White boy (6x)

Nine deuce was the year my ears got introduced to rap Stealing instrumentals off singles, I'd use the tracks MC Creu, Mellow Man, and Jeru the Damaja "Tears" from the King & I, was the few I had Practice in my room for hours, improve my craft On every artist's album that I heard On the song, breaking dawn, number fourteen Till death do us part Wishing that I was from the fifth ward of Houston bad A white kid from the burbs, bumping Freeport boys Too much trouble to see that our squad could set Up in class repping bum stickity bum, giggity gangster Gangster, biting Spice 1 and Das EFX Kriss Kross and Method Redman in my headphones Blasting "Time Time 4 Sum Aksion" That's when then the teacher would get mad And she would kick me out the classroom The bell rang, start a cypher in the bathroom Up inside the gym, took turns spitting We'd beat the bleacher with our hands, tryna keep the beat Only white dude that went to my school That spit, proved I'm sick, and I will eat MCs, I have room To grow, the talent show, I rocked the vest like Treach Miami Hurricane hat while I held the mic Haters talking shit like who, this ain't Vanilla Ice And I don't care if he's nice, on my life I don't like no white rappers

Growing up it was tough, my family said that I sucked
They gave up, I was just a white rapper
But I created a buzz, cause I bust
In the booth, I go nuts, but I'm just a white rapper
With no way to be dope, and I know that you think I'm a joke
Cause I'm just a white rapper
Put my heart on the stage, on the page
But at the end of the day, I'm still just a white rapper

In ninth grade, a pimp gave me a better attempt I was convinced I'd get a deal My skills improved a hundred percent Back then, nobody had studio equipment in their crib I was the only one that did I spent my life in that basement On cruise road, up in eagle point Cops labeled it a gang house, we was doing music We dropped out, dreaming of being on it [?] 31, I would go out and perform at Open mics, when no one's white No one likes to clap or give you dap Clubs you be scared to go inside Stood at a spot in the hood, 20 miles from home Waiting to finally hit the stage and blow their mind Performed for 5 people, or 20 at best Sending demo tapes to labels, a ton of rejects A ton of fake record companies execs on my talent

They tried their best to convince me they had something to invest And just wasting my time, phony managers scamming us Girlfriend and family, the verdict unanimous

To "stop rapping you piece of shit, it's not happening

Now act white and grow up, are you tryn'na embarrass us?"

So I told that girl bye and was back on my stride

Rhymes kept getting better, my buzz was hard to deny

Almost quit and when I did got introduced to the guy

That put me on, and he been through the same struggle as I

A white rapper

Now the rap game is flooded with rappers From every nationality, a ton of them crackers The fact that I finally came up is miraculous Twenty years later my name is becoming established My album is on the rack at Best Buy I was at the BET awards, I was sitting right next to Luda and Rick Ross, but who would have thought I was just at Jim & Nick's, flipping chicken tenders and French fries I used to hate when people asked me what I do for a living It feels great to tell em you're a musician Until they ask what type of music, I tell em I rap Then they laugh, looking at me, they be like "who are you kidding?" I be like "Google me bitch," They always compare us white boys to one another Is your music like his? You should be rich, freestyle, making stupid requests Before I made it in music I never used to have shit Now I got my own crib, I can afford my car Fans say my music helps them when they're going through hard times I speak my mind even when I'm going too far Even though a part of me agree with Lord Jamar We are guests in hip hop, I'm appreciative That you finally let us in the crib But I busted my ass to get respect for my craft In interviews they never forget to mention this And I'm just a white rapper