

Jahcoozi

"Asian Bride Magazine"

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I opened up a copy Asian Bride Magazine
The lady inside was so white, was so clean
The hairs on her arms could hardly be seen
thanks to L'Oreal's skin and hair lightening cream
If I bleached my skin and if I shaved my arms,
I still wouldn't look like no light-skinned Khan
and as my dad used to say to my face
"Aiyoh, Sasha, you look like an African" Was that just
because of my baggy jeans?
Or just because as I'd say "Dad, must be in the genes"?
Or is it coz I'm tall and they're all so small
that I'd get called Nigger by Pakis hanging at the mall?
Doctor, lawyer, dentist if you fail--
Who's gonna care for you when you become frail?
Harvard, Berkeley, North London and Yale
Get an education, marry someone pale!
Pale, fair-- but not white,
a man who's at least a half of your height
Asian, yeah, but better not be dark Those deep dark
browns only bring on the frowns

Brown on the outside, white on the inside
You're just a coconut they turned into a bounty
Brown on the outside, white on the inside
You're just a paki, but you're cool on the flipside
Brown on the outside, white on the inside
You're just a coconut they turned into a bounty
Brown on the outside, white on the inside
You stink of curry, but you're cool on the flipside

They don't wanna see you coming home with white
man
They don't wanna see you coming home with black
man
They don't wanna see you coming home with any kind
of man,
but if you came home with a woman, they wouldn't be
your biggest fan
They just wanna see you hitched up with one of the clan
If you put your wealth together then you'll be much
richer than

the Patels round the corner and the Ratnasinghams
"Anay baba get a job or you'll never find a man!"
No I aint Mingita, the pussy-eating paki--
I just don't give a shit about getting married
Just coz I don't shave my moustache,
my eyebrows join together and my nose is large
You lot think I'm unfit for marriage that all I can
cook is frozen chicken nuggets
That my life in the trailer park is somewhat savage
And my mates are a bunch of dreaded homeless
faggets

Thank you, L'Oreal now there's products for us
Daily use gonna help us to pretend that we're high-
caste
Bleach our skin, lighten our moustache
Now L'Oreal are coming in on the march
You know that they can smell the cash to be made
on vain middle-class Asians who just love to bathe
Arty-farty, you will become poor
Eat, baba, eat in the kitchen there is more
Degree, degree, hang it on the wall Brought you to
this country, what happened to y'all?!
Hymen, hymen, it better be intact Pappadum preach
now I'm frying in the fat
Achar, achar, hymen is intact
I never used a tampon-- really that's a fact

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