

# Whitey

## The Northies

Bismillah

Punk rock the scar, disco to blues

Yo, my blue suede shoes got stepped on

Slept on, the style that I hustle

You wanna flex then punk make a muscle, I'm

(Whitey, Whitey)

Yeah, that's right Some of y'all kiddies wanna act uptight

Comin' to the party tryin' to spark up fights

I'm puttin' out lights, boy, 'cause I'm

(Whitey, Whitey, Whitey, Whitey) I'm whiter than crack, I'm harder than drugs

I'm smarter than thugs, I'm hotter than slugs

I'm faster than sound, I came to get down, boy, don't fuck around

You'll catch a beat down it's comin' from

(Whitey, Whitey, Whitey, Whitey) What? You thought I stopped rhymin' 'cause I started signin'?

Pickin' on a six-string, wrist bling blingin'

Name's bell ringin' from coast to coast

You're rollin' with the one that rocks the most, I'm

(Whitey, Whitey, Whitey) Official like referees

Fuck with me put your egos in jeopardy

Threats to the right, amigos to the left of me

Part of me's hellish, part of me's heavenly

(Whitey, Whitey, Whitey) Boy, that's my name

I don't do it for the wealth, I don't do it for the fame

I do it for the health and I do it for the spirit

Don't speak the lyric if you can't hear it

(Whitey, Whitey) If it ain't from the heart than it can't be art

If you ain't got proof than it can't be truth

If it ain't got legs then it cannot run

If it ain't never started than it can't be done, I'm

(Whitey, Whitey, Whitey)

(Whitey, Whitey, Whitey, Whitey, Whitey)

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