

## Aisha

# "You Talk Like A White Girl"

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Chorus:

You talk  
Like a white girl  
Do you think  
That you're white, girl  
A line some drew in the sand  
Some will call you an Uncle Tom  
If you support Uncle Sam

Verse 1:

Ebonix or Hooked On Phonics  
Take your pick  
But they'll call you a city slicker or a hick  
Yea, I know I'm black  
But must every other word be homey or wack  
There was a time when slaves couldn't read or write  
But now you're sitting here telling me it's alright  
To talk like a clown  
To prove your down  
Speaking that gibberish to anyone around  
Some will see it as buffoonery  
An inarticulate form of cartoonery  
Your intellect will be hidden  
Beneath your words  
And when you speak  
You will not be heard  
Fraternized or patronized  
Until the day you realize  
Slang is fine  
But not all the time

Repeat chorus

Verse 2:

Hey, what can I say  
I never felt comfortable speaking that way

You brag that you're from the hood  
And how living there is supposed to be so good

But you never hear anyone say  
I'm saving up to move to the ghetto one day  
Most people in the ghetto want something better out of  
life  
Rather than to be saddled with crime and strife  
You keep listening to rappers  
Telling you what black is  
When they've made millions and left the ghetto off the  
biz  
They're living in the suburbs that's mostly white  
But they're sitting there telling you "be real" and  
"dynamite"  
That's like telling an unmarried woman about your  
wedding day  
Or telling somebody on a diet about a buffet  
You ought to think about that  
Being black is not about the clothes on your back  
Its not about every other word being homey or wack  
Or walking with a swagger  
Or getting drunk until you stagger  
You're born black  
It's not something you acquire  
It's not about your words or your attire

Repeat chorus twice

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