Stereotype

Kam

Don't call me nigga, whitey...

Big fat extra-crispy bucket of chicken
2 liter of pepsi-cola drinkin' ass...

They say a negro ain't good for nothin' but a show
Talkin' slang and walkin' with a radio
Drippin' sweat on basketball courts
Dominatin' but that's at all sports
Or inventin' a new kind of handshake
To get they picture on a box of pancake mix
So I kick some hip hop
And go to church sunday to hit me a flip-flop
But prayin' ain't all we do, see
Next we play bingo and barbecue
Them days I could praise the lord and still gamble
And eat more dead meet than little black sambo
But I gotta hear a lot of old ladies
Catchin' the holy ghost most in their 80's
And I don't want to hear no yellin'
Naw, I just kick it and finnish this watermelon
Cause I'm the stereotype...

They think all black folks look alike
We either goin' strike or hut, hut, hike
Or up on the microphone makin' their neighborhood nervous
So I get poor service
Wherever I go they steady tryin' to put jackets on me
Cause I ain't one of they fake-ass homies
Naw, I'm just a negro who knows what's jumpin'
So they be actin' like I'm tryin' to steal somethin'
When I go to the store or out to eat
Ladies start puttin' purses by they feet
Pullin' a mace out they bras like one-time
Waitin' on some crime
For me to commit so they can unload
That's how tricks get floored
y'all can't let y'all imaginations
Get the best of y'all

And that goes for the rest of y'all
Cause I'm the stereotype...

So I'm just your typical so-called african-american
Back in your hair again
At your door for more free
butter and cheese, please
Let me take my cake-cutter
And tease this buckwheat hairdoo
To fit the stereotype scenario
That I gave on my application
Unemployment information
Like moms can't find no affordable housin'
How many kids she got? About thousand
And everyone got a different daddy
And I had to quit my job cause of my bad knees
But before my injury I was fine
Did everythin' from a jack to a shoeshine
I was allways down to work then
Until I got stretched out in the pen
Now I'm the stereotype...

So, yeah, i get it all from the big screen
Showin' black girls hoin' at sixteen
On the corner outside in the cold half-naked
Ain't nothin' sacred?
Cause all they know is what they seein' on daytime dramas
So now they like teenage grandmas
Who gotta stop they work and roll
To the nurse for a purse full of birth control
And that ain't so proper cause in my hood
They need to cancel soap-operas
Cause black females be belivin' all that
That's why they fall flat
So young and innocent
But by the time they reach eighteen
They been done went crazy, hittin' that P-I-P
Every Gladys Knight with the silent E
So I'm the stereotype...

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