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## Male Six "Dress Code"

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[ VERSE 1: W.C. ]

You know what's makin me mad?

Day after day I'm catchin all of this slack

Seems you gotta wear a suit, unlesss you wanna jacked Cause in the '90s, y'all, these fools got a set of them thangs

Where if you ain't wearin a three-piece suit, you gotta gangbang

I walked in a rest', bout to order, and

People starin like a had manure on my pants

Grabbin they purse, checkin they wallets in the back

And thinkin I'ma rob em, cause I'm in all black

Yo, my Curduroys are cuffed with a crease down the middle

Snakeskin around my waist, so my pants hang a little

But I don't deal the package of crack

So what's the reason for the dirty looks?

Yo, check my name in your books

Seem like everytime I slap on my Starter cap

And step for a breath of fresh air

I end up fillin up a questionnaire

'What's your name?' 'Where you're goin?' 'Yo, what gang are you from?'

They tell me, "Don't get smart", and so I play dumb Cause when I tell em where I stay, it doesn't get better Live in South Central, they assume you got a jail record A stereotypical attitude

That if you look like me, you gotta run with a crew Cause when I step upon the scene everybody's gettin petrol

No matter what the color (What's up?) I'm gettin sweated for my dress code

(Wear a shirt and tie and run with the creeps) (That's why) (they dress just like) (suckers) (Ha?) (suckers) (What?) (suckers)

[ VERSE 2 ]

[ W.C. ]

What is this, a prison? I'm buggin off the way that I'm livin

Seems everywhere I turn I'm assumin the position At school I'm gettin tired of hearin the same old thing Here come the rickety security, sweatin me for my earring

I don't carry a gun, though they consider me a threat I guess I got em scared by the way that I dress Unlike you I couldn't afford to shop at Macy's or Penny's

So it's off to the swap meet for a fresh pair of Dickey's So what you're tellin me, is now I'm a crook Who wrote the book on how a kid in my position's supposed to look?

[ Coolio ]

Get me a fade and a pair of tight pants
I get a chance with the girls who wouldn't give me a
glance

A big funny lookin hat just to cover my naps A pair of patten leather shoes might keep me out of scraps

If I made that turn, it might save me some trouble But I gotta watch my back, on the alert for a squabble 'Don't go here, don't go there,' brothers comin up missin

Got a pocket full of money, and I'm still getttin dissed Cause it's a scam or a phase of my life that I'm goin through

If you dress like me, you gotta run with a crew I'm tickin like a timebomb, ready to explode Even in my frontyard (What's up)
I'm gettin sweated for my dress code

(Alright, fellas

No tennis shoes, no hats, no khakis, alright?)

## [ VERSE 3: W.C. ]

Let's take a trip to the club scene (somebody tell me what's goin on)

You gotta wear a silk shirt just to dance to a funky song Bouncers makin enemies for minimum wage But they're the first ones to run when the club gets sprayed

Don't wanna let me in, because I'm wearin my beeper And if you're sportin gold, then you gotta be a dope dealer

(I paid 17.50 to hear a funky rhyme flow And they're sweatin at the do' like I just entered a fashion show)

Yo, they put a curfew on Westwood, to keep me in my neighborhood

My hat's to the back, so I must be up to no good (I got a jacket on my back for the fact that I rap

And they heard I was from Compton, so they ran they pennies back)

Scared of me for what, no, I don't wear tux And if I ever got a Grammy, man, I'd bail in some

Chuck

Tailors to show the whole world it's alright to be yourself

Should I change the way I dress, so I can look like the rest?

Wearin red, black and green, but they don't know what it means

Put on a African medaillon, now they're down with the team

Perpatratin for a click, first they wouldn't, now they switched

But they ain't gettin rich (Ain't that a bitch?)

Go strike a G.Q. pose, I got soul in my stroll

So they ban my video (For what?)

Cause they didn't like my dress code

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