

Die Wahren Bosse**"Who Me?"**

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"Once upon a time there was a little boy
who lived in the deep, dark jungles of Africa
His name was Little Sambo"

[Zev Love X]
(*mumbling*)

[Subroc]
Uh-oh, ZL's X-ercising his right to be hostile...

[Zev Love X]
They always - they always try to say that coon is me for
some reason

[Subroc]
I don't understand, man

[Zev Love X]
You don't understand?!

[Subroc]
No, I don't know

[Zev Love X]
My temper tempers up to like tenward
Switched up with thoughts that I recommend
My nest is flood but thicker is blood
Plus still some stay stud like sticks in the mud
Ibuprofen from (?) keep me from flippin' daily
Yet I constantly slip into thinkin' kinda loony
In my logo you see us?
Whoever said that coon was me?

OH NO!

[Chorus 4X]
Who me?
Oh...
OH NO!

[Zev Love X]

Holy smokes! I see it's a joke
To make a mockery of the original folks
Okay, joke's over, but still it cloaks over us
With no luck from no clover
This, irritates X, so goes into my text
Tolerates one N-word complex
Subroc, etched the fuzz of what once was
In eighty-deca the joke's on Cuz
Those on top of my head stand seven thick
Hairs that even if I wanted to I couldn't pick
Pigment, is this a defect in birth?
Or more an example of the richness on Earth?
Lips and eyes dominant traits of our race
Does not take up 95 percent of one's face
But still I see
In the back two or three
Ignorant punks pointing at me

OH NO!

[Chorus 4X]

Who me?

Oh...

OH NO!

[Onyx]

Who me?

Yo, I begs your pardon

But have you ever seen this brother walkin' around
here anywhere?

That must be missing person

Have you ever saw his face on a milk carton?

[Zev Love X]

Tricky tricky, must be part of the "Gas Face" series
The same one who started black cat bad luck theories
Yeah, he done it, this place, he runs it
And I'm guilty, Alcatraz till four hundred
Judge ye not the unjudged is where he slipped
The real guilty is filthy, he chipped Egypt
Blew the nose right of the Sphynx, now when he inks
Ugly as when our hair kinks, we thinks
Then zap goes the nap, now I gots good hair
If that's good hair then bad's a hood's hair
Comb-twisted dome, braided or faded
The first man played it and now we hate it?
Robbed of our culture, true indeed I bear witness
And recommend this mental fitness
So get this loaded toolie and point it at a ghou, G
Then ask him: "Who you callin' moolie?"

OH NO!

Who me?

Oh...

OH NO!

Who me?

Oh...

OH NO!

Who me?

Oh...

OH NO!

Who...

[Zev Love X]

Ah man, damn, man.

Yo, they wanna call me a monkey, a coon, a jiggaboo a boogieman...

Yo Bert

Yo...

Bert

[Bert]

Um, what is it?

[Zev Love X]

Yo G, they wanna call me all these names

[Bert]

Aha

I know what we can do

[Zev Love X]

What can we do?

[Bert]

We'll ask someone out there to find...

(Little Sambo)

[Zev Love X]

What you be meanin', G?

[Bert]

Okay, pick up a crayon...

(Who me?)

No, them

[Zev Love X]

Us?

[Bert]

Yes

Kids pick up a crayon, look for...

(Little Sambo)

When you find him, draw a circle around him

[Zev Love X]

Yo Bert, you gets props, G

[Bert]

(*laughs*)

[Zev Love X]
Yo, have dap, man
[KMD]
Peace
[Zev Love X]
Yo, you got to rock that Hum shit for me later, too

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