The Ugly Club "I Am Not My Hair"

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(feat. Akon)

[Verse 1: Akon]

Konvict

Konvict Music uh huh

See I can kinda recall a lil ways back
Small tryin to ball always been black
And my hair I tried it all I even went flat
Had a gummy curled on top and all that crap (o oh)
Just tryin to be appreciated
Nappy headed brothers never had no ladies
Then I hit the barber shop real quick
Had a mini lil twist and it drove her crazy (crazy)
Then I couldnt get no job
Cuz corporate wouldn't hire no dreadlocks
Then I thought about my dogs on the block
Kinda understand why they chose to steal and rob
Was it the hair that got me this far?
All these girls these cribs these cars?
I hate to say it but it seem so flawed

[Verse 2: India.Arie]
Little girl with the press and curl
Age eight I got a Jheri curl
Thirteen I got a relaxer
I was a source of so much laughter
At fifteen when it all broke off
Eighteen and I went all natural
February two thousand and two
I went on and did
What I had to do
Because it was time to change my life
To become the woman that I am inside
Ninety-seven dreadlocks all gone
I looked in the mirror
For the first time and saw that HEY....

Success didnt come til I cut it all off

[Chorus] I am not my hair

I am not this skin I am not your expectations no no I am not my hair I am not this skin I am a soul that lives within

[Verse 3: India.Arie] Good hair means curls and waves Bad hair means you look like a slave At the turn of the century It's time for us to redefine who we be You can shave it off Like a South African beauty Or get in on lock Like Bob Marley You can rock it straight Like Oprah Winfrey If its not what's on your head Its what's underneath and say HEY....

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Akon] Who cares if you dont like that With nothin to lose posted with the wave cap And the cops wanna harass cuz I got braids Ain't see nothin like that in all my days (o oh) And you gotta change all this feelings They be judging one another by their appearance Yes India, i feel ya girl Now go 'head talk to the rest of the world cuz...

[Bridge:]

(Whoa, whoa, whoa)

Does the way I wear my hair make me a better person?

(Whoa, whoa, whoa)

Does the way I wear my hair make me a better friend? Oooh

(Whoa, whoa, whoa)

Does the way I wear my hair determine my integrity?

(Whoa, whoa, whoa)

I am expressing my creativity..

(Whoa, whoa, whoa)

[Verse 5: India.Arie]

Breast Cancer and Chemotherapy

Took away her crown and glory

She promised God if she was to survive

She would enjoy everyday of her life ooh

On national television

Her diamond eyes are sparkling

Bald headed like a full moon shining Singing out to the whole wide world like HEY...

[Chorus: til fade]

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