

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 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 paedophile 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 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

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It takes time to get it right, that's right, count on the Stereotype 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 this, this, this, this This 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 Stereotype 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, who's biddin' with 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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