

Juice, Black

Black numerous times at start and behind the beat

To tell the truth man. Shit, we all grew up in the ghetto
Young black males, huh. Those black girls, hide and go get it
It was real in the hood. Niggaz kept it real. I mean, they did
It was only black. That's all we knew, shit. Ain't a damn thing change
Nigga proud to be one. Put that on anything

(Verse 1)

Don't make me have to get the black gloves and black ski mask
Anything a nigga have to do to get me cash
You know I wear a lot of blue
'Cause that's just what a nigga do
Tonight I got on so much *black* I look invisible
They say that all black man are criminals, dead or in jail
Well, I'm an angry, young, black individual
My daddy born *black*, my momma born *black*
Daddy was a mack and daddy ain't know how to act
But daddy had the black Cadillac, he had black slacks
Driving me to school, I used to toat the black backpack
And napsack, black raps in my mind I'm hearing it
I wrote about the only thing I knew, the black experience
Stick-ball, playing dice by the brick wall
Say bloody mary three times, that bitch will get yall
Street fights, being in before the street lights
Before I ever learned to freak a beat right
Nigga, I was *black*

(Chorus)

Don't be fuckin round with me 'cause I'll have you seeing *black*
Trying to get me for the chain, I'll make you faker *black*
There ain't nothing in my heart or in my soul 'cause it's *black*
I told you it's *black* 3X
Now every gram and collar green, nigga that's *black*
And plastic on a brand new sofa, that's *black*
Freeze pops, and double dutch and hot chips *black*
I'm trying to tell you big pimping, that's *black*

(Verse 2)

My momma told me, don't be on that
Terry, don't get sidetracked
Terry, you was born *black*, and you gon' die *black*
And you gon' always be black, and you gon' always know *black*
Even though, you the lightest motherfucker on the Kodak
But know that you should act black, knowing you should rap at
Know when to pull it
And when you should shake hands, and that's that
She said, you're *black*, so them coppers will harrass you
And them black choppers see who hiding in the grass too
She said being black is heaven in hell
But most black man either end up dead or in jail
She told me, you don't have to date *black*, and you don't have to marry it
But never ever hate *black*, be proud of it and carry it
And even when they put you in the dirt, they'll never burry it
And don't just have one approach son, you need to vary it
Before baseball, before basketball
Even when my casket fall
A nigga still *black*

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Black way of thinking, I'm done with it, I'm through with it
Why they call it black male, fuck I have to do with it

I never knew they'd punk, every black crack one day
The stock market crashed, and they called it black Monday
black kids are ghetto, *black* cats are bad luck
Wear black at funerals, to me it doesn't add up
But I don't give a mad fuck, what you try and label me
I'm one black nigga getting paid from using ABC's
Black are less intelegent, rap is just irrelevant
And in most black neighborhoods, crack is just so prevalent
Disproportionately, I see black put up on death row
And not the one in Interscope either, where all the rest go
And it's still Ok to tell a little white lie
Cops pull over black kids, the black kid, he might die
But no matter what they say, how we destroy the world
I love these *black* boys and girls
A nigga's proud to be *black*