

# Black Girl Pain

Talib Kweli

My mama said life would be this hard  
Growin' up days as a black girl scarred  
In every ways till you've come so far  
They just know the name they don't know the pain  
So please hold your heads up high  
Don't be ashamed of yourself know I  
Will carry it forth till the day I die  
They just know the name they don't know the pain black girl Yeah I do it for the people, I do it for the love  
I do it for the poet, I do it for the thug  
This is for victory, and this is for the slaughter  
I do it for my mother, I do it for my daughter Promise I'll always love ya, I love to kiss and hug ya  
You and your brother should be lookin' out for one another  
I'm so blessed, man, y'all the reason I got up  
Somebody put his hands on you I'm gettin' locked up I'm not playin', that's the prayer I'm sayin' for Diani  
And if I die then she'll be protected by Amani  
That's her bigger brother and I love the way he love her  
She a girly girl, she love to imitate her mother But she a Gemini, so stay on her friendly side  
She'll put that look on you, it's like somebody's friend just died  
My pretty black princess smell sweet like that incense  
That you buy at the bookstore supporting black business Teach her what black is, the fact is her parents are  
thorough  
She four reading cornrows by Camille Yarborough  
I keep her hair braided, bought her a black Barbie  
I keep her mind free, she ain't no black zombie This is for Aisha, this is for Kashera  
This is for Khadijah scared to look up in the mirror  
I see the picture clearer through the stain on the frame  
She got a black girl name, she livin' black girl pain This is for Makeba, and for my Mamacita  
What's really good, ma? I'll be your promise keeper  
I see the picture clearer through the stain on the frame  
She got a black girl name, she livin' black girl pain My mama said life would be this hard  
Growin' up days as a black girl scarred  
In every ways till you've come so far  
They just know the name they don't know the pain  
So please hold your heads up high  
Don't be ashamed of yourself know I  
Will carry it forth till the day I die  
'Coz they just know the name they don't know the pain black girl This is for Beatrice Bertha Benjamin who  
gave birth to  
Tsidi Azeeda for Lavender Hill for Kyalisha

Althelone, Mitchells Plain, Swazi girls I'm rep pin for thee  
Mannesburg, Guguletu where you'd just be blessed to get through  
For beauty shinin through like the sun at the  
highest noon  
From the top of the cable car at table mountain I am you  
Girls with the skyest blue of eyes and the darkest skin  
For cape colored allied for realizing we're African  
For all my cousins back home, the strength of mommy's  
backbone  
The length of which she went for raising, sacrificing her own  
The pain of not reflecting the range of our complexions  
For rubber pellet scars on Auntie Elna's back I march  
Fist raised caramel shinin in all our glory  
For Mauritius, St. Helena, my blood is a million stories  
Winnie for Joan and for Edie, for Norma, Leslie, Ndidi  
For Auntie Betty, for Melanie, all the same family  
Fiona, Jo Burg, complex of mixed girls  
For surviving through every lie they put into us now  
This world is yours and I swear I will stand focused  
Black girls, raise up your hands, the world should clap for us  
My mama said life would be this hard  
Growin' up days as a black girl scarred  
In every ways till you've come so far  
They just know the name they don't know the pain  
So please hold your heads up high  
Don't be ashamed of yourself know I  
Will carry it forth till the day I die  
'Coz they just know the name they don't know the pain black girl  
Momma said that the day's like this  
Momma said that the day's like this  
Momma yeah momma said  
That the day's like this  
Momma said every day's like this  
Momma said that the day's like this  
Momma said that the day's like this  
Momma yeah momma said  
That the day's like this

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