

# 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 fade  
Creams 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

Lyrics provided by

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