Soul On Ice

Meshell Ndegeocello

We've been indoctrinated and convinced by the white racist standard of beauty
The overwhelming popularity of seeing, better off being, and looking white
My brothers attempt to defy the white man's law and his system of values
Defiles his white woman, but my mum, Master's in the slave house again
Visions of her virginal white beauty
Dancin'in your head
Your soul's on ice
Your soul's on ice
Brother brother
Are you suffering from a social infection mis-direction
Excuse me does the white woman go better with the brooks Brothers suit?
I have psychotic dreams
Your jism in a white chalk line
You let my sister go by
Used to be customary to bow one's eyes at the sight of a white face konks and fadeCreams sad passion deferred dreams I am a reflection of you
Black and blue pure as the tears of coal-colored children crying for acceptance
You can't run from yourself
She's just an illusion
Black love anthems play behind white-skinned affection
New Birth stereophonic spanish fly let her cry.
But you no longer burn for the motherland brown skin
You want blond-haired, blue-eyed soul
Snow white passion without the hot comb

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