

# 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