

Complexion (A Zulu Love)

Kendrick Lamar

Complexion (two-step)
Complexion don't mean a thing (it's a Zulu love)
Complexion (two-step)
It all feels the same (it's a Zulu love) Dark as the midnight hour or bright as the mornin' sun
Give a fuck about your complexion, I know what the Germans done
Sneak (dissin')
Sneak me through the back window, I'm a good field nigga
I made a flower for you outta cotton just to chill with you
You know I'd go the distance, you know I'm ten toes down
Even if master listenin', cover your ears, he 'bout to mention Complexion (two-step)
Complexion don't mean a thing (it's a Zulu love)
Complexion (two-step)
It all feels the same (it's a Zulu love) Dark as the midnight hour, I'm bright as the mornin' Sun
Brown skinned, but your blue eyes tell me your mama can't run
Sneak (dissin')
Sneak me through the back window, I'm a good field nigga
I made a flower for you outta cotton just to chill with you
You know I'd go the distance, you know I'm ten toes down
Even if master's listenin', I got the world's attention
So I'mma say somethin' that's vital and critical for survival
Of mankind, if he lyin', color should never rival
Beauty is what you make it, I used to be so mistaken
By different shades of faces
Then wit told me, "You're womanless, women love the creation"
It all came from God then you was my confirmation
I came to where you reside
And looked around to see more sights for sore eyes
Let the Willie Lynch theory reverse a million times with Complexion (two-step)
Complexion don't mean a thing (it's a Zulu love)
Complexion (two-step)
It all feels the same (it's a Zulu love) You like it, I love it
You like it, I love it
You like it, I love it
You like it, I love it
You like it, I love it
You like it, I love it
You like it, I love it Let me talk my Stu Scott, 'scuse me on my 2pac
Keep your head up, when did you stop? Love and die
Color of your skin, color of your eyes

That's the real blues, baby, like you met Jay's baby
You blew me away, you think more beauty in blue green and grey
All my Solomon up north, 12 years a slave
12 years of age, thinkin' my shade too dark
I love myself, I no longer need Cupid
And forcin' my dark side like a young George Lucas
Light don't mean you smart, bein' dark don't make you stupid
And frame of mind for them bustas, ain't talkin' "Woohah!"
Need a paradox for the pair of dots they tutored
Like two ties, L-L, you lose two times
If you don't see you beautiful in your complexion
It ain't complex to put it in context
Find the air beneath the kite, that's the context
Yeah, baby, I'm conscious, ain't no contest
If you like it, I love it, all your earth tones been blessed
Ain't no stress, jigga boos wanna be
I ain't talkin' Jay, I ain't talkin' Bey
I'm talkin' days we got school watchin' movie screens
And spike yourself esteem
The new James Bond gon' be black as me
Black as brown, hazelnut, cinnamon, black tea
And it's all beautiful to me
Call your brothers magnificent, call all the sisters queens
We all on the same team, blues and pirus, no colors ain't a thing
Barefoot babies with no cares
Teenage gun toters that don't play fair, should I get out the car?
I don't see Compton, I see something much worse
The land of the landmines, the hell that's on earth

Songwriters

MARK ANTHONY SPEARS, STEPHEN BRUNER, KENDRICK LAMAR, MARLANNA EVANS
Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>