

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 through
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 eating
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 check
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 foot

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 i
n 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 th
e 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 m
e 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 list
en? 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, u
h
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 th
ere 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 l
et 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