Hate

Kyprios

Do you know what I am? I am a nigger.
That's right the tip of my ebony pole rests between my knees so they don't knock together when I sleep on my side at night. I'm well hung like a grand wizard hanging from a telephone pole in the ghetto, because you know there's no trees in the ghetto. Know what I'm sayin'? They say these fat robust lips can barely articulate the miniscule thoughts in my tiny brain but I can rap my fuckin' ass off. Know what I'm sayin'? They say my life's as lazy as my tongue is and know what I'm sayin' is a conjunction I use when I don't know what I'm saying or got nothing else to say.. Know what I'm sayin'?
And I am a nigger. Do you know what I hate? I hate whitey. Liberalistic, masochistic, conservative, preservative republican so love my skin - Fuck the democratics who give me my automatics and the aristocratic autonomy who see the melanin in me as a felony, one to three for thievery nigga they callin' me, but what the fuck did you get when you stole the whole native colony? Oh you were the lawyers and the judges you read the Tom Sawyers and the Huck Finn's, hate me, segregate me, threaten to kick me out of the country, but who stole me the fuck in? Fuck skin? I don't see any black on your green to me it's white dollars, ten to life = six months to three years if you got them white collars. America - land of the jailed, home of the slave. I hate whitey.
Do you know what I am? I'm a whitey. Do you know what I hate? I hate those chinks. They can only have one child in their country so they come to my country and have fifteen kids so they can take over, it'll be their country. It used to be China town and now it's Chinky City and I'm afraid that the new second language is going to be calculus. Dicks as big as grains of rice, tooth floss to blind them, deep-fried cat is the specialty every night. It's chinks, nips, gooks, spooks, yellow skinned bastards. I fucking HATE chopsticks.
Do you know what I am? I am a chink. Do you know what I hate? I hate those paki's. Red dot on my head, do you want a samosa? Do you really think that the fusioned smell of body odor and curry in your cab is a pleasing offering to Allah? Oh, no two all beef patties, special sauce, pickles, onions on a sesame seed bun for you? Oh yeah, I forgot that cows are gods and you can't eat them.

Do you know what I am? I am a paki. Do you know what I hate? I hate those jews. They don't believe in Jesus but instead an eight-day miracle of oil and get an eight day Christmas: Happy Hanukkah. I hope the next time you shout mozzletov that it's a Molotov cocktail and you say hi to Hitler in hell.
Do you know what I am? I am a jew. Do you know what I hate? I hate those spics. Chinga tu madre pendeho this is for the rasha and all the ones that could run, jump, or swim have successfully border crossed into my country.
But do you know what I'm not? I am not a spic, I am not a jew, I am not a paki, a chink, a whitey or a nigger. I am racism. And I don't discriminate. I hate you all equally. I hate hatred for hating me because I am hate manifest. You french kissed me and I left those words on your tongue and I spread easy so pass the hate.
Do you know what I am? I am hate. I put the scars on your back, I put you in the oven, I dropped the bomb on your country and I put those words on your tongue.
You want to stop me? You're too fucking stupid to stop me. I'll even tell you how to stop me and I bet you can't. Well what are you waiting for? Give me some love.

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