

(Whitey, Whitey)...It's my love  
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 right  
Some 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, 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 than it can not run  
If it ain't never started than it can't be done  
I'm (Whitey, Whitey, Whitey, Whitey, Whitey...)