

Whiteboyz

Tom MacDonald

Better watch your back, it's a white boy summer
Whole iPhone full of white boy gunners
We all come up from the bottom like the pipes in the gutter
Got the shotgun goin' "bum-bum-bum-bubba"
Call me white trash, white boy, I kinda like that
If you got a problem, you can come and kiss my white ass
I don't really care what I'm allowed to do
Got a homie that'll kill you for a Mountain Dew, shoot
You don't wanna get a death threat from a redneck
Put a lead dent in your headrest, yep, yep
Wuh, wuh, yee-haw, cops come, we saw
They ask, we leave, white boys don't talk
You ain't gonna see 'em comin', huntin' camo
Pro-Second Amendment and they got tons of ammo
Got a gut full of liquor, lungs full of tobacco
Kinda crackers that will crack you for some gas for the backhoe
And the homie ridin' shotgun wit' a shotgun
While he shot guns, twenty-four beers and he's not drunk
Chuggin' vodkas, not a problem 'til he wants one
Then he locked up when the cops come
Lot of white folks like those rifles
That go "boom"
Bunch of psychos I know might roll on your crew
When you die slow, my bros ride home or you lose
It ain't Halloween, we turned you to a white ghost too soon, yeah
God ain't never made no motherfuckers crazy as the

White boys, we been known to fight boys
Sawin' off our shotguns, rockin' camo
Causin' problems late at night boys
White boys, Mama knows we're trouble, circle tight boys
Soon as it pops off, we got you runnin' for your life, boys

Let me get the shit, jumpin' like a six-four
Chrome with the big spokes, I'm so official
Crazy white boy with the big old pistol
You so pissed, you blow like a whistle
Try and play around, you gon' end up drownin'
In the deep end, face down where they found him
He gon' get killed, plus everyone around him
Rounds start flyin', your heart start poundin' - hold up
Take a photo, we gon' last longer
What you lookin' at now? Rap god, rap monger
Only white boy make the whole black roster
Hip-hop top ten, motherfuckin' monster
I'ma stand here with the sawed-off shotgun
Shoot it at you, now you got bad posture
Put him in a wheelchair, legs turn to pasta
You know how it goes, bullet holes in the doctor
Smokin' on tobacco, blowin' like a Black & Mild
Talk shit, get a blackout, drag you like a mile
Drank a whole bunch of jack, probably crash if I drive
I'll be sittin' shotty wit' a nine, passenger side
Always out at night 'cause I like noise
Playin' 50 Cent and I don't even like coins
Got a .45 in my lap now, that's a nice choice
Ride around town, car full of white boys

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You can smell the smoke as soon as we ride into town
You can hear us coming 'cause the speaker stupid loud
You can't hold us back, yeah, we'll be jumping in a crowd
Middle fingers up and they ain't never comin' down
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