

VRV BLK (feat. Noname)

Jamila Woods

Black is like the magic, and magic's like a spell
My brothers went to heaven, the police going to
... yeah, they're going to, hello operator, emergency hotline
If I say that I can't breathe, will I become a chalk line
Line up to see the movie, line up to see the act
The officers are scheming to cover up their
Cover up their...ask me no more questions, tell me no more lies
Your serving and protecting is stealing babies lives I'm very black, black, black
Can't send me back, back, back
You take my brother, brother, brother
I fight back, back, back, back
I'm very black, black, black
I made a pact, pact, pact
You take my brother, brother, brother
I fight back, back, back, back
Everything is everything, a mantra says the guillotine
A missionary commissioned misery into angel wings
And all he wanna do is be still and cut bread
Never know the dead, how they whisper "Forgive me"
Everything is relative, politicize the evidence
I heard a politician reiterate all the messages
And all he wanna do is feed family, be famous
Never know the poor, how they scream out "Redeem me"
Everything is casualty, a song I heard, the bullets sing
I know a couple babies gon' see 'em fly tonight
He wish he wasn't magic, all he wanna do is be a passage
In a book titled "America the Savage"
Symphony is symphony, when everything was meant to be
Piano man and drummer boy just invented a song for me
And all I wanna do is find love and be happy
And all I wanna do is find love
I'm very black, black, black
Can't send me back, back, back
You take my brother, brother, brother
I fight back, back, back, back
I'm very black, black, black
I made a pact, pact, pact
You take my brother, brother, brother
I fight back, back, back, back
I'm very black, black, black
(Double, double this)
Can't send me back, back, back

(Double, double that)
You take my brother, brother, brother
(The trouble trouble is)
I fight back, back, back, back
(I'm very, very black) And that is all I, that is all I know
And that is all I, that is all I know
That is all I... is all I know
And that is all I, that is all I know
So one day these random girls are at my office,
And one girl's like, y'all remember how to play Rockin' Robin?
And we all broke out into formation, and we were like "Popsicle, popsicle,
a bang-bang me we was rockin' in the treetop..."
And it was so great, it was like, these Black women that I did not know, had met that day, and
we like all knew how to play Popsicle together.
And then like all of the people who weren't Black were just looking at us like..."Did y'all go to
elementary school together?"
It was literally like the best inside secret that I felt like I had ever had.
That's one of my favorite things about blackness.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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