

69 Boyz

"Black Girl Pain"

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[Talib Kweli]

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 thru 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 thru the stain on the frame
She got a black girl name, she livin black girl pain

[Hook]

My mama said life would be so hard
Growin up days as a black girl scarred
In so many ways though we'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 til the day I die
They just know the name they don't know the pain black
girl

[Jean Grae]

This is for Beatrice Bertha Benjamin who gave birth to
Tsidi Azeeda for Lavender Hill for Kyalisha
ALTHLONE, Mitchells Plain, Swazi girls I'm reppin for
thee
Mannesburg, Guguletu where you'd just be blessed to
get thru
For beauty shinin thru 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, Ndid
For Auntie Betty, for Melanie; all the same family
Fiona, Jo Burg, complex of mixed girls
For surviving thru every lie they put into us now
The world is yours and I swear I will stand focused
Black girls, raise up your hands; the world should clap
for us

[Hook]

My mama said life would be so hard
Growin up days as a black girl scarred
In so many ways though we'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 til the day I die
They just know the name they don't know the pain black
girl

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