

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/>