

Kajun Ku Klux Klan

Johnny Rebel

You niggers listen now
I'm gonna tell you how
To keep from getting torched
When the Klan is on the prowl
Stay at home at night
And lock your doors up tight
Don't go outside or else you'll find
Those crosses-a-burnin' bright
Now I know you won't believe me
So I'm gonna tell you why
The Kajun Ku Klux Klan
Is gonna get you by and by
I'm warnin' you that when I'm through
You're gonna change your tune
This story's 'bout a nigger
His name was Levi Coon
He walked into a cafe
He thought he'd get a bite
He thought that they would serve him
Since they passed the civil rights
The waitress told him no
And that he'd better go
He said, "No ma'am, my Uncle Sam say
I don't have to go."
So he sat there in that cafe
Bein' stubborn as a mule
No matter what she said
He wouldn't get up off that stool
He sat there like a jackass
Said, "I'm gonna demonstarate.
I came in here to eat, and
I ain't leavin' 'til I've ate." The waitess had enough
She said, "I'll call your bluff."
She said, "If we can't treat you right
We'll have to treat you rough."
The phone was in her hands
She gave him one more chance
He wouldn't go, and so she called
The Kajun Ku Klux Klan
When he saw them cajuns comin'

Levi knew it was too late
His eyes popped out his head
And his kinky hair got straight
He said, "Oh lousy white folks
I didn't mean a thing.
Why did I have to listen
To that demonstrator King?" Now niggers understand
They tied up both his hands
He was at the mercy of
The Kajun Ku Klux Klan
I knew just what they'd do
Levi knew it too
I knew what kind of torture
They would put that nigger through
Now the moral of this story
As plain as it can be
Niggers mind your business
And let us white folks be
You'd better heed my warnin'
And try to understand
Don't you demonstrate
Around the Kajun Ku Klux Klan

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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