

First White Boy

Haystak

Know what I'm saying, Big Haystak
Street Flavor Records, bitch, represent
I remember when I was young
All my people told me I could
Be anything I wanted to be when I grew up
You know what I'm saying, unless of course,
You was a big old white boy from
Tennessee that wanted to be a rap star
And that was fucking impossible

I over came opsticals did what they said couldn't be done
I went from murder dog to vibe? I'm the one
The only one who made it out the lower class
Before it was cool to be white trash
You can't change the world so why try
Watch them chains to tidies
From fist fights to drive bys
I be out there late night and I might die
So when I'm gone say goodbye to that white guy

I dedicate this to the hags and fags
Who associate Haystak with racism and rebel flags
You fucking bitch
When you mention me speak on killer weed and body bags
How I'm pro abortion? And burning the flag
My grand daddy's mammy was half Cherokee
My grand mamma family came from Ireland and Germany
And me I'm just a mixed breed from Tennessee
Everything you fake mother fuckers pretend to be

[HOOK]

White boy cracker hoochie weado
Damn do evil blue eyed devil
Pail face and I'm proud to be that dude
Make up some more shit to me white boy
I be that too

You've been running your mouth for the past ten years
But never ran a mother fucking thing 'round here
Pioneers lets get one thing clear

We been making music for years ya hear
Hardcore you better ask about hay
I get love 'round the way like e-40 in the bay
I'm from the land of the brave
Home of the free
And there's five million other fools just like me

We the have-nots little badass kids
Momma doing bad, dad der doing a bid
And we was set free to do as we please
Reek havoc on the streets of our communities
And we didn't have no curfew
We didn't have no rules
We don't need no book bags cause we don't go to school
Imagine my middle finger
In the mother fuckin sky
Screaming CWB till I die
Lil player, lil

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Hey bro what you looking for
Twenty
Auh twenty, I don't have no twenties
But I got some fat dimes
Auh you like that huh
Come back and fuck with your people ya hear

Born a bastard child who struggled with love
We congregated on the corners puffin and pushing dubs
A lack of love a lack of understanding
A lack of compassion a lack of better parenting
The sad thing is either they don't know
Don't show
Or just don't care, well
That is till tad and brad?
Come to school with gauges
And start shooting up the rich kids in the faces
Mom and dad ducked the issues
"It was the crowd they hung around

Music that they listed to"
White boys been dying around here for years
But it never make CNN
You know why
We were put here to die
So when we kill one another
It comes as no surprise
We animals in their eyes
I represent the tribe when I'm behind the mic
Can't tell me nothing about no damn stereotype

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Lyrics submitted by Ryan Vansumeren.

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