

When the United States of genocide
Decided to break free
They instilled a huddled mass
Of neuroses in me
Or maybe it was Palestine
With that wretched German dwarf
Who carved the need to self-preserve
To pander and perform

Wish I were a woman for
Their struggle is noble
But culture shock is all I've got
I've worn it through it all
As I give in and integrate
The Matrix breaks me down
The kyke will denigrate himself
For the amusement of the crown

(Oh, oh)
I'm just a sick little Injun
(I am, I am)
Whose graves were razed by tank engines
(I am, I am)
I'm just an African import
(I am, I am)
Whipped and bound as an export
I'm the Hebrew

They say to be a minority
Is melting in their pot
But this soup is foul, I wear a scowl
And pine for what I'm not
We make the best comedians
But sadly it's no joke
Chop off the hand of Abraham
Before he slits my throat, oh, God, no

I am a waste of a bar mitzvah
And all of my יְהוּדָה I've been sad
Oh, a שלעמיל, a שליחזל
Buried underneath spires of Babel

I want to go back home

Pleased to meet you
I'm the Hebrew