Shades

Devilmakesthree

(Boy)Beautiful (x7)
Uh,
Chip on my shoulder big enough to feed Cambodia see I Neva fit into they quotas
Sneakers wasn?t fitting and my knees needed lotion long before I knew the significance of a comb
I roam like phone with no vocal reception immigrant parents had me feeling like a step kid
And black Americans Neva did accept me that?s why I grab so much when respect dig
I Neva fit in with them light skins I felt the lighter they was the beta that they life is
So I resented them and they resented me cheated on light skin, Dominique when we was seventeen
I figure id hurt her she evidently hurt me and all women who had light features, see
Id Neva let a light broad hurt me, that?s why I strike first and the verse cuts deep
Chorus
All my light skinned girls to my dark skin brothers
Shades doesn?t matter heart makes the lover
Boy you?re so beautiful boy you?re so beautiful shades doesn?t matter heart makes the lover
Boy (beautiful caramel), Boy (beautiful coffeepot) Boy (Beautiful chocolate) Boy (Beautiful toffee) Boy (Beautiful pecan) Boy (beautiful licorice) (boy you?re so beautiful)

Verse 2:
Just another naughty head nigga hoping Wes snipes make my life a bit different
In middle school I had to write to be timid I had beautiful words but girls never listened
Listen, blacker the berry sweeter the powder well im fruit punch concentrate and they water
Walk into my room thinking how to make moves ain thinking like a student but how ice t do it
Light dudes had the girls looking there all year it?s not fair, the ones with the good hair
Couldn?t adapt to naps I wear caps they nap and slept on me man I hate black
Skin tone I wish I could take it back or rearrange my status maybe if I was khaki
Associating light skin with classy the menstrual show showed a me that was not me
Chorus
Black is beautiful but, but ask them beautiful light girls if its black they attract to usually
What if Barack skin was all black truthfully would he be a candidate or just a blackened community because black dudes tend to lack unity and them black girls ain on the tube usually
Right Now at 23 I ain mad at them reds no more but for long time I had gone cold in
Blindfolded my own insecurity was holding me back to reds I ain know how to act
They would get the cold shoulder and know it was an act a defense mechanism what I thought that I lacked
Chorus

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