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, 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