When I get down
I give what go around
And when I cough
I do my best to cut it off
I don't claim to be a preacher
Not paid to be a teacher
But I'm grown
I try to be a leader to the bone

Never could follow a man
Wit' a bottle
He's a baby wit' a beard
Not a feared role model
And they ask me where I got it
I get it from my pops
Wit' a man in the house
All the bullshit stops

Then I sing a song
About what the hell is goin' wrong
You never know
If you only trust the TV and the radio
These days
You can't see who's in cahoots
'Cause now the KKK
Wears three-piece suits

It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all In fact you know it's like that y'all