

Aisha, You Talk Like A White Girl

Chorus:

You talk
Like a white girl
Do you think
That you're white, girl
A line some drew in the sand
Some will call you an Uncle Tom
If you support Uncle Sam

Verse 1:

Ebonix or Hooked On Phonics
Take your pick
But they'll call you a city slicker or a hick
Yea, I know I'm black
But must every other word be homey or wack
There was a time when slaves couldn't read or write
But now you're sitting here telling me it's alright
To talk like a clown
To prove your down
Speaking that gibberish to anyone around
Some will see it as buffoonery
An inarticulate form of cartoonery
Your intellect will be hidden
Beneath your words
And when you speak
You will not be heard
Fraternized or patronized
Until the day you realize
Slang is fine

But not all the time

Repeat chorus

Verse 2:

Hey, what can I say
I never felt comfortable speaking that way
You brag that you're from the hood
And how living there is supposed to be so good
But you never hear anyone say
I'm saving up to move to the ghetto one day
Most people in the ghetto want something better out of life
Rather than to be saddled with crime and strife
You keep listening to rappers
Telling you what black is
When they've made millions and left the ghetto off the biz
They're living in the suburbs that's mostly white
But they're sitting there telling you "be real" and "dynamite"
That's like telling an unmarried woman about your wedding day
Or telling somebody on a diet about a buffet
You ought to think about that
Being black is not about the clothes on your back
Its not about every other word being homey or wack
Or walking with a swagger
Or getting drunk until you stagger
You're born black
It's not something you acquire
It's not about your words or your attire

Repeat chorus twice

