Different

Sage Francis

Yo, yo, yo, why you looking at me?
Why you looking at me?
Why you looking at me?
Why you looking at me?
Come on, tell 'em Jade
People look at me wrong 'cos I dress different
'Cos I talk different, 'cos I walk different
People look at me wrong, think I'm so different
Wear my hair different, make the world listen
People look at me wrong 'cos I dress different
'Cos I talk different, 'cos I walk different
People look at me wrong, think I'm so different
Wear my hair different, make the world listen
People look at me wrong 'cos I
Hate women that wanna be other women
Since they won I never fit in
I'm a rock the world with no games or gimmicks
Plan on winning ain't no limits
You hear it all in my sentence going
Shock up the world with something new and improved
Ain't stoppin' I'm makin' moves
No choices then I'm a choose
They can tell me to stop but it's obvious I'm gonna go
They say yes I say no you hear it all in my flow
This is young America steering you in your area, area
Do what I want and that's period
I get up and put on what I feel like putting on
When I don't blend in people look at me like something wrong
As if I'm crazy, strange, weird or throwed off
New chick driving fast in a old car
I'm still pimpin', still pimpin' just tryin' make a living
From the end to the beginning
It's a damn shame when you stick out thinking you insane
Rock everything from name brand to hand made
This is my life this is who I am I will not escape
Don't want a piece of the pie I just want a bigger plate
I'm just tryin' live and watch how the plot thickens
Ain't no problem 'cos everybody's just a little different
Open your ears and eyes and make the world listen

Be an original individual is my mission
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People is gon' stare, gon' hate, gon' talk
But never will they expose what they doing in the dark
If you don't give a shit but you know you got it together, fuck it
They gotta put you down to make they-self feel better
Black or white, dark brown or light
Short, thin and small, thick, big or tall
And I think it's a mess we judged on how we dress
How many cars we got, how many bitches we pop
If a nigga got girls then he considered the pro
But if a girl got niggas then she considered the hoe
And if a white person hang around blacks he a wigga
And if a black person hang around whites he a nigga
And if we try to make it out the ghetto we a sell-out
Pressure gets so deep at times I wanna yell out
This shit is crazy it's time we take a stand
Focus on ourselves and stop worrying about the next man
It's your prerogative tight pants are sagging
Can't please 'em all with a hotter poppin' of has-beens
It's just the world we live in that amaze me
People claim they real but most of them must feel gazy
Quick to judge when they so artificial
Shit it's obvious I guess people just got some issues
Counterfeit and crazy, so shady
What else can I say, I'm just a different kinda lady
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Wear my hair different, make the world listen
Who are you to judge me?
Who are you to really call me ugly?
You don't even know the half
You don't even know the half

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Who are you to really call me ugly?
You don't even know the half
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