

I Don't Like White People

Rucka Rucka ALI

We are going to exterminate white people
Because that, in my estimation, is the only conclusion I have come to
We have to exterminate white people off of the face of the planet;
To solve this problem (Applause)

Ohhh (Heeeeey!)
I just don't like white people (People)
The Bible says they're evil (Evil)
If honkeys wanna go, let's get it on (Let's get it on)
Ohhhh (Heeeeey!)
They be always jockin at the mall (The mall)
Sippin mochachinos ('Chinos)
Can't we all get along?
Hell no

Have you ever wondered why white men can't jump?
They too busy drivin around on mopeds, gopeds
Drivin a damn Ford Focus
Sittin in the crib with they kids playin Go-Fish
Gold fish and golden retrievers
I can't believe these idiots still wear Reeboks
Reba gets these retards off
We should keep them locked up with some coffee
They love (coffee)
It's always (coffee)
They watch Oprah Winfrey often
They all Mormans
They all call up Dr. Laura and ask her stuff
They play golf with sun-tan lotion
And they all got they shirts tucked in
They all wear suspenders and they got bow-ties under they chin
They can not dress
They always stress
"I need my pills cause I'm depressed"
White girls always have fake breasts
Like they feedin saline to they kids
They drive hybrids, they listen to Kiss
They get they movies from Netflix
They all so rich, I say we jack 'em
They got no rhythm, but they square dance
Maybe crackers wouldn't suck at sports
Spend less time at the Starbucks
With the quarts of coffee, private plays
And gettin gay with the Facebook page
I don't like white people, on the real
Whites been gay, that way for years
Watch how we find out where they live
And bust through a window into they cribs

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Jesus; Black!
Ronald Reagan; sold crack!
Did we pay him? Fuck that!
That nigga got jacked!
Get the facts instead of askin crackers for answers
Put some pads on and get a bus pass!
We the ones that be always harrassin
They the ones we should all be blastin
Up in Aspen, in a mansion
Can't dance cause they got no fashion
And these ass holes at the back row
They all so white we could call them Casper
I come back for them bastard crackers
Hey Barack, can we blow up Alaska?
Can we roll up to the Nascar
With the ass on the lassos and cash all them assholes

Let me talk in a way that you crackers can understand!

Hello there, I wear blue-jean pants
I own three dogs and thirteen cats
I keep my children away from rap
I get all my clothes at The Gap
I've lived in a condo most my life
Every now and then, I beat my wife
Her name's Linda, my name is Todd
Have you seen my fishing rod?

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Ohhh, hello
W-w-what are you doing here?
You guys making a hippity hop song?
Cool, very cool
My children love that shit
You know, I love hippity hop
Can I get on this song?
I've always wanted to get on a hippity hop song
But my wife, my wife
She-she's afraid of black people
It's not that they're black
It's just the color of their skin that scares her
You know, it's like my father always used to say
"Don't hate the cracker, hate the race" Guys? Why are the lights off?
I can't see you... cause you're black
Oww, ohh my head
Do I taste blood?
That really stings, I've never been stabbed before
W-w-what's that? Is that a... ?
Oh yeah, it definately is