

Dress Code

WC

You know what's makin me mad?
Day after day I'm catchin all of this slack
Seems you gotta wear a suit, unlessss you wanna jacked
Cause in the '90s, y'all, these fools got a set of them
thangs
Where if you ain't wearin a three-piece suit, you gotta
gangbang
I walked in a rest', bout to order, and
People starin like a had manure on my pants
Grabbin they purse, checkin they wallets in the back
And thinkin I'ma rob em, cause I'm in all black
Yo, my Curduroys are cuffed with a crease down the
middle
Snakeskin around my waist, so my pants hang a little
But I don't deal the package of crack
So what's the reason for the dirty looks?
Yo, check my name in your books
Seem like everytime I slap on my Starter cap
And step for a breath of fresh air
I end up fillin up a questionnaire
'What's your name?' 'Where you're goin?' 'Yo, what gang
are you from?'
They tell me, 'Don't get smart', and so I play dumb
Cause when I tell em where I stay, it doesn't get
better
Live in South Central, they assume you got a jail
record
A stereotypical attitude
That if you look like me, you gotta run with a crew
Cause when I step upon the scene everybody's gettin
petrol
No matter what the color (What's up?)
I'm gettin sweated for my dress code
(Wear a shirt and tie and run with the creeps)
(That's why) (they dress just like) (suckers)
(Ha?) (suckers) (What?) (suckers)
[VERSE 2]
[W.C.]
What is this, a prison? I'm buggin off the way that I'm
livin
Seems everywhere I turn I'm assumin the position
At school I'm gettin tired of hearin the same old thing
Here come the rickety security, sweatin me for my
earring
I don't carry a gun, though they consider me a threat
I guess I got em scared by the way that I dress
Unlike you I couldn't afford to shop at Macy's or
Penny's
So it's off to the swap meet for a fresh pair of
Dickey's

So what you're tellin me, is now I'm a crook
Who wrote the book on how a kid in my position's
supposed to look?
[Coolio]
Get me a fade and a pair of tight pants
I get a chance with the girls who wouldn't give me a

glance
A big funny lookin hat just to cover my naps
A pair of patten leather shoes might keep me out of
scraps
If I made that turn, it might save me some trouble
But I gotta watch my back, on the alert for a squabble
'Don't go here, don't go there,' brothers comin up
missin
Got a pocket full of money, and I'm still getttin
dissed
Cause it's a scam or a phase of my life that I'm goin
through
If you dress like me, you gotta run with a crew
I'm tickin like a timebomb, ready to explode
Even in my frontyard (What's up)
I'm gettin sweated for my dress code
(Alright, fellas
No tennis shoes, no hats, no khakis, alright?)
[VERSE 3: W.C.]
Let's take a trip to the club scene (somebody tell me
what's goin on)
You gotta wear a silk shirt just to dance to a funky
song
Bouncers makin enemies for minimum wage
But they're the first ones to run when the club gets
sprayed
Don't wanna let me in, because I'm wearin my beeper
And if you're sportin gold, then you gotta be a dope
dealer
(I paid 17.50 to hear a funky rhyme flow
And they're sweatin at the do' like I just entered a
fashion show)
Yo, they put a curfew on Westwood, to keep me in my
neighborhood
My hat's to the back, so I must be up to no good
(I got a jacket on my back for the fact that I rap
And they heard I was from Compton, so they ran they
pennies back)
Scared of me for what, no, I don't wear tux
And if I ever got a Grammy, man, I'd bail in some Chuck
Tailors to show the whole world it's alright to be
yourself
Should I change the way I dress, so I can look like the
rest?
Wearin red, black and green, but they don't know what
it means
Put on a African medaillon, now they're down with the
team
Perpatratin for a click, first they wouldn't, now they
switched
But they ain't gettin rich (Ain't that a bitch?)
Go strike a G.Q. pose, I got soul in my stroll
So they ban my video (For what?)
Cause they didn't like my dress code