

Specials

"Stereotypes (Stereotypes Part 2)"

Visit "[Stereotypes \(Stereotypes Part 2\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He's just a stereotype
He drinks his age in pints
He has girls every night but he doesn't really exist

He spends his weekends with a load of blokes
He forgets the punchline when he tells a joke
He wants to stay out, he don't want to go home
'Til his nicotine fingers are stuffed down his throat
He's just a stereotype
He drinks his age in pints
He drives home pissed at night and he listens to his stereo

He blamed his fiancée when he caught VD
The doctor said, "No drink for seventeen weeks"
He wants to go out but he has to stay home
Sit in and watch colour TV on his own
He's just a stereotype
He drinks his age in pints
He drives home pissed at night and he listens to his stereo

The tablets are finished, the cure is complete
He hasn't had a drink now for seventeen weeks
Seventeen pints, tonight is the night
It goes straight to his head, he ends up in a fight (???)
Police chase him home through the dark rainy night
Fluorescent jam sandwich with flashing blue light
His mums waiting up, she hopes he's alright
But he's wrapped 'round a lamp post on Saturday night
He's just a stereotype
He drinks his age in pints
He has girls every night
He doesn't really exist

Me uncle Joe, walkin' door
Firin' them, I have a stereo
So I buy a little stereo and I watch uncle Joe with a girl
So I said to this girl, "Step up on by my yard, we go jiggo my stereo"
Something goes like me go say
Me take the little girl in at me yard and show her little

system

The girl look at a system but this is not my stereo, you know

I want a little bass so you to touch this

I want a little... , and touch that

All I want is my stereo

All I want is my stereo

I don't drink no beer

I don't drink no something called whiskey 'cause I don't wanna feel so frisky

All I smoke is my herbs, herbs and my stereo

Things get from bad to worse I can't even walk down the street

I don't feel at ease because what they call me, they call me the stereotype

He's the one who's got it stereo, stereo

My uncle Joe told me about my stereo

Fire me, walking door, uncle Joe, uncle Joe; he never had a stereo, walking door

Leave me girl

I don't want you, I don't need no drink

I don't want no whiskey to feel so frisky, all I want is my stereo

So here is what I say, go down town today and by you a stereo

If you don't want to drink or go to pub

'Cause untill you're sober, you drink and drive you're bound to get killed

Ooh, say, say you stop in until you fly 'till you feel so relaxed with your stereo

And don't forget the thing called, called it, called the weed

I don't need no speed to make me go fast

Just give me little 45 and 33

Buy me stereo, I want to be free, stereo

I, I, I'm a stereotype

I'm a stereotype

And that's no joke

Yo, I don't feel it, 'cause I will tell you, switch on tonight

I feel the stereo

More bass, do this...

More treble

Leave me, leave me girl

I don't want new sluts, I just want my stereo

That's all, music be all, oh lord

Stereo, stereo, stereo, stereo, stereo, tell me so, stereo

Leave me; just leave me and my stereo because I am a stereotype

And that's the way I wanna be

I don't wanna be high

Move ya'll

Bring, bring, bring, bring, bring, bring, bring, bring,
bring, bring

Leave my, my, my, my, my, my, my, my, leave my
stereo, stereo, stereo, stereo, stereo

Leave, leave, leave my stereo

Oh don't tell my stereo, stereo, stereo, stereo, stereo

Visit [Specials](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.