

W.C. "Dress Code"

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You know what's makin' me mad?
Day after day I'm catchin' all of this slack
Seems you gotta wear a suit, unless 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
gang bang
I walked in a rest', 'bout to order
And people starin' like I 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 Corduroys are cuffed with a crease down the
middle
Snake skin 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 every time 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)

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?
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 gettin' 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 time bomb, ready to explode
Even in my front yard
(What's up?)
I'm gettin' sweated for my dress code
(Alright, fellas, no tennis shoes, no hats, no khakis,
alright?)

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 medallion, now they're down with the
team
Penetratin' for a click, first they wouldn't, now they
switched
But they ain't gettin' rich
(Ain't that a bitch?)

Go strike a GQ pose, I got soul in my stroll
So they ban my video
(For what?)
'Cause they didn't like my dress code

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