

Brian Webb, I'm Afraid Of White People

I'm afraid they're too violent
I'm afraid they're too mean
I'm afraid of big hair
I'm afraid of tight jeans
Tight jeans Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

I'm afraid of big trucks
I'm afraid of fascists
The NRA
And guys with half grown mustaches
Mustaches Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

So come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
come on, come on, come on, its alright
Come on, come on, come on,
Its just that all you white people look alike

[Chorus]
Mama some day I'm gonna be president
But when everyone tells ya, that everyone says
That everyone thinks you're a drug dealer
What?

I saw this guy jogging in my neighborhood
And I thought to myself
Hey someone should call the cops
cuz you never can be too sure
You might think I was prejudiced,
But every now and again I find it in my heart
to hang out with my white friends
My white friends, I have 4 of them

[Chorus]
And I'm starting to believe them