

# 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...