

Conny Francis "Typical American"

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Chorus: [All]

I'm not, your, Typical American I'm not, your, Typical American

[OaTie Kato]

Tell me whose is whose, tell me who is on the microphone

I'm OaTie of the Goaties and I propose I would like a bone

Ta edge off the dredge I'm alleged to have sparked a joint

I speak political and blisstical I really hope ya like my points

I aim at a target like rife not a shotgun Don't spray into the fray ta prove that I got one

Hyde ya hose from Aaron, Rose cause he knows how ta top one

'Sgot a nose for the prose so don't suppose he will stop son

I'm rollin' into this rhyme like ya'd bite a tendoroni I'm rollin' into this rap cause it's mine and ya know me I won't mind defy or sing like Toni Tone Singing for the supper like a dog does a boni

[Madd]

George get off my jock cause I'm really gettin' tired a this shit

So step back Dan and throw up those fist

Cause I'm a wreck shop and I turn this motherfucker out

Pay what is due me less I'm going up in your mouth
Yup yup I got the rhymes ta kick your butt
It be the G-O-A-T the M-A-D-D say what
Up hus I got bucks yeah I be on the 2 bus
So what's up I got nuff respect ta make ya jump
Welfare receiver with the north side attitude
I've had the shit piled up like in multitudes
Nappy headed, holey shoed, roundin' out the roster fi

Nappy headed, holey shoed, roundin' out the roster fist Ya Wanna step you better check the Green Monster first

[Swayzack]

I don't pretend to be a nice guy so why ya try
I can go to plan B and you can get an eye jammy
So save the sob story for a storybook and look
Jack-in-the-box can take a lickin' but I'm never gettin'
took

By Uncle Scam and his band of political crooks Searchin' nooks and crannies of my grammy's pocketbook

Hello hello can ya hear me now G
The typical American kid that ain't me
Neither is Oatie or the M A double D
So pass the dutchie on the left-hand side
And don't hide the crop cause I the E-Z-Wides
I'm gonna survive not suck seed, cause I stand as a
man

And you can't hand me no bird feed

Chorus

[OaTie]

Pop goes ya head like the top of a daisy
Ya ghost when the world hits like Patrick Swayze
Crazy this shit about a plausible denial
North takes the rap while ya clap at the trial
Pie à la mode, the ghettos will explode
While ya sit pigeon-toed at diamond commode
Another episode of ya walkin' the streets
Million dollar stroll five thousand pigs on on the beat
For the very first time imported from the hills
Ya take money from the poor like a fiend pops pills
Like the Mills Brothers ya sing a very white song
But the roots of ya soul kinda colored belong

[Madd]

I'm paralizing punks with a positive pedigree For those who choose to love me, I'm the M-A double D For those who choose to hate me, I negate like their full effect

Feelin' ready and willin' ta break Darryl Gates' neck Like fee diddily foe, fum I gets dumb And like the typical American black male I'm done Eatin' apple pies when Ma Double's rockin' rhymes Ya know they on my nuts hus, they climb, they climb Ta hell with Stormin' Norman {Schwarzkopf} I write rhymes Black

They be political plus they be all o' that Philly born and bred wit blunts straight to the head Callin' me conformist, man I warned you that shit was dead [Swayzack]

Military is a mockery for all to see

Be all you be is just another trick that's up their sleeves

But ya better believe that you'll be grieving when ya ain't receiving

What was promised don't be atonished cause ya won't be leaven

They reeled ya in like your skin had fins Now you're poundin' sand for another man's sins

To each his own to each his own they say

But I'm gonna blow a bone and you can march 'til the

cows come home
You likes alone and me direct your own ???

But when you come home in a box

Green draws, green pants, green socks

Typical American kid, I think not

Chorus

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