

Me'Shell Ndegeocello, Step Into The Projects

She's darker than a child's deepest sleep
And into his mind she creeps
In this world of lies and confusion
She's the only thing not clouded by illusions
The pain of everyday life is hidden by the blackness of our skin
He searches to find peace within
He finds love in the blackness of her skin
Back to the ghetto
Serenaded by the violence outside the window
Project aristocrats gather they realize
That our hearts and minds are shackled by the lies
But he finds peace when he looks into her eyes
And see her blackness is fine
The blackness of her skin the blackness of her mind
Straight from the womb
Right smack dab in the middle of
Poverty insecurity no one to save me
The young black man lays his head on her young black thighs
So that the child in her womb can hear the tears
That the black man cries
Soon come on a wave of positivity the big swinger,
Swingin' like a jazz singer travelin', movin', movin',
Steppin' in my three-quarter shell-toes,
Groovin' love to hear the brothers signify sisters with their head held high
Summertime, the livin' is easy dreaming of seas of dark tranquility
On the project train full speed on the project train heading for my love that's sweet like sugercane