

Murs

"Dark Skinned White Girls"

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She got that mocha chino baby on the back of the bus
If you close your eyes and listen she would be one of
us
Never did trust, her family at home
So she kicked it in the hood
Raised herself on her own
She talked with that tone but she white to the bone
You would swear she was black if you spoke on the
phone
Some say it's overblown but she don't give a damn
All the black girls think that she want they man
But it's not your fault they attracted to you
That you blessed and you got as much back as you do
Most white boys say that you way too thick
And some brothas might say you the number one pick
You say "GIRRRRL!", roll ya eyes, twist ya neck
But it comes from the soul
You don't mean no disrespect
And even when they check you, you just keep it movin
'cause in your heart you feel you ain't got nothin to be
provin

Chorus:

Whether Chocolate or Vanilla
Or ya somewhere in between
Like cappuccino, mocha, or a caramel queen
Rejected by the black, not accepted by the white world
And this is dedicated to the dark skin white girls
Whether Chocolate or Vanilla
Or ya somewhere in between
Like cappuccino, mocha, or a caramel queen
Rejected by the black, not accepted by the white world
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Now she like The Smiths, The Cure, really into
Morrissey
Heavy into rock, never fooled with the Jodeci
Notice she was never really welcomed by the others
Hard to find a date when it was only 10 brothas
In the whole damn school
And they thought she was weird
'cause she wore her hair different and she never joined

cheer
Carmelancholy dolly with the polywanna syndrome
White stepfather, black daddy never been home
Went on the choir, she could hear her mom say

"Look at how she walks, why she talk that way?"
But girl it's okay
Ya black is beautiful
No matter how you dress
Or what you think you like
Forget what they say, you doin it right
No more grabbin on ya pillow as you cry through the
night
Stand strong, hold ya ground at any cost
And know that everyone who tries to put you down is
lost

Chorus

Now half and half of mixed girls
I know what the battle be
Everytime you go out it's "whats your nationality?"
Everybody always wanna dig up in ya background
You don't look... now how does that sound?
I couldn't tell you were... oh is that right?
Do you take it as a compliment or start up a fight?
Venezualan and Indian, Rican and Dominican
Japanese or Portuguese, Quarter of Brazilian
White and Korean, Black and Pinay
We'll find out later
It don't matter, ya fly
It don't really matter to most of us guys
We just need an excuse to get close or say "hi"
I know they call you stuck up,
Ya think you're too pretty
Spread rumors about you all throughout the city
So much attention, so many hatas
But don't be bitter, you'll be better for it later

Chorus

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