

Saul Williams f/ Nas**"Black Stacey"**

Visit "[Black Stacey](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Saul Williams]

I used to hump my pillow at night
The type of silent prayer to make myself prepare for
the light
Me and my cousin Duce would rank the girls between
one and ten
And the highest number got to be my pillows pretend
Now I apologize to every high ranker
But you taught me how to dream and so I also "Thank
Ya"
I never had the courage to approach you at school
We joked around a lot and I know you thought I
dressed cool
But I was just coverin' up
All the insecurities that came bubblin' up
My complexion had me stuck in an emotional rut
Like the time you Flavor flaved me and you called me
"Yo Chuck"
They say "I'm too black man", I think I'm too black
Mom, do you think I'm too black?, I think I'm too black
I think I'm too black, I think I'm too black
You're black, you're black, you're black, you're black

[Hook: Saul Williams]

Black Stacey, they called me Black Stacey
I never got to be myself, 'cause to myself I always was..
Black Stacey, in polka dots and paisley
A double goose and bally shoes, you thought it
wouldn't faze me
I was Black Stacey, the Preachers' son from Haiti
Who rhymed a lot and always got the dances at the
party
I was Black Stacey, you thought it would was a phase
But it did, 'cause I was just a kid

[Verse 2: Nas]

Uh, Black Jesus help us - Muhammad (pbuh) guide me
Like Otis Blackwell, wrote hits for Elvis
Made my pen write, my insight as wisely
In flight, she five feet massage, plus got Kelis beside
me

Yves St-Laurent shades, Dom P's, entrees
Land where there's palm trees
Louis luggage, truly love it
Truly covered in fragrance, from blazin' that stinky
Rubies like Diallo, red blood on my pinky
I peep this treatment I'm gettin', they actin' real funny
Like I don't belong here, but I'm spendin' real money
And they turnin' up their noses at us, like they can't
stand us
Like I ain't a King, so I'm callin' up the Manager
Here comes this black dude, guess they've sent him to
handle us
Have the nerve to say - "they don't tolerate no animals"
WHAT?, a sellout coon, he black like me
So we got the hell out the room, I roll with Black Stacey

[Verse 3: Saul Williams]

Now here's a little message for you
All you baller playa's got some insecurities too
That you could cover up, bling it up, cash in and cha-
ching it up
Hope no one will bring it up, lock it down and string it
up
Or you can share your essence with us
'cause everythin' about you couldn't be rugged and
ruff
And even though you tote a glock and you're hot on the
street
If you dare to share your heart, we'll nod our heart to
its beat
And you should do that, if nothin' else, to prove that
A player like you could keep it honest and true
Don't mean to call your bluff, but motherfucka that's
what I do
You got platinum chain then, son, I'm probably talkin' to
you
And you can call your gang, your posse and the rest of
your crew
And while you're at it, get them addicts and the
indigent too
I plan to have a whole army by the time that I'm through
To load their guns with songs they haven't sung, like..

[Hook: Saul Williams]

Black Stacey, they called me Black Stacey
I never got to be myself, 'cause to myself I always was..
Black Stacey, in polka dots and paisley
A double goose and bally shoes, you thought it
wouldn't faze me
I was Black Stacey, the Preachers' son from Haiti
Who rhymed a lot and always got the dances at the

party

I was Black Stacey, you thought it would was a phase

But it did, 'cause I was just a kid

Visit [Saul Williams f/ Nas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.