

Inspectah Deck "The Stereotype"

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2009! Geez

Yeah, this be that old school type shit

Yeah, that Blaxploitation shit

Afro picks, Cadillac whips

We gon' hit you like Truck Turner with the burner

I'm the Stereotype in the zone where chrome meet
chrome

Hard heads call it, "Home, sweet home"

I rep that hat to the back, chrome blaze

Low fade, blazin' the haze in the hallways

Young black nigga 'bout to come back bigger

Rap action figure, that's strapped with the spitter

I serve mankind like a super hero

Gonna move the people with sharp darts to the ear hole

And terror spin, veteran style, ghetto child

Call his name, hear it echo for miles

Check my fouls before you get wild, reconcile

Trust, I touch kids but I'm no paedophile

The superfly, I, O'Neal holdin' the steel

With the ounce from the greenhouse bent behind the
wheel

What's the deal? Dick riders on board

In this Bloodsport, I'm like Jean Claude, yes Lord

This thing is gonna be alright, alright, here comes the
Stereotype

It takes time to get it right, that's right, count on the
Stereotype

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The Stereotype, this life, I'm knee deep in

The creeps keep creepin', the heat streets sweepin'

The greed keeps feedin', the seeds need teachin'

Police be seekin' all the ones free speechin'

Guns be blowin', young g's holdin'
Nerve control 'em, they say that son be zonin'
I'm half Huey, half Malcolm, part Martin
Mixed with Mark Garvey, sharp as Sharpton

A known fact that I stay pro black
I go back like Kojak or Bobby Womack
Or maybe Jim Brown, been down from Ground Zero
Crowned reknown hero, sound pounds your earlobe

Mean daddy like a '69 green Caddy
Seen daddy soakin' that fox, she beam badly
With more drama than you find in the flicks
I'm Dolomite without the afro picks or flyin' kicks, it's
this, this, this, this

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My chain hang loose like I wear my jeans
I got soul like Rakim and Grandma Green's
I represent The Projects, everything hood
Big wolves in the woodwork, everything good

In the bright lights, Big City, it's ten times gritty
Doin' life on the streets, who's biddin' with me?
Regardless, I'mma hold mine down, load my pound
Target on the unknowns who roam my town

There they go on that bullshit, when it go down
You know who the culprit, sure enough
The R E B E L, yell it freely
I call him Stereo T Y P E

Greasy on the hunt for the big easy
Switch the game like plantin' cracks on the D.T.
Say what you say, G, hate, don't mistake me
Or play me like a must paid fee, that ain't me

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