

**Murs & 9th Wonder****"D.S.W.G"**

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[Verse 1:]

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 her self on her own  
She talk 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 overgrown, but she don't give a damn  
All the black girls think that she want they man  
But it's not your fault that they attracted to you  
That you blessed and got as much back as you do  
Most white boys say that you're way too thick  
And some brothers might say, you're the number one  
pick  
You say [psh], girl... Roll your eyes twist your neck  
But it comes from the soul you don't mean no  
disrespect  
And even when they check you, you just keep it movin'  
Cuz in your heart you feel you ain't got nothing to be  
provin'

[Chorus x2:]

Whether chocolate or vanilla, or you're somewhere in  
between  
A cappuccino mocha or a caramel queen  
Rejected by the black, not accepted by the white world  
And this is dedicated to them dark skinned white girls

[Verse 2:]

Now she like The Smiths, The Cure, really into Morrissey  
Heavy on the rock never fooled with the Jodeci  
You would notice she was never really welcomed by the  
others  
Hard to find a date when there was only ten brothers  
In the whole damn school, and they thought she was  
weird  
Cuz she wore her hair different, and she never joined  
cheer  
A melancholy dolly with a Polly want-a syndrome

White step-father black daddy never been home  
And when on the quad she could hear em' say  
Look at how she walks, why she talk that way  
But girl it's okay, your black is beautiful  
No matter how you dress, or no matter what music you  
like  
Forget what they say, you're doin' it right  
No more grabbin' on your pillow as you cry through the  
night  
Stand strong, hold your ground at any cost  
And know that everyone who tries to put you down is  
lost

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

Now for you half-and-half and mixed girls, I know what  
the battle be  
Every time you go out, it's what's your nationality  
Everybody always wanna dig up in your background  
You don't look \_, now how does that sound  
I couldn't tell you or... (tell you or...)  
Oh, is that right  
Do you take it as a compliment or start up a fight  
Venezuelan and Indian, Rican and Dominican  
Japanese or Portuguese, quarter a Brazilian and.  
White and Korean, Black and Pinay  
I could find out later it don't matter you're fly  
It really don't make a difference to most of us guys  
We just need an excuse to get close and say hi  
I know they call you stuck up, you think you're too pretty  
Spreadin' rumors about you, all throughout the city  
So much attention, so many haters  
But don't be bitter, you'll be better for it later and...

[Chorus x2]

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