

## **Sandra Pires**

### **"Thoughts of a Negro"**

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(...problem with 'negro' was not the word itself  
It was that a stereotype had been attached  
to that word 'negro'  
and that people were forced to live in accords to that  
stereotype)

Stereotype me, dislike me or fight me  
My hustle is hip-hop, you can't indict me  
Behind the light of intelligence  
Critics will probably say the title's irrelevant  
But the powerful fail to see the battle being fought  
Wise words verbally put forth from negro thoughts  
It's critical, the news programs of pitiful  
Sights and sounds of a negro's background  
First fired, last hired  
Granny picked cotton till she died, what a way to retire  
Watermelon's sellin but the seeds are black  
I don't spit em out, I plant em so they come back  
Music of soul cause my lyrics are funky  
You stereotype we're the offspring of monkeys  
I tie ya up and gag ya mouth with cornbread  
And lead ya the bright way, seems ya been mislead  
I enter the store on one thought - to purchase  
They follow me around like a muthafuckin hostess  
I see what I want, but before I can step to  
They're up in my face, "Sir, can I help you?"  
Out of step they seem to be with reality  
Needless to say I represent a nationality  
That's been linked to a Kodak  
Once truth is exposed, negatives can't be kept back  
Couldn't take us for what we has, took us for what we  
had  
KKK - 3 kicks up the ass  
All anti-negros ground is sinking sand  
Painting false and visionary pictures  
Revolting language bound to mentally hitcha  
Stand still while I'm talkin  
From abstract thoughts fingers completed the walkin

These are  
Thoughts of a Negro

(Wonder, wonder)  
(Blinkin I'm thinkin)

Alone on the corner, awaiting a red light  
A van pulls up, the passengers are white  
My feet's in progress, are my ears deceivin me?  
I pause and down came the locks on the doors  
A typical stereotypical outlook  
How could a man's color betray him as a crook?  
I'm on Amtrak, enroute to Atlanta  
In first row, drinkin a grape Fanta  
Dressed to impress and I'm a walkin jewelry store  
I'm gettin lynchin looks from the conductor  
Sweatin my jewels but it's cool  
He's not the first or the last to  
Learn first class was made for a black ass  
Fuck the back, it's '91, jack  
Another thought I render to be evident  
Would I be treated equally if we had a black president?  
In this race everyday's suspense  
From death to seein infants born as chemical  
dependents  
Skillfully prepared for a ignorant war  
But all I encounter I express through metaphors  
Like 'nigga', 'black', 'negro'  
3 five letter words to describe me, bro  
Even excepting we make good athletes  
And in bed knowin no other culture can compete  
So let's get right down to it  
Those who now accept it always knew it

These are  
Thoughts of a Negro

(Wonder, wonder)  
(Blinkin I'm thinkin)

I try to make it hard for them to hate me  
Alienate me, you still gotta face me  
But I ain't the stereotype  
Understand what I'm sayin or do all niggas sound  
alike?  
Rap's the trade so it's made to live good  
My neighbor's kids are sayin, "There goes the  
neighborhood"  
And their dog comes in my yard and takes a shit  
Then barks like tellin me, "Clean it"  
But I made em all believers  
Hit their daughters with a dose of this jungle fever  
It was undercover but her parents discovered

Turned her out, now forever she's a nigger lover  
I never feed into the stuff about the other man  
Cause my destiny is planned around a mic stand  
At the table of brotherhood I sit  
Calling preachers, wisemen and prophets  
To unravel the riddle of our existence  
Domestic relations and those of distance  
I'm hearin the same statements I feel are prejudiced  
One day blacks will rise on their side of the fence  
Stories still spread through history books in groups  
Tampering with truth, telling tales of twisted roots  
Stereotypes living lives of illusions  
Leapin to their death, jumping to confusions  
I see what I'm faced with, racist congregations  
Lord be merciful to a helpless nation

These are  
Thoughts of a Negro

(Wonder, wonder)  
(Blinkin I'm thinkin)

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