
Because they hit me with everything but the kitchen sink  
And I ain't even shed a tear  
'Cuz believe it or not, they got more love for me here  
Now picture that but on a black and white photograph  
'Cuz brothas, you don't know the half  
On the streets, I was damn near outta my mind  
But ever since I've been down, I'm color blind  
Now here's the game plan, yo, at a quarter to nine  
I was told to peel a cap on the other side  
Yo, young and dumb, full of come up, a baby loc  
I gotta put in work for the hood and that ain't no joke  
Stable and able but I'm not ready and willin'  
'Cuz I'm only thirteen and I ain't never did a killin'  
Grabbed the A.K. and jumped in the G ride  
Started up the bucket and headed for the other side  
Yo, spotted the enemies, now I'm on a creep tip  
Hit the five dollar stick and I'll put in my clip  
So, I jumped out the car and no matter what the cost  
I had my mind set on sendin' niggaz to Harrison Ross  
Caught one from the back and I looked in his eyes  
Thinkin' should I peel his cap or should I let him survive  
Yo, I'm trapped in the plan designed by another side  
I ain't contributin' to genocide, 'cuz I'm color blind  
Niggaz in the hood ain't changed  
And I've finally figure out that we're not in the same gang  
'Cuz I walk the alleys of Compton with nowhere to turn  
Every which way I get burned, baby  
Lou wears blue, Big Fred wears red  
Put 'em together then we color 'em dead  
Dead, dyin', gettin' smoked like part of the fun  
They get smoked just to show how many come to the funeral  
I understand how all my homeboys feel

'Cuz I've been shot to this day, I pack my steel  
'Cuz I was born in a certain territory  
Where you don't talk only the streets tell stories  
With blue and red bandanas on the street  
And if you slippin', you'll be six feet deep  
See me and T-bone, we pay it no mind  
And for the rest of the mob, we stay color blind

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