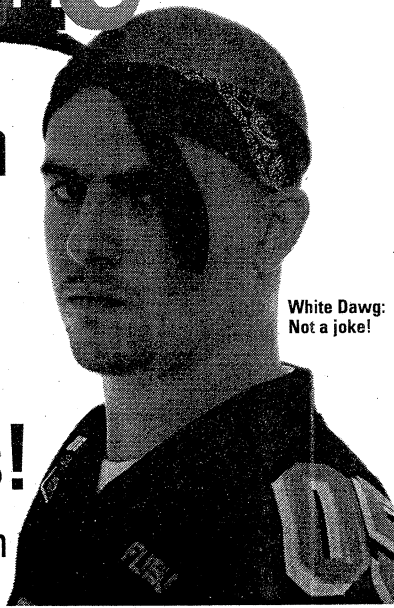


Invasion of the Angry White Rappers!

How to distinguish the wannabes



White Dawg: Not a joke!

So we get this CD in the mail by this guy named White Dawg. He's this badass-looking cracker, and he's decked out in FUBU gear and wearing a bandanna around his head just like Tupac used to. We read his poorly penned bio, wherein we learn

by rich kane

that he has written songs with titles like "I Wanna Lick the P*ssy" ("an instant underground classic") and "You Smell Like Doo Doo." Then we play his CD, in which Dawg not only screws everything that has a hole and takes his imaginary AK to anything that slightly annoys him, but he also inexplicably says "nigga" a lot in the first person. But at least he's polite enough to thank his mom, dad and God in the liner notes.

After scooping ourselves up off the ground (where we had fallen in a fit of hysterical laughter after realizing that, no, it wasn't a joke), we thought, "Hmmm, it sure seems hard to keep track of the slew of trying-too-hard angry-white-boy rappers these days. And there must be people out there who couldn't tell Eminem from Everlast. Why don't we compile a scorecard for everybody, showing what the differences—or lack thereof—are among them?"

And so it came to pass:

EVERLAST, a.k.a. "Erik Schrody," ex-House of Pain veteran.
LATEST ALBUM: *Whitney Ford Sings the Blues* (Tommy Boy)
PARENTAL-WARNING STICKER? Check!
TIME INTO ALBUM HE FIRST SAYS "BITCH": 30 seconds.
ROMANTIC PROSE: "She was from the PJs/And she went both ways/Yeah, the girl was a freak/I used to call her Monique"; "So now we're getting down to the nitty of the gritty/She brought her friend 'round, and damn, she was pretty."

ECONOMIC OUTLOOK: "Won't stop till I'm catin' off a platinum plate/I want stocks and bonds/Plus the real estate/I want the iron gates and low interest rates"; "I want cash and checks/I want diamond rings/I want jewels on my neck and many fly things."

DRUG OF CHOICE: Fat blunts and phat blunts.

GRATUITOUS GUNPLAY? Check! "When I was the age of 1/My father gave me my very first gun."

TALKS ABOUT HIS DICK? Check! "You'll be crazy on my dick like some porno chick."

GIVES YOU THE FINGER IN THE CD BOOKLET? Check! While sitting in a barber's chair getting a buzz.

CLICHÉD USE OF ANSWERING-MACHINE TAPES? Check! "Sen Dog," "Prince Paul" and "Guru."

WHY HE'S SO ANGREEEE! Not really angry; just moody, morose and sad. Awww . . . buck up, big guy!

EMINEM, a.k.a. "Marshall Mathers," hip-hop's Great White Hype of 1999.

LATEST ALBUM: *The Slim Shady LP* (Aftermath/Interscope)

PARENTAL-WARNING STICKER? Check!
TIME INTO ALBUM HE FIRST SAYS "FUXX": Six seconds—a new world record!

ROMANTIC PROSE: "If I had a magic wand/I'd make the world suck my dick without a condom on/While I'm on the john."

ECONOMIC OUTLOOK: "If I had a million bucks/It wouldn't be enough/'Cause I'd still be out robbing armored trucks."

DRUG OF CHOICE: Beer. Weed. And 'shrooms, like his fellow Detroiters, Kid Rock. They must have the same supplier.

GRATUITOUS GUNPLAY? Check! ("Guilty Conscience.")

TALKS ABOUT HIS DICK? Not as much as you'd think—too busy stealin', ballin' and killin'. But when he whips it out on "As the World Turns," it's so big that when it hits the ground, it starts an earthquake.

GIVES YOU THE FINGER IN THE CD BOOKLET? He doesn't, but a cartoon

mummy underneath the disc tray does.
CLICHÉD USE OF ANSWERING-MACHINE TAPES? Check! The intros to "If I Had" and "B****."

WHY HE'S SO ANGREEEE! "I'm tired of having to work as a gas-station clerk/For this jerk/Breathing down my neck/Driving me bezerk [sic]"; "Tired of using plastic silverware." Huh? "Tired of fucking the same blond whore." You know, the usual.

WHITE DAWG, a.k.a. "Billy Allbrooks Jr." From Broward County, Florida, the home of 2 Live Crew, an obvious influence.

