

U, Black Maybe (feat. Bilal)

Common

Can't come around
They gon' wanna bring you down
No one knows just what's inside
Doing dope and doing time
Why they messing with your mind
Black maybeI heard a white man's yes is a black maybe
I was delivered in this world as a crack baby
Hard for me to pay attention and I act crazy
Gotta get over from the tip, I watch the fat lady
Sing a song, on how we guerillas in warfare
And I'm the kingest kong
They say we dreaming wrong
Them same strips that them older cats lingered on
Now the Walgreens is gone, hope is killed fiends are born
We leanin on a wall that ain't that ain't stable
It's hard to turn on the hood that made you
To leave we afraid to
The same streets that raised you can age you
With other black birds that's caged too
A rage up in Harlem and the southside
Brothers is starving with their mouth wide open
Floating across state got the workout plans so they can move weight
The fate of the black man, woman, and child: maybeCan't come around
They gon' wanna bring you down
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Black maybeCan't come around
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Why they messing with your mind
Black maybeHe had game since he used to hoop at Chatham
Neither the ghetto nor defenders could trap him
The stones had his back and they'd pat him
He was living a life they couldn't fathom
Colleges getting at him with all type of scholarships
Even if he went they knew he'd leave college quick
For the pros the one from the hood that was chose

The black rose that grew in the jungle
But humble stud still had rumble in his blood
Women all around giving him trouble love
You know the love when you up they down
Cause you wrap a ball they round
Your win is their crown
Dudes in the circle he known for years
Shared beers and cheers but chose different careers
When paper and fame came they ain't know how to react
Them same studs shot him in the back
Now that's black, maybeCan't come around
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Why they messing with your mind
Black maybeWhen we talk about black maybe
We talk about situations
Of people of color and because you are that color
You endure obstacles and opposition
And not all the time from, from other nationalities
Sometimes it come from your own kind
Or maybe even your own mind
You get judged, you get laughed at, you get looked at wrong
You get sighted for not being strong
The struggle of just being you
The struggle of just being us, black maybeBlack maybeCan't come around
They gon' wanna bring you down
No one knows just what's inside
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Why they messing with your mind
Black maybe

Songwriters

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