

# I Am Not My Hair

[India.arie](http://India.arie)

See, I can kinda recall a lil' ways back  
Small, tryin' to ball, always been black  
And my hair, I tried it all I even went flat  
Had a lumpy curly top and all that crap, now  
Just tryin' to be appreciated  
Nappy headed brothers never had no ladies  
And I hit the barber shop real quick  
Had 'em give me lil' twist and it drove 'em crazy (crazy)  
Then I couldn't get no job  
'Cause corporate wouldn't hire no dreadlocks  
Then I thought about my dogs from the block  
Kinda understand why they chose to steal and rob  
Was it the hair that got me this far  
All these girls these cribs these cars?  
I hate to say it but it seem so flawed  
'Cause success didn't come till I cut it all off

Little girl with the press and curl  
Age eight, I got a Jheri curl  
Thirteen, and I got a relaxer  
I was a source of so much laughter  
At fifteen when it all broke off  
Eighteen and went all natural  
February, 2002  
I went on and did what I had to do  
Because it was time to change my life  
To become the woman that I am inside  
Ninety-seven dreadlocks all gone  
I looked in the mirror for the first time and saw that

Hey (hey)  
I am not my hair  
I am not this skin  
I am not your expectations, no (hey)  
I am not my hair  
I am not this skin  
I am the soul that lives within

Good hair means curls and waves (no)

Bad hair means you look like a slave (no)  
At the turn of the century  
It's time for us to redefine who we be  
You can shave it off like a South African beauty  
Or get in on lock like Bob Marley  
You can rock it straight like Oprah Winfrey  
If it's not what's on your head, it's what's underneath, and say

Hey (hey)  
I am not my hair  
I am not this skin  
I am not your expectations, no (hey)  
I am not my hair  
I am not this skin  
I am the soul that lives within

Who cares if you don't like that?  
With nothin' to lose, postin' with the wave cap  
And the cops wanna harass 'cause I got waves  
Ain't see nothin' like that in all my days  
Man, you gotta change all these feelings  
Steady judging one another by their appearance  
Yes, India, I feel ya, girl  
Now go ahead, talk to the rest of the world 'cause

(Whoa, whoa, whoa)  
Does the way I wear my hair make me a better person?  
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)  
Does the way I wear my hair make me a better friend? Oh  
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)  
Does the way I wear my hair determine my integrity?  
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)  
I am expressing my creativity  
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)

Breast cancer and chemotherapy  
Took away her crownin' glory  
She promised God if she was to survive  
She would enjoy every day of her life, oh  
On national television  
Her diamond eyes are sparkling  
Bald-headed like a full moon shining  
Singing out to the whole wide world like, hey

Hey (hey)

I am not my hair  
I am not this skin  
I am not your expectations, no (hey)  
I am not my hair  
I am not this skin  
I am the soul that lives within

Hey (hey)  
I am not my hair  
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