

Haystack

"White Boy"

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Know what I'm saying, Big Haystak
Street Flavor Records, bitch, represent
I remember when I was young
All my people told me I could
Be anything I wanted to be when I grew up
You know what I'm saying, and that's it for us
I was a big old white boy from
Tennessee that wanted to be a rap star
And that was fucking impossible
I over came opsticals did what they said couldn't be
done
I went from murder dog to fire? That's me, I'm the one
The only one who held it down for lower class
Before it was cool to be white trash
You can't change the world so why try
Watch them change to tie die's
From fist fights to drive bys
I be out there late night and I'm might die
So when I'm gone say goodbye to that white guy
I dedicate this to the hags and fags
Who associate Haystak with racism and rebel flags

You fucking bitch

When you mention me speak on killer weed and body
bags

Hi proportion? And burning the flag

My grand daddy's mammy was half Cherokee

My grand mamma family came from an island in
Germany

And me I'm just a mixed breed from Tennessee

Everything you fake mother fuckers pretend to be

White boy cracker hoochie weado

Damn do' evil blue eyed devil

Pail face and I'm proud to be that dude

Make up some more shit to me white boy

I be that too cause I'm a

White boy cracker hoochie weado

Damn do' evil blue eyed devil

Pail face and I'm proud to be that dude

Make up some more shit to me white boy

I be that too

You've been running your mouth for the past ten years

But never ran a mother fucking thing 'round here

Pioneers lets get one thing clear

We been making music for years ya hear

Hardcore you better ask about hay

I get love 'round the way like E-40 in the bay

I'm from the land of the brave

Home of the free

And there's five million other fools just like me
We the have-nots little badass kids
Momma doing bad, dad der doing a bid
And we was set free to do as we please
Reek havoc on the streets of our communities
And we didn't have no curfew
We didn't have no rules
We don't need no book bags cause we don't go to school
Imagine my middle finger
In the mother fuckin sky
Screaming CWB till I die
Lil player, lil
White boy cracker hoochie weado
Damn do' evil blue eyed devil
Pail face and I'm proud to be that dude
Make up some more shit to me white boy
I be that too
Hey bro what you looking for
Twenty
Auh twenty, I don't have no twenties
But I got some fat dimes
Auh you like that huh
Come back and fuck with your people ya hear
Born a bastard child who struggled with love
We congregated on the corners puffin and pushing

dubs

A lack of love, a lack of understanding

A lack of compassion a lack of better parenting

The sad thing is either they don't know

Don't show

Or just don't care, well

That is till Tad and Rad?

Come to school with gauges

And start shooting up the rich kids in the faces

Mom and dad ducked in their shoes

"It was the crowd they hung around

Music that they listed to"

White boys been dying around here for years

But it never make CNN

You know why

We were put here to die

So when we kill one another

It comes as no surprise

We animals in their eyes

I represent the trial when I'm behind the mic

Can't tell me nothing about no damn stereotypes,
cause I'm a

White boy cracker hoochie weado

Damn do' evil blue eyed devil

Pail face and I'm proud to be that dude

Make up some more shit to me white boy

I be that too cause I'm a

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I be that too

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