

# White Boy

Jensen McRae

Now my hair smells like smoke  
Something's burning, I don't know what it is  
I won't laugh at your dumbass jokes  
White boy  
I don't owe you anything  
I am learning not to sing for you  
The cage is not Maya Angelou's  
White boy

But you've still got a grip on me  
Sword to hilt, hand to God  
Bring me to my knees  
If I stand down, if I bleed  
If I am what you ask me to be  
White boy, what will you make of me?

Passion play, almost biblical  
White girl arrives, I turn invisible  
I don't like who I am to you  
White boy  
Trance state, you're hypnotic  
Twirl my hair, watch my voice jump the octave  
I don't like who I am for you  
White boy

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What will you make of me?  
What will you make of me?