

Black Girls

In a recent book by an insipid Jewish pseudo-intellectual and "*historian of exercise*," we whites were denounced as "*white supremacists*" for noticing that the vast majority of black women in America are morbidly obese. (I believe the correct figure is 80 percent.)

Thus, whites are now responsible for blacks being morbidly *obeast*, in addition to being the cause all their other endless failings. **Being the sensitive soul that I am, instead of helping to perpetuate this problem, I am offering its solution:**

Black Girls, Fat Girls

(To the meter of "Bad Boys" by Inner Circle, the theme song of "Cops.")

***Black girls, fat girls, whatcha gonna do,
Whatcha gonna do at size 32?***

Yo very favorite food is cakes
rolls of blubber is what dat makes.
You be gobblin' up all them pies
now you wearin' them on yo thighs.

Black mens ain't gonna buy no cow
that's as massive as you is now.
A diet's something you ain't tried
you scarfin' down anything fried.



***Black girls, fat girls, whatcha gonna do,
Whatcha gonna do at size 32?***

No man wanna climb dat mountain
so you best start calorie-countin'.
TV watchin' ain't exercise
that's why **WalMart** don't got yo' size.

On you it should soon be dawning
To buy clothes at **Tent & Awning**;
Don't say they don't carry yo style
They sell canvas by the square-mile.

***Black girls, fat girls, whatcha gonna do,
Whatcha gonna do at size 32?***

Yo hips look like a saddle-bag
or maybe wearin' the whole damned nag.
And don't be askin' fo' no sex
feedin' you'd bankrupt ***Goldman-Sachs***.

It would make some man real bitter
getting knocked-up with his litter.
He'd have to be awfully drunk
to let a sow come near his junk.

***Black girls, fat girls, whatcha gonna do,
Whatcha gonna do at size 32?***

