

Whiteface.

I've got fire in my koko and rage in my puuwai,
I've got eyes of Samurai,
Hair of Romans,
And the world is my opponent,
My skin is white,
But not real opaque, alright?
So, I've loved and lost,
My wisdom the cost,
They try to tell me who I'm supposed to be,
Because they think they can convince you that green, yellow, red is not what you
bleed,
I've stomped out throats shouting hate of my home mates,
Because na aumakua gave strength to never break,
They try to categorize with foreign eyes by foreign guys,
Bumbye, no surprise when I no cry when I say,
"Brah I still be kanaka maoli,
And yet haole."
Because trust me I know,
That people only see one color in snow,
But bone is bone,
Sliver or no,
White or brown,
Country or town,
Hawaiian is Hawaiian,
Braddah we all just stay tryin.