

# Blacker the Berry

## Field Mob

It's ya boy Chevy P, babe  
Listen I remember as a kid back, in the days  
I got picked on, kicked at, shit on, spit at  
Get gone, get back, gone smoke, get away  
Havin' a dark pigmentation was hard then to make friends  
Felt like God didn't take his time with me  
He musta made me late night, tired and sleepy  
'Cause life wasn't easy, they dogged me  
Said that I was so dark the bet, I could sweat coffee  
And peepee sweet tea and spit oil  
Say when ashy I lotion down in Armor All  
Made me feel like a loser really lame  
Because of my complexion, nobody would include me in games  
Not even tag, never "It", nobody would touch me  
Nope no girlfriends 'cause shawties thought I was ugly  
Through all the jokes and laughs pokes and stabs blows and jabs  
Hopin' sad, mopin' mad before the scabs nobody told me that  
The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice  
I say, the darker the flesh, then the deeper the roots  
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I say, the blacker the berry, the blacker the berry  
The blacker, the blacker, the blacker, the blacker  
I ain't have Marvin Gaye to sing to me  
And make me feel like black was the thing to be  
Until Big Daddy Kane, I was so glad he came  
Made me feel good about bein' black again 'cause  
We was at the bottom of the market  
Al B. made sure it was a problem to be dark skinned  
Until Wesley sniped him  
In with the darkies, out with the light skinned  
Now we got Tyrese Taye and Tyson  
Mekhi Phife in every movie ya likin'  
Blade he remind me of a modern day Panther  
While Batman hides behind a mask like a Klansman  
We have to achieve, 'Caine's killin' us  
Like it killed the second son of Adam and Eve  
Ya palm is white and spreaded fist still black and tightly now  
Slappin' five was cool but rather ya ball ya fist and give me pound 'cause  
The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice  
I say, the darker the flesh, then the deeper the roots  
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The blacker, the blacker, the blacker, the blacker  
Tiger Woods say he ain't black, whatever  
They say Michael Jackson ain't white, whatever  
And Venus and Serena done beat mo' white girls  
Than O.J. and Rick James put together  
Now Michael Vick's the new black hero  
Bet John Madden ain't see it comin', saw a quarterback as a negro  
Jordan he can't hide it he look like an African Tribal leader  
If you can lighten him then you can brighten me up  
Now don't get me wrong and think I'm  
prejudiced  
Listenin' to this song, I'm not racist  
As a matter of fact, shout out to Jamie Lori and Chad  
My white friends from Lee County to Bladecliff  
Just bein' dark is it what's like bein' white in the  
audience  
At a black comedy show I  
Was guaranteed to get cracked on and joked out  
Now this ugly duckling is a swan, I know now  
The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice  
I say, the darker the flesh, then the deeper the roots  
The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice  
I say, the darker the flesh, then the deeper the roots  
The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice  
I say, the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice  
I say, the blacker the berry, the blacker the berry  
The blacker, the blacker, the blacker, the blacker  
It's the F.B.I.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>