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 burnerI'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 hallwaysYoung 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 holeAnd 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 paedophileThe 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 LordThis thing is gonna be alright, alright, here comes the Stereotype
It takes time to get it right, that's right, count on the Stereotype
This thing is gonna be alright, alright, here comes the Stereotype
It takes time to get it right, that's right, count on the StereotypeThe 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 SharptonA 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 earlobeMean 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 this, this, this, thisThis thing is gonna be alright, alright, here comes the Stereotype
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It takes time to get it right, that's right, count on the StereotypeMy 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 goodIn the bright lights, Big City, it's ten times gritty
Doin' life on the streets, who's biddin' with me?
Regardless, I'mma hold mine down, load my pound
Target on the unknowns who roam my townThere 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 EGreasy 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 meThis thing is gonna be alright, alright, here comes the Stereotype
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