

Shades (feat. Chrisette Michele)

Wale

Chip on my shoulder, big enough to feed Cambodia
See, I never fit into they quotas
Sneakers wasn't fitting and my knees needed lotion
Long before I knew the significance of a comb
I roam like phone with no vocal reception
Immigrant parents had me feeling like a step-kid
And black Americans never did accept me
That's why I grab so much when I'm respected
I never fit in with them light skins
I felt the lighter they was, the better that they life is
So I resented them and they resented me
Cheated on light skin Dominique when we was seventeen
I figure I'd hurt her, she evidently hurt me
And all women who had light features, see
I'd never let a light broad hurt me
That's why I strike first and the verse cuts deep
From a light-skinned girl to a dark-skinned brother
Shade doesn't matter, heart makes the lover
Boy you're so beautiful, boy you're so beautiful
Shadee doesn't matter, heart makes the lover
Honey brown, caramel, coffee brown, chocolate
Toffee, pecan, licorice, boy you're so beautiful Just another knotty-haired nigga
Hoping Wes Snipes make my life a bit different
In middle school I had to write to be timid
I had beautiful words but girls never listened
Listen; blacker the berry, sweeter the powder
Well I'm fruit punch concentrate and they water
Walk into my room thinking how to make moves
Ain't thinking like a student but how Ice-T'd do it
Light dudes had the girls looking there all year
It's not fair, the ones with the good hair
Couldn't adapt to naps, I wear caps
They napped and slept on me, man, I hate black
Skin tone I wish I could take it back
Or rearrange my status maybe if I was khaki
Associating light skin with classy
The minstrel show showed a me that was not me
They say "black is beautiful," but ask them beautiful
Light girls if it's black they attract to usually
What if Barack's skin was all black, truthfully
Would he be a candidate or just a blackened community?
We as black dudes tend to lack unity

And them blacker girls ain't on the tube usually
Right now at 23 I ain't mad at them reds no more
But for long time I had gone cold
Blindfolded my own insecurity was holding me back
To reds I ain't know how to act
They would get the cold shoulder and know it was an act
A defense mechanism, what I thought that I lacked
Confidence

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