

India.Arie, I Am Not My Hair (Konvict Remix)

(feat. Akon)

[Verse 1: Akon]

Konvict
Konvict Music uh huh

See I can kinda recall a lil ways back
Small tryin to ball always been black
And my hair I tried it all I even went flat
Had a gummy curled on top and all that crap (o oh)
Just tryin to be appreciated
Nappy headed brothers never had no ladies
Then I hit the barber shop real quick
Had a mini lil twist and it drove her crazy (crazy)
Then I couldnt get no job
Cuz corporate wouldn't hire no dreadlocks
Then I thought about my dogs on the block
Kinda understand why they chose to steal and rob
Was it the hair that got me this far?
All these girls these cribs these cars?
I hate to say it but it seem so flawed
Success didnt come til I cut it all off

[Verse 2: India.Arie]

Little girl with the press and curl
Age eight I got a Jheri curl
Thirteen I got a relaxer
I was a source of so much laughter
At fifteen when it all broke off
Eighteen and I went all natural
February two thousand and two
I went on and did
What I had to do
Because it was time to change my life
To become the woman that I am inside
Ninety-seven dreadlocks all gone
I looked in the mirror
For the first time and saw that HEY....

[Chorus]

I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am not your expectations no no
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am a soul that lives within

[Verse 3: India.Arie]

Good hair means curls and waves
Bad hair means you look like a slave
At the turn of the century
It's time for us to redefine who we be
You can shave it off
Like a South African beauty
Or get in on lock
Like Bob Marley
You can rock it straight
Like Oprah Winfrey
If its not what's on your head
Its what's underneath and say HEY....

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Akon]

Who cares if you dont like that
With nothin to lose posted with the wave cap
And the cops wanna harass cuz I got braids
Ain't see nothin like that in all my days (o oh)
And you gotta change all this feelings
They be judging one another by their appearance
Yes India, i feel ya girl
Now go 'head talk to the rest of the world cuz...

[Bridge:]

(Whoa, whoa, whoa)
Does the way I wear my hair make me a better person?
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)
Does the way I wear my hair make me a better friend? Oooh
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)
Does the way I wear my hair determine my integrity?
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)
I am expressing my creativity..
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)

[Verse 5: India.Arie]

Breast Cancer and Chemotherapy
Took away her crown and glory
She promised God if she was to survive
She would enjoy everyday of her life ooh
On national television
Her diamond eyes are sparkling
Bald headed like a full moon shining
Singing out to the whole wide world like HEY...

[Chorus: til fade]