

I grew up a young choir boy
Christian like Krizz, is like the last you ever think to pick a fight
Kids used to throw rocks at me
When the bus stops at me
How sis would come running out
"Leave my brother alone!", she would tell em
"I'm a kill em momma, if they send him home again yellin'
I'm a erase at least one of em from this place
I hated they make fun of him cause his face"
Go on and on, traveling on through adolescence
Teach em a lesson, carry a weapon
Cause that's the only way to keep em off of me
They teasin me awfully bad
Wish I could take of my mask and I'm asking my momma,
"Why you think the lord seen it fit to hit me with this?"
He could make a different Krizz, if he wanted to
Here's what I'm gonna do... I'm a tattoo my face and erase this:
This is Vitiligo

What kind of life is that for a boy who looks like this? (Famous)
Wanting to fit in this world, but it's just a wish
Pointing fingers, people whisper. Silhouette, of a lonely figure
(Where can he go?) Where can he hide? Livin' inside, of his Vitiligo

Save this... freak of... nature songbird... make his way from...

From the bottom all the way to the top
Even though he hated the way he painted, momma told me I can't stop
Cause no one cares, if anyone's watching
People stare, at Mr. Watson
But that never stopped him from coppin' the,
Vodkas, and was popular
It's over and shit
Colder the older it get
Sorry pop never made it to see his son be the great one
Escape from the place that definitely made him
Look what I did, I made a life, a wife, and a kid
People know me wherever I go:
This is Vitiligo

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This, is Vitiligo... hold on...

"Here comes the drop! Here comes the drop! Oh shit!"