

# Darkie (feat. Micah Bournes & Jackie Hill-Perry)

## Propaganda

Pickaninny fieldhand, just another darkie  
Blue black, big lip, motherland monkey  
Dark skin, nappy head, always being ugly  
You just another darkie, you just another darkie  
When you hear 'em talking, just love 'em and keep walking  
Prayed for you, brothers, the masters done brainwashed 'em  
Say it loud for 'em, ignoring all of the mocking  
You just another darkie, you just another darkie I used to wish I was Puerto-Rican  
'Cause that type of black was different  
They had curly hair and accents  
And I would be called exotic  
I would lie and say I'm half-something  
Mixed with this and that of sorts  
Anything to not just be a fieldhand descendent  
I knew black meant I was beautiful  
X Clan done taught me that much  
That ain't stop the black folks, black jokes at lunch  
I had Shaka Zulu, Nefertiti, Tutankhamun posters  
Hanging on my walls to ease the pain of them boulders  
Thrown 'em, so ashamed I got the round nose of a king  
I'm from the most mimicked culture but that ain't do a thing for my self-image  
Subjected to a standard I could never meet  
Genetics don't let blue eyes ever come with black feet  
Culture say that black feet don't belong on skateboards  
They should stay on reservations; Mama Winnie came for 'em  
Black people self-police "you sound white when you speak"  
Why you're hair so nappy? You was just another darkie  
Fat lip, wide nose (you just another darkie)  
Looking like some burnt toast (you just another darkie)  
Nappy headed, so gross (you just another darkie)  
Master got 'em so fooled (you just another darkie)  
Some people still blind (you just another darkie)  
Hating on they own kind (you just another darkie)  
Put your fist in the sky  
And don't pay 'em no mind (you just another darkie) Man, why should I care at all  
When you burn your own city whole?  
And your daughter want a white doll  
Man, y'all don't even like y'all  
I remember they told me I would look better if I was lighter  
Get wedded on the island with the dress to match my silence

Tell your melanin be quiet, it's too loud to match the culture  
The vultures of the media, Wikipedia wrote the posters  
Who you mailin' to? Who you selling to?  
Is your cerebellum bailing you out?  
Or is you jailed by the mouth that told you failin' to not be yourself?  
I know I believed it, I know I repeated what was me sleeping  
Killing my dreams, maybe if I was thicker my skin wouldn't make a scene  
Such a protagonist activist for a massive king  
They treat him like the villain yet they don't want what master schemes  
Living like immigrants yet they don't want the master's things  
Who's a slave? Who's the one to blame for the nappyness, the averages?  
Love over hate is the fraction with the happiest  
Mathematicians adding the blackness African applicants  
The night embedded, I don't regret it, the blackest skinFat lip, wide nose (you just another  
darkie)  
Looking like some burnt toast (you just another darkie)  
Nappy headed, so gross (you just another darkie)  
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Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>