

White Rapper

Rittz

White boy
White boy
White boy
White boy
White boy

Done deuce was the game in my ears got introduced to rap
Stealing instrumentals off singles, Id use the tracks
Mc groove mela man, and jeru the amaja
Tears from the king and I was the few I had
Practice in my room for hours, improve my craft
By every artists album that I heard
On the song, breaking dawn, number fourteen
Till death do us part, wishing that I was from the fifth or the Houston bad
A white kid from the blurbs, bumping Freeport boys
Too much trouble to see in our squad cassette
Up in class rppin bum sticky bum, give it gangster
Blasting time time time for some action
Thats when then the teacher would get mad
And she would kick me out the classroom
The bell rang, start a cypher in the bathroom
Up inside the gym, took turns spitting
Wed beat the bleacher with our hands, tryna keep the beat
Only white dude that went to my school
That spit, proved Im sick, and I will eat MCs, I have room
To grow, the talent show, I rocked the vest like treach
Miami hurricane hit while I held the mic
Haters talking shit like who, this aint Vanilla Ice
And I dont care if hes nice, on my life
I dont like no white rappers
Growing up it was tough, my family said that I sucked
They gave up, I was just a white rapper
But I created a buzz cuz I bust
In the booth, I go nuts, but Im just a white rapper
Put away that to be dope, but I know that you think Im a joke
Cuz Im just a white rapper
Put my heart on the stage, on the page
But at the end of the day, Im still just a white rapper
I was convinced Id get a deal
My skills improved a hundred percent
Back then, nobody had studio equipment in their crib
I was the only one that did
I spent my life in that basement

On cruise road, up in eagle point
Cops labeled it a gang house, we was doing music
We dropped out, dreaming of being on it
See in 31, I would go out and perform at
Open mics, but no ones white
No one likes to clap or give you dap
Clubs you be scared to go inside
Stood at a spot in the hood, 20 miles from home
Waiting to finally hit the stage and blow their mind
Performed for 5 people, or 20 at best
Sending demo tapes to labels, a ton of rejects
A ton of fake record companies execs on my talent
They tried their best to convince me they had something to invest
And just wasting my time, phony managers scamming us
Girlfriend and family, the verdict unanimous
To stop rapping you piece of shit, its not happening
Now act white and grow up, are you tryna embarrass us
So I told that girl bye and was back on my stride
Rhymes kept getting better, my buzz was hard to deny
Almost quit and when I did got introduced to the guy
Who put me on, and he been through the same struggle as I
The white rapper
Growing up it was tough, my family said that I sucked
They gave up, I was just a white rapper
But I created a buzz cuz I bust
In the booth, I go nuts, but Im just a white rapper
Put away that to be dope, but I know that you think Im a joke
Cuz Im just a white rapper
Put my heart on the stage, on the page
But at the end of the day, Im still just a white rapper
Now the rap game is flooded with rappers
From every nationality, a ton of them crackers
The fact that I finally came up is miraculous
Twenty years later my name is becoming established
My album is on the rack at Best Buy
I was at the BET awards, I was sitting right next to
Luda and Rick Ross, but who would have thought
I was just at Jimmy flipping chicken tenders and french fries
I used to hate when people asked me what I do for a living
It feels great to tell em youre a musician
Until they ask what type of music, I tell em I rap
Then they laugh, looking at me, they be like who are you kidding
I be like: Google me bitch!
They always compare us white boys to one another
Is your music like his?
You should be rich, freestyle, making stupid requests
Before I made it in music I never used to have shit
Now I got my own crib, I can afford my car
Fans say my music helps them when theyre going through hard times

I speak my mind even when Im going too far
Even though a part of me agree with Lord Jamar
We are guests in hip hop, Im appreciative
That you finally let us in the crib
But I busted my ass to get respect for my craft
In interviews they never forget to mention this
And Im just a white rapper
Growing up it was tough, my family said that I sucked
They gave up, I was just a white rapper
But I created a buzz cuz I bust
In the booth, I go nuts, but Im just a white rapper
Put away that to be dope, but I know that you think Im a joke
Cuz Im just a white rapper
Put my heart on the stage, on the page
But at the end of the day, Im still just a white rapper
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>