

Ice Cube "Colorblind"

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Colorblind from Ice Cube's album Death Certificate

Here's another day at the stoplight,
I'm lookin in the mirror so I can see who can see me,
South Central is puttin' Ice Cube to the test,
With four brothers in the SS,
I can't go around and can't back up,
So I gotta peep game layin in the cut,
Is this a jack or a kidnapp,
Since I'm never ever slippin I fully strapped,
I grab the gat out the glove,
Do these fools got a problem with me,
Or do they got love,
So when the light turns green I don't bone out,
I wanna see what these black men are all about,
Cause if it's my time I'll just show,
If not, I'm pluggin they supersport,
First they get behind my ride,
Then they switch lanes to the left side,
I'm scopin out the one smokin endo,
Comin up fast rollin down his window,
He threw up a sign,
I put away my nine,
Fool cause I was colorblind,
Killer Cali, the state where they kill,
over colors cause brother don;t know the deal,
Where they'll cap not if they have to,
but if they want to first they might confront you,
See every brother on my block can't stop and he won't
and it don't stop,
To the bang bang boogie yo they like to gang bang
but rookies ain't the only ones that dropped
Some say the little locs are gettin a little too loc,
Cause their the ones who kick up the most,
Say the wrong word then whistle down the street to
your homies like a bird,
Come back and get served nigga,
And it's a shame cause it ain't no thing to me,
cause I slang them things like a G,
It's on does anybody want a killa for the summertime,
I gotta get another nine, even though I'm colorblind. . .
Now here's the game plan,
about a quarter till nine,

I was told to peel a cap on the other side,
Young and dumb, full of heart I'm a baby loc,
And I'm ready to do a job cause I aint not joke,
Stable and able but I'm not ready and willin
cause I'm only 13 and I ain't never did a killin,
grabbed the A.K. and jumped in the G ride,
started up the block and headed for the other side,
pulled up the car and now I'm on the creep tip,

hit the 5 dollar stick and I'm ready to flip,
caught one from the back and looked in eyes ,
thinkin should I peel his cap, or should I let him survive,
I'm trapped in the plan designed by another man,
I ain't contributin to genocide,
cause I'm colorblind. . .

I'm fresh outta county on bail,
and no sooner do I get out,
It's seems I right back in jail,
for some type of gang related activity,
cause every day different fools try to get with me,
for nothin more than a color, or territory,
can't rehabilitate em, that's the sheriff's story,
So what's left

the judge turns deaf

when you try to tell your side

cause you ain't blue eyed

Boy you better duck cause the book is comin'

and hand your car keys over to your woman,

cause aint no sunshine where you headed,

and it can drive you crazy if you let it,

But I;ll never shed a tear,

cause believe it or not they got more love for me here,

Now picture that, but on a black and white photograph

cause brothers you don't know the half,

On the streets I was damned near outta my mind,

but ever since I've been down,

I been colorblind. . .

Niggaz in the hood ain't changed

and I've finally figure out that we're not in the same
gang,

I walk the streets of L.A. with no where to turn,

every which way I get burned baby,

Lou wears blue, Big Fred wears red,

put them together and we color them dead,

dead, dyin, gettin smoked like part of the fun,

they get smoked just to show how many come to the
funeral. . .

I understand how all my homeboys feel,

and to this day I pack my steel,

cause I was born in a certain territory,

where you don't talk only the streets tell stories,

With blue and red bandanas on the street,
and if your slippin you'll be six feet deep,
cause me and T-bone, we pay em no mind,
and for the rest of the crew we stay colorblind. . .

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