

I Am Not My Hair

Ameritz Tribute Club

See, I can kinda recall a lil' ways back
Small, tryin' to ball, always been black
And my hair, I tried it all I even went flat
Had a lumpy curly top and all that crap, now
Just tryin' to be appreciated
Nappy headed brothers never had no ladies
And I hit the barber shop real quick
Had 'em give me lil' twist and it drove 'em crazy (crazy)
Then I couldn't get no job
'Cause corporate wouldn't hire no dreadlocks
Then I thought about my dogs from the block
Kinda understand why they chose to steal and rob
Was it the hair that got me this far
All these girls these cribs these cars?
I hate to say it but it seem so flawed
'Cause success didn't come till I cut it all off

Little girl with the press and curl
Age eight, I got a Jheri curl
Thirteen, and I got a relaxer
I was a source of so much laughter
At fifteen when it all broke off
Eighteen and went all natural
February, 2002
I went on and did what I had to do
Because it was time to change my life
To become the woman that I am inside
Ninety-seven dreadlocks all gone
I looked in the mirror for the first time and saw that

Hey (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am not your expectations, no (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am the soul that lives within

Good hair means curls and waves (no)

Bad hair means you look like a slave (no)
At the turn of the century
It's time for us to redefine who we be
You can shave it off like a South African beauty
Or get in on lock like Bob Marley
You can rock it straight like Oprah Winfrey
If it's not what's on your head, it's what's underneath, and say

Hey (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am not your expectations, no (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am the soul that lives within

Who cares if you don't like that?
With nothin' to lose, postin' with the wave cap
And the cops wanna harass 'cause I got waves
Ain't see nothin' like that in all my days
Man, you gotta change all these feelings
Steady judging one another by their appearance
Yes, India, I feel ya, girl
Now go ahead, talk to the rest of the world 'cause

(Whoa, whoa, whoa)
Does the way I wear my hair make me a better person?
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)
Does the way I wear my hair make me a better friend? Oh
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)
Does the way I wear my hair determine my integrity?
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)
I am expressing my creativity
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)

Breast cancer and chemotherapy
Took away her crownin' glory
She promised God if she was to survive
She would enjoy every day of her life, oh
On national television
Her diamond eyes are sparkling
Bald-headed like a full moon shining
Singing out to the whole wide world like, hey

Hey (hey)

I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am not your expectations, no (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am the soul that lives within

Hey (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am not your expectations, no (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am the soul that lives within

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by SANDERS/RAMSEY/SIMPSON

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., WINDSWEPT HOLDINGS LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>