

What Am I?

Chino XL

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yo I don't even know what the vibe is kid
All these different things seperatin us
It got me walkin this fence man
and I don't even know what side I'ma fall on B
Can't see it Well I'm a zebra y'all
("Half Puerto Rican, half black, but you don't speak Spanish")
Don't call me zebra y'all
("Half Puerto Rican, half black...") Now how old are you? About six, on my BMX, doin tricks
Back to Middlesex with a couple of poor white trashy brats
Everything was coochie crunch till it was time for lunch
They said to wait in the back, they said that Pops ain't like black
See where I was the population's mostly white
Ain't it?
They wanna see you jigga boo with your
face painted
Be brought home by one of their daughters and their fathers
fainted
They want to see you a failure so I never
became it
Light-skinned, showed them lead, curly-headed
Called me names, I was different, I was gifted, they made me ashamed
Found out that I'm a different shade when I'm in the second grade
Abe Lincoln's play, they want me to portray a slave
My momma's face went pale she looked like she wanted to puke
Now that I know the truth I'd rather play John Wilkes Booth
Although my family came and bitched and in the play my role was switched
My grandma told me I was fixed my problems wasn't fixed
My family seen my views of the world distort
Moms last resort, she decided we would move to Newark
I took a deep breath leaving everything I knew behind
The country air the green grass and my piece of mind
Harassed by white cops on our way we're pulled out our car

Mistook my mom for Joanne Chesimard now I'm really scarred
What am I, I'm confused, can't decide

What am I who am I what am I

Black or white, I can't identify

What am I who am I what am I

I'm confused, can't decide

What am I who am I what am I

Black or white, I can't identify

What am I who am I what am I Culture shock, Newark's a far cry from Middlesex

Broadly called projects, black eyes, regrets

Torn lives, I've never seen so many people depressed

My mental gets molested, physical takes violent threats

Stress, walkin home from school's like a terrorist test

I learned blacks could be racist too, somehow still I felt I was blessed

Even my teachers called me half-breeds and all of that

I was scared of livin here but also scared of movin back

See where I was before I was the darkest thing they ever saw

They figured that I'm black, white around

They kick me like a soccer ball

White people didn't accept me

Fuck you

Black people didn't accept me

Fuck you

Puerto Ricans didn't accept me

Fuck you

Diggin researchin my identity it gots me goin cuckoo "I'm the yellow nigga right?"

I'm tired of that. I am not passing, I am black!

I was born black, I live black,

and I will die, proud to be called black! "So now I'm goin "Hey niggaz" at niggaz that say Chino's not black

They come to my house and tell my African mother that

In fact causin crackup they said no sister would attract to me

These same brothers got perms to get their hair like mine was naturally

Discrimination, affects a brother's education

Hands up in black history class, they never called on my ass

But wait, growin at a rapid rate

I digest their hate, it's family

Found out my father left me when I'm three

Dealt with felt if I knew my Spanish family they'd help

Every mixed person I met they mostly just kept to themself

We moved to East Orange I set it off talent shows staring

A high yellow nigga's progression, my flavor's pouring
Now how old are you? About nineteen lettin off my steam

Used to be a punchin bag, but now I stomps, in hip-hop fiend

Now I get the goya jokes, Menudo jokes, Rico Suave jokes

But females rush me and the MC's steal up all my quotes

See what I lacks in melanin I makes up wit adrenalin

Your weak attempts at blemishin my mixed heritage I'm treasurin
Don't need caucasian acceptance just that of a human being
Laughed and spit at I don't represent cause I am not Spanish speaking
Now how many dues must I pay to win
You're angry and you're stressin that opression
but you judge me by the skin I'm in when
Adam Clayton Powell's, light-skinned and
Farrakhan the brother's, light-skinned and
Elijah Muhammad's also, light-skinned
Discrimination from my own peoples is making my temper go thin so
So stop playing me slight saying my song's aight instead of hype
Don't called me red-boned, or light and bright and damn they're white
I ain't no zebra, ain't no half of original either
Don't call me mulatto I stab you with a broken bottle
Callin your brother oreo get off it yo, now Tom consider
He could be like Chino XL, a yellow ass nigga

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