

Jean Grae

"Black Girl Pain"

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

My mama said life would be this hard
Growin' up days as a black girl scarred
In every ways till you've come so far
They just know the name they don't know the pain
So please hold your heads up high
Don't be ashamed of yourself know I
Will carry it forth till the day I die
They just know the name they don't know the pain black
girl

Yeah I do it for the people, I do it for the love
I do it for the poet, I do it for the thug
This is for victory, and this is for the slaughter
I do it for my mother, I do it for my daughter

Promise I'll always love ya, I love to kiss and hug ya
You and your brother should be lookin' out for one
another
I'm so blessed, man, y'all the reason I got up
Somebody put his hands on you I'm gettin' locked up

I'm not playin', that's the prayer I'm sayin' for Diani
And if I die then she'll be protected by Amani
That's her bigger brother and I love the way he love her
She a girly girl, she love to imitate her mother

But she a Gemini, so stay on her friendly side
She'll put that look on you, it's like somebody' friend
just died
My pretty black princess smell sweet like that incense
That you buy at the bookstore supporting black
business

Teach her what black is, the fact is her parents are
thorough
She four reading cornrows by Camille Yarborough
I keep her hair braided, bought her a black Barbie
I keep her mind free, she ain't no black zombie

This is for Aisha, this is for Kasherah
This is for Khadijah scared to look up in the mirror

I see the picture clearer through the stain on the frame
She got a black girl name, she livin' black girl pain

This is for Makeba, and for my Mamacita
What's really good, ma? I'll be your promise keeper
I see the picture clearer through the stain on the frame
She got a black girl name, she livin black girl pain

My mama said life would be this hard
Growin up days as a black girl scarred
In every ways till you've come so far
They just know the name they don't know the pain
So please hold your heads up high
Don't be ashamed of yourself know I
Will carry it forth till the day I die
'Coz they just know the name they don't know the pain
black girl

This is for Beatrice Bertha Benjamin who gave birth to
Tside Azeeda for Lavender Hill for Kyalisha
Althelone, Mitchells Plain, Swazi girls I'm rep pin for
thee
Mannesburg, Guguletu where you'd just be blessed to
get through

For beauty shinin through like the sun at the highest
noon
From the top of the cable car at table mountain I am
you
Girls with the skyest blue of eyes and the darkest skin
For cape colored allied for realizing we're African

For all my cousins back home, the strength of
mommy's backbone
The length of which she went for raising, sacrificing
her own
The pain of not reflecting the range of our complexions
For rubber pellet scars on Auntie Elna's back I march

Fist raised caramel shinin in all our glory
For Mauritius, St. Helena, my blood is a million stories
Winnie for Joan and for Edie, for Norma, Leslie, Ndidi
For Auntie Betty, for Melanie, all the same family

Fiona, Jo Burg, complex of mixed girls
For surviving through every lie they put into us now
This world is yours and I swear I will stand focused
Black girls, raise up your hands, the world should clap
for us

My mama said life would be this hard

Growin' up days as a black girl scarred
In every ways till you've come so far
They just know the name they don't know the pain
So please hold your heads up high
Don't be ashamed of yourself know I
Will carry it forth till the day I die
'Coz they just know the name they don't know the pain
black girl

Momma said that the day's like this
Momma said that the day's like this
Momma yeah momma said
That the day's like this
Momma said every day's like this
Momma said that the day's like this
Momma said that the day's like this
Momma yeah momma said
That the day's like this

Visit [Jean Grae](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.