The Stereotype

Inspectah Deck

2009! Geez
Yeah, this be that old school type shit
Yeah, that Blaxploitation shit (Afro picks, Cadillac whips)
We gon' hit you like Truck Turner, with the burner[Inspectah Deck]
I'm the Stereotype, in the zone where chrome meet chrome
Hard heads call it home sweet home
I rep that, hat to the back, chrome blaze
Low fade, blazin' the haze in the hallways
Young black nigga, bout to come back bigger
Rap action figure, that's strapped with the spitter
I serve mankind like a super hero
Gonna move the people, with sharp darts to the ear hole
And terror spin, veteran style, ghetto child
Call his name, hear it echo for miles
Check my fouls, before you get wild, reconcile
Trust, I touch kids, but I'm no pedophile
The Superfly, I, O'Neal, holdin' the steel
With the ounce from the greenhouse bent behind the wheel
What's the deal? Dick riders on board
In this Bloodsport, I'm like Jean Claude, yes, lord
[Chorus 2X: sampled singer (Inspectah Deck)]
This thing, is gonna be alright (alright) here comes the Stereotype
It takes, time to get it right (that's right) count on the Stereotype[Inspectah Deck]
The Stereotype, this life, I'm knee deep in
The creeps keep creepin', the heat streets sweepin'
The greed keeps feedin', the seeds need teachin'
Police be seekin', all the ones free speechin'
Guns be blowin', young g's holdin'
Nerve control 'em, they say that son be zonin'
I'm half Huey, half Malcolm, part Martin
Mixed with Mark Garvey, sharp as Sharpton
A known fact, that I stay pro black
I go back like Kojak or Bobby Womack
Or maybe Jim Brown, been down from Ground Zero
Crowned reknown hero, sound pounds your earlobe
Mean daddy like a '69 green Caddy

Seen daddy soakin' that fox, she beam badly
With more drama than you find in the flicks
I'm Dolomite, without the afro picks or flyin' kicks,
it's...
[Chorus 2X][Inspectah Deck]
My chain hang loose like I wear my jeans
I got soul like Rakim and Grandma Green's
I represent The Projects, everything hood
Big wolves in the woodwork, everything good
In the bright lights, Big City, it's ten times gritty
Doin' life on the streets, whose biddin' wit me?
Regardless, I'mma hold mine down, load my pound
Target on the unknowns who roam my town
There they go on that bullshit, when it go down
You know who the culprit, sure enough
The R-E-B-E, L, yell it freely
I, call him Stereo, T-Y-P-E
Greasy, on the hunt for the big easy
Switch the game like plantin' cracks on the D.T.
Say what you say, G, hate don't mistake me
Or play me like a must paid fee, that ain't me

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