

# Shades (feat. Chrisette Michele)

## Wale

Chip on my shoulder, big enough to feed Cambodia  
See, I never fit into they quotas  
Sneakers wasn't fitting and my knees needed lotion  
Long before I knew the significance of a comb  
I roam like phone with no vocal reception  
Immigrant parents had me feeling like a step-kid  
And black Americans never did accept me  
That's why I grab so much when I'm respected  
I never fit in with them light skins  
I felt the lighter they was, the better that they life is  
So I resented them and they resented me  
Cheated on light skin Dominique when we was seventeen  
I figure I'd hurt her, she evidently hurt me  
And all women who had light features, see  
I'd never let a light broad hurt me  
That's why I strike first and the verse cuts deep  
From a light-skinned girl to a dark-skinned brother  
Shade doesn't matter, heart makes the lover  
Boy you're so beautiful, boy you're so beautiful  
Shadee doesn't matter, heart makes the lover  
Honey brown, caramel, coffee brown, chocolate  
Toffee, pecan, licorice, boy you're so beautiful Just another knotty-haired nigga  
Hoping Wes Snipes make my life a bit different  
In middle school I had to write to be timid  
I had beautiful words but girls never listened  
Listen; blacker the berry, sweeter the powder  
Well I'm fruit punch concentrate and they water  
Walk into my room thinking how to make moves  
Ain't thinking like a student but how Ice-T'd do it  
Light dudes had the girls looking there all year  
It's not fair, the ones with the good hair  
Couldn't adapt to naps, I wear caps  
They napped and slept on me, man, I hate black  
Skin tone I wish I could take it back  
Or rearrange my status maybe if I was khaki  
Associating light skin with classy  
The minstrel show showed a me that was not me  
They say "black is beautiful," but ask them beautiful  
Light girls if it's black they attract to usually  
What if Barack's skin was all black, truthfully  
Would he be a candidate or just a blackened community?  
We as black dudes tend to lack unity

And them blacker girls ain't on the tube usually  
Right now at 23 I ain't mad at them reds no more  
But for long time I had gone cold  
Blindfolded my own insecurity was holding me back  
To reds I ain't know how to act  
They would get the cold shoulder and know it was an act  
A defense mechanism, what I thought that I lacked  
Confidence

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>