

# 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, and that's it for us  
I 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 fire?? I'm the one  
The only one who held it down for white 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'm white guy  
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  
Hi proportion? And burning the flag  
My grand daddy's mammy was half Cherokee  
My grand mamma family came from an island in Germany  
And me I'm just a mixed breed from Tennessee  
Everything you fake mother fuckers pretend to be  
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  
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

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 rad?  
Come to school with gauges  
And start shooting up the rich kids in the faces  
Mom and dad ducked in their shoes  
"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 trial when I'm behind the mic  
Can't tell me nothing about no damn stereotype  
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