Whitey

Sevish

Bismillah
Punk rock the scar, disco to blues
Yo, my blue suede shoes got stepped on
Slept on, the style that I hustle
You wanna flex then punk make a muscle, I'm
(Whitey, Whitey)
Yeah, that's rightSome of y'all kiddies wanna act uptight
Comin' to the party tryin' to spark up fights
I'm puttin' out lights, boy, 'cause I'm
(Whitey, Whitey, Whitey, Whitey)I'm whiter than crack, I'm harder than drugs
I'm smarter than thugs, I'm hotter than slugs
I'm faster than sound, I came to get down, boy, don't fuck around
You'll catch a beat down it's comin' from
(Whitey, Whitey, Whitey, Whitey)What? You thought I stopped rhymin' 'cause I started signin'?
Pickin' on a six-string, wrist bling blingin'
Name's bell ringin' from coast to coast
You're rollin' with the one that rocks the most, I'm
(Whitey, Whitey, Whitey)Official like referees
Fuck with me put your egos in jeopardy
Threats to the right, amigos to the left of me
Part of me's hellish, part of me's heavenly
(Whitey, Whitey, Whitey)Boy, that's my name
I don't do it for the wealth, I don't do it for the fame
I do it for the health and I do it for the spirit
Don't speak the lyric if you can't hear it
(Whitey, Whitey)If it ain't from the heart than it can't be art
If you ain't got proof than it can't be truth
If it ain't got legs then it cannot run
If it ain't never started than it can't be done, I'm
(Whitey, Whitey, Whitey)
(Whitey, Whitey, Whitey, Whitey, Whitey)

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