Black Stacey

Saul Williams

I used to hump my pillow at night
The type of silent prayer to make myself prepare for the light
Me and my cousin Duce would rank the girls between one and ten
And the highest number got to be my pillows pretend
Now I apologize to every high ranker
But you taught me how to dream and so I also thank you
I never had the courage to approach you at school
We joked around a lot and I know you thought I dressed coolBut I was just coverin' up all the insecurities that came bubblin' up
My complexion had me stuck in an emotional rut
Like the time you flavor flaved me
And you played me "Yo chuck"
They say, "You're too black", man I think I'm too black
Mom do you think I'm too black?
I think I'm too black, I think I'm too black
I think I'm too black, black, black, black, blackBack Stacey, they called me, "Black Stacey"
I never got to be myself 'cause to myself
I always was, Black Stacey, in polka dots and Paisley
A double goose and Bally shoes, you thought it wouldn't phase me
I was black Stacey the preachers' son from Haiti
Who rhymed a lot and always got the dance steps at the party
I was black Stacey
You thought it wouldn't phase me, but it did 'cause I was just a kidI used to use bleachin' creme
'Til madame C.J. Walker walked into my dreams
I dreamt of bein' white and complimented by you
But the only shiny black thing that you liked was my shoes
Now, I apologize for bottlin' up
All the little things you said that warped my head and my gut
Even though I always told you not to
Brag about the fact that your great grand
Mother was raped by her slave masterYeah, I became militant too
So it was clear on every level I was blacker than you
I turned you on to Malcolm X and
Assata Shakur in the three quarter elephant goose with the fur
I had the high top fade with the steps on the side
I had the two finger ring, rag top on the ride
I had the sheep skin, name
Belt, Lee suit, Kangol, acid wash Vasco, chicken and waffleBack Stacey, they called me, "Black Stacey"
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You thought it wouldn't phase me, but it did 'cause I was just a kidStic 'em, stic 'em
Stic 'em, stic 'em
They say, "I'm too black"
They say, "I'm too black"
Here we goNow here's a little message for you, all you baller playa's got
Some insecurities too, that you could cover up, bling it up
Cash in and ching ching it up, hope no
One will bring it up, lock it down and string it up
Or you can share your essence with us, 'cause everything about you Couldn't be rugged and ruff and even though you tote a
Glock and you're hot on the streets
If you dare to share your heart, we'll nod our heart to it's beatAnd you should do that, if nothin' else, to prove that
A player like you could keep it honest and true
Don't mean to call your bluff but, mothafucka that's what I do
You got platinum chain then, son, I'm probably talkin' to you
And you can call your gang, your posse and the rest of your crew
And while you're at it get them addicts and the indigent too
I plan to have a whole army by the time that I'm through
To load their guns with songs they haven't sungLike Back Stacey, they called me, "Black Stacey"
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I always was, Black Stacey, they called me Black Stacey
Aah Black Stacey, ooh Black Stacey
Move Black Stacey, groove Black Stacey
Shake Black Stacey, make Black Stacey
No not I

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