

## Stereotype

Cadet

Iight, look  
I grew up on South of the Thames  
So yeah man, I know about a stereotype  
A screw face and a gold tooth  
Nah mummy, I ain't gonna be those guys  
I'm gonna be a lawyer when I'm older  
Real shit  
I'm gonna live a life so nice  
But now look at all this gold in my mouth  
It's fucked how I be the stereotype  
I never finished college, never went uni  
I've sold drugs and my credit's so bad  
I cheat too, I kinda like beef  
And I've probably been in about six gangs  
I like lighties, I like jewellery  
And most of my mandem have been jail  
Me, I've got girls pregnant that I never loved  
So I could have been a baby father as well  
I got Gucci belts, I'm Muslim  
And I rap like every other black boy up in the country  
And I ain't gonna rob nobody, believe me real shit  
I just think that hoodies are comfy ,  
I want a sleeved tat, I drink Henny  
And most of the pussy I get don't bring joy  
And if Rick Ross started drinking piss I'd be in the club like 'we pissboys'  
I've got no reason for not checking my nan  
And when she dies I'm gonna kick myself because  
All she really wants is a phone call but I don't do it, I admit I'm a prick  
myself  
See I fucked around with girl's emotions, been a slut, I admit it too  
And a bag of times I pay on card, I ain't been too sure if it's going throug  
h  
And my hairline's fucked and I can't make friends yeah  
That sums me up in some words  
And besides that yeah I got my mum  
God knows she don't get the love she deserves  
And no I ain't been the best son  
No excuse that I give is a good enough reason  
Phone me just to feel like she's a part of my life or just to see if I'm eat  
ing  
And yeah it's fucked how I treat my mum  
And them choices I made are dumb  
But still she'll stand up in front of a crowd of people and be like 'he's my  
son'  
Mum you carried me for nine months, uh  
That's nine months, it took nine months for me to pop out  
But I can't find 10 minutes and pop in? It's fucked, uh  
How did I get disrespectful?  
How can I drive past the house ten times in a day, and not once go in and ch  
eck you?  
Not ask once if your day's been stressful  
You need your son there in a cape to rescue  
It's fucked, I don't have the time to text you but I got time for the girls  
online that's se\*\*\*\*  
And I know them bills are piling up  
And you won't admit it but I'm letting you down  
And I remember when I got my car I said 'you won't ever have to put your foo

t on the ground'  
I know you got the lines in your fingers  
Cuz you went and bought bare shit that's weighing a bag down  
I should at least call a car or cab round, it hurts now I can hear the bus in the background  
I'm slacking as a son and I know this  
I ain't doing half of the shit I'm supposed to  
I got a little brother that I never check  
I'm meant to go through all the shit that you go through  
And you are meant to be my queen  
And I'm out here treating you like a jester  
Bringing you gifts not only in December  
But honestly birthdays I can barely remember  
And when it comes to money  
I'm fucked, yeah trust me I know  
See I hate asking her for money but when I do, iight cool look  
This is how it normally goes  
'Yo mummy, I need some money', she'll say cool and go to the cashpoint on the road  
And take that money that she don't really have  
But she loves me way too much to say no  
You see I almost cried when I wrote this  
Because I picture my mum walking through the door with a fake smile giving me the cash  
True say, she loves me way too much to say no  
Now I know my need ain't greater  
But now I can't say no or another  
Cuz she says being able to provide for her son is what makes her feel like a mother  
And she won't take the money back  
So how the fuck am I meant to feel?  
Cuz now I got money for bullshit  
And that means she might have to go skip a meal  
And, when I comes to my little brother Dylan I'm slipping  
See I never make time with him  
But the truth is that boy means everything to me see that boy is my rhythm  
The simple shit  
Yeah my mum would say 'go tell him off cuz he ain't done all the dishes'  
But I'm thinking like if I ain't been around then why the fuck would he listen? Shit  
Look, I've become that stereotypical, that big bro that will buy you all the trainers but won't sit and call  
So niggerish for blacks that typical issue, you know  
I'll buy you football boots but never find time to kick the ball with you, uh  
So now I gotta switch up  
I gotta care a little less about getting my dick sucked  
Make sure the next time mum's phone rings she ain't gotta ring twice, I'm there before she picks up  
Music, look you have to work  
And if you don't, then I don't know  
Because I'm man enough to tell you now that I don't really wanna go back to the road  
You see, them niggas rap for a new chain  
Don't get it twisted, I wear one but that shit will come after all the bills are paid  
And I can say 'yo, go get your hair done'  
Everyone talks about stereotypes  
But no one admits to the stereotypes  
So fuck it, I'll put my hands up  
Look on some real shit  
I be the stereotype, had a wife that was good for me, that I never shoulda let go

I be the stereotype, that nigga with a nice car, driving it to his mum's house

I be the stereotype, I got an ex named Taneesha and Felicia, real shit

I be the stereotype, see my credit's so shit I can only get cash cards nigga

I be the stereotype, that pay taxes but too embarrassed to sign on yeah

I be the stereotype, that spends my last Ps on clothes, look good but broke

I be the stereotype, probably in a girl's friendzone right now just waiting to fuck

That stereotype, I tell my young Gs stay out of trouble and then catch a case

That stereotype, and I pray my daughter's never a hoe, but yeah I love jezzies

That stereotype, and I feel embarrassed when I'm around Muslims that are on Deen

That stereotype, and the worst one is, never see a man get stabbed on the ends on that war and shit

And the feds ask me to help out and bring justice, me, I say I never saw that shit

But if my house got burgled, or a white man shot my nan in public

And the feds never help me out, I be the first one screaming 'Where's the justice?'

I am that typical nigga

Yeah I am tryna put the good stereotype

Yeah I am that nigga with a bop in his step

Yeah I am C-CADET CADET

I know who I am

That stereotype

That stereotype