Black Girl Pain

Talib Kweli

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 girlYeah 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 daughterPromise 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 upI'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 motherBut she a Gemini, so stay on her friendly side She'll put that look on you, it's like somebody' friend just died

My pretty black princess smell sweet like that incense

That you buy at the bookstore supporting black businessTeach 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 painThis 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 painMy mama said life would be this hard

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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
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'Coz they just know the name they don't know the pain black girlThis 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 throughFor 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 AfricanFor 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 marchFist 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 familyFiona, 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 usMy 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 girlMomma 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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