

White Boy

Haystak

Know what I'm saying, Big Haystak
Street Flavor Records, bitch, represent
I remember when I was young
All my people told me I could
Be anything I wanted to be when I grew up
You know what I'm saying, and that's it for us
I was a big old white boy from
Tennessee that wanted to be a rap star
And that was fucking impossible I over came opticals did what they said couldn't be done
I went from murder dog to fire? I'm the one
The only one who held it down for white class
Before it was cool to be white trash
You can't change the world so why try
Watch them chains to tidies
From fist fights to drive bys
I be out there late night and I'm white guy
So when I'm gone say goodbye to that white guy
I dedicate this to the hags and fags
Who associate Haystak with racism and rebel flags
You fucking bitch
When you mention me speak on killer weed and body bags
Hi proportion? And burning the flag
My grand daddy's mammy was half Cherokee
My grand mamma family came from an island in Germany
And me I'm just a mixed breed from Tennessee
Everything you fake mother fuckers pretend to be [HOOK]
White boy cracker hoochie weado
Damn do evil blue eyed devil
Pail face and I'm proud to be that dude
Make up some more shit to me white boy
I be that too
You've been running your mouth for the past ten years
But never ran a mother fucking thing 'round here
Pioneers lets get one thing clear
We been making music for years ya hear
Hardcore you better ask about hay
I get love 'round the way like e-40 in the bay
I'm from the land of the brave
Home of the free
And there's five million other fools just like me We the have-nots little badass kids
Momma doing bad, dad der doing a bid
And we was set free to do as we please

Reek havoc on the streets of our communities
 And we didn't have no curfew
 We didn't have no rules
 We don't need no book bags cause we don't go to school
 Imagine my middle finger
 In the mother fuckin sky
 Screaming CWB till I die
 Lil player, lil[HOOK]
 White boy cracker hoochie weado
 Damn do evil blue eyed devil
 Pail face and I'm proud to be that dude
 Make up some more shit to me white boy
 I be that tooHey bro what you looking for
 Twenty
 Auh twenty, I don't have no twenties
 But I got some fat dimes
 Auh you like that huh
 Come back and fuck with your people ya hearBorn a bastard child who struggled with love
 We congregated on the corners puffin and pushing dubs
 A lack of love a lack of understanding
 A lack of compassion a lack of better parenting
 The sad thing is either they don't know
 Don't show
 Or just don't care, well
 That is till tad and rad?
 Come to school with gauges
 And start shooting up the rich kids in the faces
 Mom and dad ducked in their shoes
 "It was the crowd they hung around
 Music that they listed to"
 White boys been dying around here for years
 But it never make CNN
 You know why
 We were put here to die
 So when we kill one another
 It comes as no surprise
 We animals in their eyes
 I represent the trial when I'm behind the mic
 Can't tell me nothing about no damn stereotype[HOOK]
 White boy cracker hoochie weado
 Damn do evil blue eyed devil
 Pail face and I'm proud to be that dude
 Make up some more shit to me white boy
 I be that too