

My skin could never no curse, no it can't  
I wear it like a prom tuxedo  
I wear my hair as if its the sun and...  
each and every dread is a powerful light ray  
never wanted things to be in reverse cuz  
GOD makes waves wise travellers so  
my views of this world are ever growing  
thus ever growing is the way one must view me  
A soul of conviction unjustly convicted  
happy tv commercials and bi-racial shows  
the smell of reality still burns my nose  
not content until it smells like a rose  
whether it's in syle to keep the fight  
I tread these waters and make my waves yes I do  
And I will fight until my dying day  
And even after that my ghost resides with pride  
Forward ever backward never  
day by day these trials I trod  
Always triumphant never fail  
We've come too far to turn back now  
I won't turn back I move  
My blood is thicker than the waters of any flood  
Here I am facing the almighty herself  
If she approves then I am saved  
Clear of trouble is the path I pave  
for generations to walk and run  
Whether it's in style to keep the fight  
I tread these waters and make waves GOD knows  
and I will fight until my dying day  
and even after that my ghost resides with pride