

Complexion (A Zulu Love) [feat. Rapsody]

Kendrick Lamar

Complexion
Complexion don't mean a thing (it's a Zulu love)
Complexion
It all feels the same (it's a Zulu love) Dark as the midnight hour or bright as the mornin' sun
Give a fuck about your complexion, I know what the Germans done
Sneak (dissin'), sneak me through the back window I'm a good field nigga
I made a flower for you outta cotton just to chill with you
You know I'd go the distance, you know I'm ten toes down
Even if master listenin', cover your ears, he bout to mention Complexion
Complexion don't mean a thing (it's a Zulu love)
Complexion
It all feels the same (it's a Zulu love)
Dark as the midnight hour, I'm bright as the mornin' Sun
Brown skinned but your blue eyes tell me your mama can't run
Sneak me through the back window I'm a good field nigga
I made a flower for you outta cotton just to chill with you
You know I'd go the distance, you know I'm ten toes down
Even if master's listenin', I got the world's attention
So I'ma say somethin' that's vital and critical for survival
Of mankind, if he lyin', color should never rival
Beauty is what you make it, I used to be so mistaken
By different shades of faces
Then wit told me, "You're womanless, women love the creation"
It all came from God, then you were my confirmation
I came to where you reside
And looked around to see more sights for sore eyes
Let the Willie Lynch theory reverse a million times with...
Complexion
Complexion don't mean a thing (it's a Zulu love)
Complexion
It all feels the same (it's a Zulu love) You like it, I love it
You like it, I love it Let me talk my Stu Scott, 'scuse me on my 2pac
Keep your head up, when did you stop? Love and die
Colour of your skin, colour of your eyes
That's the real blues baby, like you met Jay's baby
You blew me away, you think more beauty in blue green and grey
All my Solomon up north, 12 years a slave
12 years of age, thinkin' my shade too dark
I love myself, I no longer need Cupid
And forcin' my dark side like a young George Lucas
Light don't mean you smart, bein' dark don't make you stupid
And frame of mind for them bustas, ain't talkin' "Woohah!"

Need a paradox for the pair of dots they tutored
Like two ties, L-L, you lose two times
If you don't see you beautiful in your complexion
It ain't complex to put it in context
Find the air beneath the kite, that's the context
Yea baby I'm conscious, ain't no contest
If you like it, I love it, all your earth tones been blessed
Ain't no stress, jigga boos wanna be
I ain't talkin' Jay, I ain't talkin' Bey
I'm talkin' days we got school, watchin' movie screens
And spike yourself esteem the new James Bond gon' be black as me
Black as brown, hazelnut cinnamon black tea
And it's all beautiful to me
Call your brothers magnificent, call all the sisters queens
We all on the same team, blues and pirus, no colours ain't a thing Barefoot babies with no cares
Teenage gun toters that don't play fair, should I get out the car?
I don't see Compton, I see something much worse
The land of the landmines, the hell that's on earth

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>