

Saukrates

"Black Stacey"

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I used to hump my pillow at night.
The type of silent prayer to help myself prepare for the
light.
Me and my cousin Duce would rank the girls between
one and ten
And the highest number got to be my pillows pretend.
Now I apologize to every high ranker.
But you taught me how to dream and so I also thank
you.
I never had the courage to approach you at school.
We joked around a lot and I know you thought I
dressed cool.
But I was just covering up all the insecurities that came
bubbling up.
My complexion had
Me stuck in an emotional rut, 'like the time you Flavor
Flaved me and you called me
"Yo Chuck, they say
You're too black, man".
I think I'm too black.
Mom, do you think I'm too black? I think I'm too black.
Black Stacey.
They called me Black Stacey.
I never got to be myself 'cause to
myself I always was Black Stacey, in polka dots
and paisley, a double goose
And bally shoes, you thought it wouldn't phase me.
I was Black Stacey.
the preachers' son from Haiti
who rhymed a lot and always got the dance steps at
the party.
I was Black Stacey.
you thought it wouldn't phase me, but it did 'cause I
was just a kid.
I used to use bleaching creme, 'til Madame CJ Walker
walked into my dreams.
I dreamt of being white and
complimented by you, but the only shiny black thing
that you liked was my shoes.
Now, I apologize for bottling up
all the little things you said that warped my head and

my gut.
Even though I always told you not to
Brag about the fact that your great grand
Mother was raped by her slave master. Yeah, I became
Militant too.
So it was clear on every level I was blacker than you.
I turned you on to Malcolm X and
Assata Shakur in my three quarter elephant goose with
the fur.
I had the high top fade
with the steps on the side.
I had the two finger ring, rag top on the ride.
I had the sheep skin, name
Belt, Lee suit, Kangol, acid wash Vasco, chicken and
waffle.
Black Stacey.
They called me Black Stacey.
I never got to be myself 'cause to myself I always was
Black Stacey, in polka dots
and paisley, a double goose and bally shoes, you
thought it wouldn't phase me.
I was Black Stacey. the preachers'
son from Haiti who
Rhymed a lot and always got the dance steps at the
party.
I was Black Stacey.
You thought it wouldn't phase me, but it did 'cause I was
just a kid.
Now here's a little
message for you.
All you baller playa's got
Some insecurities too, that you could cover up, bling it
up, cash in
and ching ching it up, hope no
one will bring it up, lock it down and string it up.
Or you can share your essence with us, 'cause
everything about you couldn't be rugged
and ruff.
And even though you tote a
Glock and you're hot on the
streets, if you dare to share your heart, we'll nod our
heart to
it's beat.
And you should do that, if nothing else, to prove
that a player like you could keep it honest and true.
Don't mean to call your bluff but
Mothafucka that's what I do.
You got platinum chain
Then, son, I'm probably talking to you.
And you can call your gang, your posse and the rest of
your crew.

And while you're at it get them addicts and the indigent
too. I plan to have a whole army
By the time that I'm through to load their guns with
songs they haven't sung.

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