

Hey White Boy

That Handsome Devil

Hey papi, hey esé, hey white boy
Tell me what you need
What's good? Talk to me, work with me, man
I got everything

Am I speeding up or slowing down
On the ground rolling 'round
Arrest me, I could use the food
Is this a after party or a funeral?
I get the two confused

My life goes sort of like yours does
But funny, and more drunk
An enormous performance with appointed lawyers
And the kids on the corners all singing the chorus

Hey brother, hey player, hey white boy
Tell me what you need
That smoke, that diesel, that fish scale, man
I got everything

You guys, aww you shouldn't have
I already took enough
I must be breaking records, someone look it up
Honest, officer, I'm at a loss for words
I'm not so sure why the thought occurred
You're not the prostitute I thought you were

Now there's one for my biographer
The court stenographer, reporters and photographers
Security guards a-bird-watchin' on the monitors

"Let me do the talking," says the voice in my head
So I let that voice make the choices instead
Now sometimes the shepherd leads the sheep to death
Well, I'm almost to my place if I can reach my steps

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Yeah!