

# White Rapper

Rittz

White boy (6x)

Nine deuce was the year my ears got introduced to rap  
Stealing instrumentals off singles, I'd use the tracks  
MC Creu, Mellow Man, and Jeru the Damaja  
"Tears" from the King & I, was the few I had  
Practice in my room for hours, improve my craft  
On every artist's album that I heard  
On the song, breaking dawn, number fourteen  
Till death do us part  
Wishing that I was from the fifth ward of Houston bad  
A white kid from the burbs, bumping Freeport boys  
Too much trouble to see that our squad could set  
Up in class repping bum stickity bum, giggity gangster  
Gangster, biting Spice 1 and Das EFX  
Kriss Kross and Method Redman in my headphones  
Blasting "Time Time 4 Sum Aksion"  
That's when then the teacher would get mad  
And she would kick me out the classroom  
The bell rang, start a cypher in the bathroom  
Up inside the gym, took turns spitting  
We'd beat the bleacher with our hands, tryna keep the beat  
Only white dude that went to my school  
That spit, proved I'm sick, and I will eat MCs, I have room  
To grow, the talent show, I rocked the vest like Treach  
Miami Hurricane hat while I held the mic  
Haters talking shit like who, this ain't Vanilla Ice  
And I don't care if he's nice, on my life  
I don't like no white rappers

Growing up it was tough, my family said that I sucked  
They gave up, I was just a white rapper  
But I created a buzz, cause I bust  
In the booth, I go nuts, but I'm just a white rapper  
With no way to be dope, and I know that you think I'm a joke  
Cause I'm just a white rapper  
Put my heart on the stage, on the page  
But at the end of the day, I'm still just a white rapper

In ninth grade, a pimp gave me a better attempt  
I was convinced I'd get a deal  
My skills improved a hundred percent  
Back then, nobody had studio equipment in their crib  
I was the only one that did  
I spent my life in that basement  
On cruise road, up in eagle point  
Cops labeled it a gang house, we was doing music  
We dropped out, dreaming of being on it  
[?] 31, I would go out and perform at  
Open mics, when no one's white  
No one likes to clap or give you dap  
Clubs you be scared to go inside  
Stood at a spot in the hood, 20 miles from home  
Waiting to finally hit the stage and blow their mind  
Performed for 5 people, or 20 at best  
Sending demo tapes to labels, a ton of rejects  
A ton of fake record companies execs on my talent

They tried their best to convince me they had something to invest  
And just wasting my time, phony managers scamming us  
Girlfriend and family, the verdict unanimous  
To "stop rapping you piece of shit, it's not happening  
Now act white and grow up, are you tryn'na embarrass us?"  
So I told that girl bye and was back on my stride  
Rhymes kept getting better, my buzz was hard to deny  
Almost quit and when I did get introduced to the guy  
That put me on, and he been through the same struggle as I  
A white rapper

Now the rap game is flooded with rappers  
From every nationality, a ton of them crackers  
The fact that I finally came up is miraculous  
Twenty years later my name is becoming established  
My album is on the rack at Best Buy  
I was at the BET awards, I was sitting right next to  
Luda and Rick Ross, but who would have thought  
I was just at Jim & Nick's, flipping chicken tenders and French fries  
I used to hate when people asked me what I do for a living  
It feels great to tell em you're a musician  
Until they ask what type of music, I tell em I rap  
Then they laugh, looking at me, they be like "who are you kidding?"  
I be like "Google me bitch,"  
They always compare us white boys to one another  
Is your music like his?  
You should be rich, freestyle, making stupid requests  
Before I made it in music I never used to have shit  
Now I got my own crib, I can afford my car  
Fans say my music helps them when they're going through hard times  
I speak my mind even when I'm going too far  
Even though a part of me agree with Lord Jamar  
We are guests in hip hop, I'm appreciative  
That you finally let us in the crib  
But I busted my ass to get respect for my craft  
In interviews they never forget to mention this  
And I'm just a white rapper