Kool Keith, A Black Kid Who Think He's White

Been there, before where you're tryin to go You're not the main attraction, why you actin like the show? First let's start with how many people you know You need juice to rock, boost to rock You still drop names occasionally, to advance off your block How many CD's can you stock? You'll be dissapointed with aftershock A inner city person, that think they Woodstock You're over the hill, over the bill Type of pedestrian, to force the look preppie, you can't be Phil The A Street look, don't take you up the hill

[Chorus:] A black kid who think he's white A black kid who think he's whiiii-iiii-iii-ite A black kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii

[Kool Keith:] Bad upbringing left you cold, accepted by few Looking in the mirror, you don't know you No soul wit'chu, avoiding your uncles and aunts Stiff on the dancefloor, you're buying straight leg pants more You connive to settle the score Everyday is drizzle for you, rain and fog I fizzle for you You think woman adore you, many don't hear you A lot ignore you, a baby with a pacifier You think people gotta be there for you Mom's biggest baby, drivin that woman crazy You're not innovative, you're lazy I made you, you didn't make me, you underestimate me Even with overweight wannabe millionaires you couldn't fake me

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith:] Where's the proper respect? A guy with no manners Can't stand the soul food, rather go out Von Dutch Don't know the real from the fake, lookin for a big shot Will the misfits fail, I know you better you won't get the Hollywood break The superstar birthday party, blow out a celebrity cake Whatever you got left, is not that hot One flight of steps, milk the cow for what it's worth A cursed person, to your last breath Many floss at the pubs, the effort you give is F Go home clean up your room, straighten up your mess Straighten up your mess

[Chorus]