

# Me'Shell Ndegeocello, Soul On Ice

We've been indoctrinated and convinced by the white racist standard of beauty  
The overwhelming popularity of seeing, better off being, and looking white  
My brothers attempt to defy the white man's law and his system of values  
Defiles his white woman, but my mum, Master's in the slave house again  
Visions of her virginal white beauty  
Dancin'in your head  
Your soul's on ice  
Your soul's on ice  
Brother brother  
Are you suffering from a social infection mis-direction  
Excuse me does the white woman go better with the brooks Brothers suit?  
I have psychotic dreams  
Your jism in a white chalk line  
You let my sister go by  
Used to be customary to bow one's eyes at the sight of a white face konks and fade  
Creams sad passion deferred dreams I am a reflection of you  
Black and blue pure as the tears of coal-colored children crying for acceptance  
You can't run from yourself  
She's just an illusion  
Black love anthems play behind white-skinned affection  
New Birth stereophonic spanish fly let her cry.  
But you no longer burn for the motherland brown skin  
You want blond-haired, blue-eyed soul  
Snow white passion without the hot comb