

## Saul Williams "Black Stacey"

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I used to hump my pillow at night  
The type of silent prayer to make 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 coverin' up all the insecurities that came  
bubblin' up  
My complexion had me stuck in an emotional rut  
Like the time you flavor flaved me  
And you played 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, I think I'm too black  
I think I'm too black, black, black, black, black

Back 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 bleachin' creme  
'Til madame C.J. Walker walked into my dreams  
I dreamt of bein' white and complimented by you  
But the only shiny black thing that you liked was my  
shoes  
Now, I apologize for bottlin' 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 the 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

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Stic 'em, stic 'em  
Stic 'em, stic 'em  
They say, "I'm too black"  
They say, "I'm too black"  
Here we go

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 nothin' 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 talkin' 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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Back Stacey, they called me, "Black Stacey"  
I never got to be myself 'cause to myself  
I always was, Black Stacey, they called me Black Stacey  
Aah Black Stacey, ooh Black Stacey  
Move Black Stacey, groove Black Stacey  
Shake Black Stacey, make Black Stacey  
No not I

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