

Capital-X

"Spic in Black"

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I wrote this for everyone that be wondering,
why I'm always dressed in black
Why you never see me wearing bright colors on my
back
And why does my appearance, always have a somber
tone
Well there's good fucken reasons, for what I have on
See I wear black to rep the poor, the oppressed and the
beaten down
Those living in the hopeless, hungry, poverty stricken
parts of town
And I wear black for all the prisoners,
that have long paid for their crimes
But are still locked in cages, cause they're victims of
these times
And I wear black to morn for all those, that I've loved
and lost
And for every inmate that's been crucified, since Christ
on the cross
And I wear black for the forgotten, those left wondering
the streets
With no place to rest their heads at, and no food to eat
An I wear black for every innocent child, that's been
abandoned and abused
For everyone that's ever suffered, Whites Blacks
Latinos and Jews
I wear black for every son and daughter, whose blood
has been spilled
For everyone of my ancestors, Christopher Columbus
killed
And I wear black for those who've never read,
or listened to the words that Jesus said
For those that know the truth, but choose to live a lie
instead
Thinking they're alright, with their dope whips
(cars) and they chips stacked (money)
Well I wear black to remind us all, of the ones that been
held back

I wear black for the sick, the lonely and old
And for the reckless ones, whose bad trips have left

them cold
And I wear black for all the wasted lives, that could
have been
Understand that every few minutes, we lose hundreds
of men
I wear black for the hundreds of thousands, who have
died
Believing that the Lord, was on their side
And I wear black for the millions, who have died
Believing that we all, were on they side
Man I wear black for all my peoples, locked down on
cell blocks
And cause I'm still mourning, Biggie, L, Pac, and Scott-
La-Rock
And I wear black for all my peoples, dying in
meaningless wars
And I wear it for my son, whom I never saw
There are some things in this world, that need
changing this I know
Cause things are all fucked up, no matter where you go
Well till I see the world start to move, to make some
things right
You'll never see this mutha fucka, wearing a suit of
white
Yea I'd love to wear a rainbow of colors, every single
day
Get on the mic and tell the whole world, everything is
O.K.
But it's not so I'll try to carry off, a little darkness on my
back
Till things start looking brighter, I'll be known as the
spic in black

Yea I'm the spic in black, I represent the struggle
The have nots, the haven't gots, and all those that were
born ta hustle
I represent everyone, locked up in a cell
Yea I'm the advocate for anybody, living this hell

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