



## **DON'T MAKE ME A VICTIM OF STEREOTYPES**

**Marlon P.O.W.** (Power Of Words)

*When you see me what do you see?  
Or do you have a preconceived notion of me and agree?*

*I'm A million-man marching, Farrakhan following,  
Basketball playing, Colt 45 swallowing.  
Kangol to the side wearing, gold tooth polishing,  
Gospel singing, dope slinging, dress shoe borrowing.  
Public enemy number one, gang sign throwing,  
Open shirt, hairy chest, gold-chain showing.  
Plus you always have a mom and a step-dad;  
You always brag about the things could've had.  
True you got basketball and run track,  
Boxing and football and all of that!  
We had tennis and maybe baseball in fact  
We're loosing hockey? Not even golf! I hate that!  
You filthy word saying, revolver spraying.  
Bad credit, and back check, child-support paying.  
And I just don't like your attitude, you're rude,  
Only time you come together is for money and food.  
Well is it true? Who am I to say it's up to you.  
If you cater to the stereotypes you get screwed;  
And if you don't you're screwed, because it's just like your nude.  
So put back on your clothes, along with your attitude.  
And let me be who I am in the light,  
Don't make me a victim of stereotypes.*

*Do you feel me? Do you know what I'm saying?  
Or when you see a white man are you saying?*



*You're a Marlboro smoking, Budweiser drinking ;  
Breathe always stinking. Good for lynching.  
Like the Klu Klux Klan man, ready to play hangman;  
A zero, ready to play hero, like Van-Damme'.  
And, quick to blame a man, but look who's dancing,  
Jeffrey Dahmer, uni-bomber, serial killer like Manson.  
Harley Davidson bike is in the back of the 4x4,  
The volleyball is on the floor under the surfboard.  
The rifle rack is in the back of the truck,  
Over which the Confederate flag is stuck...Shucks!!  
The rednecks upset; he's decked in his cowboy boots and hat set;  
Red scarf around his neck.  
The tummy is hanging over, so the pants need slack;  
Just enough to show the little crack in the back.  
You know what they're doing, when they're spitting and chewing,  
Ready to ruin with that shot gun; yee haw! I got one!!  
I aimed and I popped one!!  
Man he was tall dark with an attitude and gold tooth, a hot one!!  
You should have seen him mad, yeah it was sad;  
But that's just one less run away dad.  
And at the same time, I'm looking out for yours and mine,  
Cause, that's one less black on black crime.  
But you don't want to hear that, and I don't want to hear that;  
You can cry, deny and lie you don't want to hear that?.  
Please!! Everything ain't peaches and cream;  
Though it may seem, when you wake up in the sunbeams.  
It ain't right, you can fight the whole darn night;  
But don't make me a victim of stereotypes.  
Don't make me a victim of stereotypes..  
Don't make me a victim of stereotypes... Be Real*