LATEST ALBUM: *Thug Ride* (Paper Chasers Entertainment)

PARENTAL-WARNING STICKER? Check! But it should have an expiration-date stamp, too, because crap this smelly lingers for days.

TIME INTO ALBUM HE FIRST SAYS "FUXX": 47 seconds, after a huge belch and a deep suck off a pipe. So it's for the kids!

ROMANTIC PROSE: "Where dem good pussy hos at?/Where dey at?"; "All you bitches, show them titties!/All you hos, shake that ass!"; "I could fuck you, but I'd rather get some head instead."

ECONOMIC OUTLOOK: "Lemme see dem gold!/Lemme see dem diamonds!" Also, No Limit Records rip-off album cover art with WHITE DAWG spelled out in diamonds and gold, plus piles of cash stacked everywhere.

DRUG OF CHOICE: Smokin' the weed, swiggin' the 40s.

GRATUITOUS GUNPLAY? "Get Um" is an AK-drenched shootout; "I Just Wanna Get High" ends with Dawg putting a bullet in his head.

TALKS ABOUT HIS DICK? Constantly. But does he even have one?

GIVES YOU THE FINGER IN THE CD BOOKLET? A double flipper, he's featured on the disc and underneath the tray. But trim those nails, Dawg!

CLICHÉD USE OF ANSWERING-MACHINE TAPES? No phone tapes, just regular audio ones. "Live Sex" is an interlude of orgasmic female moaning, followed by a curt "Now get the fuck out, bitch!" Love, Dawggy style.

WHY HE'S SO ANGREEEE! Because he's not black. No, really, it's that obvious.

KID ROCK, a.k.a. "Rob Ritchie." Hip-hop hits the trailer park. Hey, Kid! Dexter Holland called. He'd like his crowns back.

LATEST ALBUM: *Devil Without a Cause* (Atlantic/Lava)

PARENTAL-WARNING STICKER? Check!

TIME INTO ALBUM HE FIRST SAYS "BITCH": Five minutes, in a heroic show of restraint.

ROMANTIC PROSE: "Fucked so many hos, I'm in the hall of fame"; "Put my balls in your mouth!"; "I like pussy, suckin' on titties/Fucked a lotta different bitches from a buncha different cities"; "No more floozies, only high-class hos/Couple when it rains and a few when it snows."

ECONOMIC OUTLOOK: "A brand-new nose to go along with my habit/And a

garden hose made outta 24 karat"; "I rock for the cash and the topless dancers"; "I don't steal from the rich and give to the poor/I take from my bitches and give it to my whores." Also wears a jeweled dollar sign around his neck. Large!

DRUG OF CHOICE: 'Shrooms, 'shrooms, 'shrooms and more 'shrooms.

GRATUITOUS GUNPLAY? Check! On "Roving Gangster (Rollin')" and "Devil Without a Cause."

TALKS ABOUT HIS DICK? Check! Or at least someone does on "I Got One for Ya."

GIVES YOU THE FINGER IN THE CD BOOKLET? It's the first thing you see when you open it, right there on the disc—a crisp black and white shot, with gold rings adorning his other fingers. But the foldout poster has Kid flipping the bird in color. Word!

CLICHÉD USE OF ANSWERING-MACHINE TAPES? Check! On the intro to "Where U at Rock?"

WHY HE'S SO ANGREEEE! You would be, too, if the chorus of your big hit was as silly as "Bawitdaba buh-bang buh-bang diggy-diggy-diggy," which sounds suspiciously like Ned Flanders cussing. But apparently, the Kid is just misunderstood: "People don't know about the things I say or do/They don't understand about the shit that I've been through." Someone hug him!

FRED DURST, a.k.a. "Fred Durst," incorrigible Weenie Roast pinhead.

LATEST ALBUM: *Limp Bizkit's Significant Other* (Flip/Interscope)

PARENTAL-WARNING STICKER? Check!

TIME INTO ALBUM HE FIRST SAYS "FUXX": Five minutes, 18 seconds.

More restraint. Who says there's a moral decline in our country?

ROMANTIC PROSE: "Sex has become all I know about you/Memories of those filthy things that we do"; "Should've left my pants on this time/But instead, you had to let me dive right in."

ECONOMIC OUTLOOK: "Take your ass and get a job like you should, jerk/Unless you're livin' where the trash is, but you're not/So find another spot where the cash is."

DRUG OF CHOICE: Self-victimization as celebrity vehicle. Kick it.

GRATUITOUS GUNPLAY? Nada. But Limp Bizkit CDs make good target practice.

TALKS ABOUT HIS DICK? Check! On "Don't Go off Wandering."

GIVES YOU THE FINGER IN THE CD BOOKLET? Shockingly, no! But he flips it just about everywhere else, especially onstage.

CLICHÉD USE OF ANSWERING-MACHINE TAPES? Check! The intro to "Nobody Like You."

WHY HE'S SO ANGREEEE! Gets no respect, but who does? And this: "It's just one of those days when you don't wanna wake up/Everything is fucked/Everybody sux [sic]/You don't really know why/But you wanna justify/Ripping someone's head off." Grrr, Mr. Angry White Rapper, sir! Grrrr! ☹