

Murs, Dark Skinned White Girl

(Verse I)

She got that mocha-chino baby on the back of the bus
If you close your eyes and listen she would be one of us
Never did trust, her family at home
So she kicked it in the hood, raised her self on her own
She talk with that tone, but she white to the bone
You would swear she was black if you spoke on the phone
Some say its overgrown, but she don't give a damn
All the black girls think that she want they man
But it's not your fault that they attracted to you
That you blessed and got as much back as you do
Most white boys say that you're way too thick
And some brothers might say, you're the number one pick
You say (psh), girl...Roll your eyes twist your neck
But it comes from the soul you don't mean no disrespect
And even when they check you, you just keep it movin'
Cuz in your heart you feel you ain't got nothing to be provin'

(Chorus) 2X

Whether chocolate or vanilla, or you're somewhere in between
A cappuccino mocha or a caramel queen
Rejected by the black, not accepted by the white world
And this is dedicated to them dark skinned white girls

(Verse II)

Now she like, Dismissed, The Cure, really into Morrissey
Heavy on the rock never fooled with the Joe to see
You would notice she was never really welcomed by the others
Hard to find a date when there was only ten brothers
In the whole damn school, and they thought she was weird
Cuz she wore her hair different, and she never joined cheer
A melancholy dolly with a Polly want-a syndrome
White step-father black daddy never been home
And when on the quad she could hear em' say
Look at how she walks, why she talk that way
But girl it's okay, your black is beautiful
No matter how you dress, or no matter what music you like
Forget what they say, you're doin' it right
No more grabbin' on your pillow as you cry through the night
Stand strong, hold your ground at any cost
and know that everyone who tries to put you down is lost

(Chorus) 2X

(Verse 3)

Now for you half-and-half and mixed girls, I know what the battle be
Every time you go out, it's what's your nationality
Everybody always wanna dig up in your background
You don't look , now how does that sound
I couldn't tell you or...(tell you or...)
Oh, is that right
Do you take it as a compliment or start up a fight
Venezuelan and Indian, Rican and Dominican
Japanese or Portuguese, quarter a Brazilian and.
White and Korean, Black and Pinay
I could find out later it don't matter you're fly
It really don't make a difference to most of us guys
We just need an excuse to get close and say hi
I know they call you stuck up, you think you're too pretty
Spreadin' rumors about you, all throughout the city
So much attention, so many haters
But don't be bitter, you'll be better for it later and...

(Chorus) 2X

