

*[But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind]*

“Lucy, Lucy, where you been?”

Living in *brown sugar* sin.

“Lucy, Lucy, where’s you man?”

He come and *taste* me when he can.

“Lucy, Lucy, ain’t you hitched?”

No, I’m just his *so good* bitch.

“Lucy, Lucy. Baby is you blue?”

Tch. I’m tired of feeling *blackgirl* used.

“Lucy, Lucy, that’s no kinda life.”

*Black girl* ain’t no kinda wife.

“Lucy, Lucy, how you stand it?”

It’s better than bein’ empty handed.

“Lucy, Lucy, even you’s God’s flesh.”

This world ain’t wanna see that yet.