

(Black Beauty)

Black beauty is in the eye of the beholder,
That young lust turns into truth as you get older.
I believe that she is the bone to my shoulder,
What she don't know one must teach and mold her.
Her mind is connected to mans mind,
Built by design to be just like ours.
What differs is that there is a lot she still have to learn,
About herself and life.
Treat that black beauty,
As if it was something to cherish.
Because even tho loyal to that man,
If settled to much she will perish.
It's the thing we do to our woman that draw them away from us,
It was our black woman's strength that got us off the back of the bus.
Hold dear to that queen and give her your all,
An trust that she will do the same. (conclusion)

Us men let what others say and our own paranoid ways come between
the
best thing that happen to us. The Black Queen.