

Mr. Nigga (feat Q-tip)

Mos Def

Say ho, everybody say ho
By the way yo
I said shake your soul like way back in the day-yo
By the way yo, everybody say ho
Everybody say,
Everybody say And check it out now
Who is the cat eating out on the town
And make the whole dining room turn they head round
Mr Nigga, Nigga Nigga
He got the speakers in the trunk with the bass on crunk
Who be riding up in the high rise elevator
Other tenants who be praying they ain't the new neighbor
Mr Nigga, Nigga Nigga
They try to play him like a chump cause he got what they want He under thirty years old but already he's a pro
Designer trousers slung low cause his pockets stay swoll'
Could afford to get up and be anywhere he go
V.I.P. at the club, backstage at the show
(Yes y'all) the best crib, the best clothes
Hottest whips on the road neck and wrists on froze (say word)
Checks with O's o-o-o-o-ohs
Straight all across the globe watch got three time-zones
Keep the digital phone up to his dome
Two assistants, two bank accounts, two homes
One problem; even with the O's on his check
The po-po stop him and show no respect
"Is there a problem officer?" Damn straight, it's called race
That motivate the jake (woo-woo) to give chase
Say they want you successful, but that ain't the case
You living large, your skin is dark they flash a light in your face Now, who is cat dining out on the town
Maitre'd wanna take a whole year to sit him down
Mr Nigga, Nigga Nigga
He got the speakers in the trunk with the bass on crunk
Now, who is the cat at Armani buying wears
With the tourists who be asking him, do you work here?
Mr Nigga, Nigga Nigga
Nigga Nigga Yo, the Abstract with the Mighty Mos Def
White folks got it muffled across beneath they breathe
"I didn't say it"
But they'll say it out loud again

When they get with they close associates and friends
You know, sneak it in with they friends at the job
Happy hour at the bar while this song is in they car
And even if they've never said it, lips stay sealed
They actions reveal how their hearts really feel
Like, late night I'm on a first class flight
The only brother in sight the flight attendant catch fright
I sit down in my seat, 2C
She approach officially talking about, "Excuse me"
Her lips curl up into a tight space
Cause she don't believe that I'm in the right place
Showed her my boarding pass, and then she sort of gasped
All embarrassed put an extra lime on my water glass
An hour later here she comes by walking past
"I hate to be a pest but my son would love your autograph"
(Wow, Mr. Nigga I love you, I have all your albums!)
They stay on nigga patrol on american roads
And when you travel abroad they got world nigga law
Some folks get on a plane go as they please
But I go over seas and I get over-seized
London Heathrow, me and my people
They think that illegal's a synonym for negro
Far away places, customs agents flagrant
They think the dark face is smuggle weight in they cases
Bags inspected, now we arrested
Attention directed to contents of our intestines
Urinalysis followed by X-rays
Interrogated and detained til damn near the next day
No evidence, no apology and no regard
Even for the big american rap star
For us especially, us most especially
A Mr Nigga VIP jail cell just for me
"If I knew you were coming I'd have baked a cake
Just got some shoe-polish, painted my face"
They say they want you successful, but then they make it stressful
You start keeping pace, they start changing up the tempo
Now, who is cat riding out on the town
State trooper wanna stop him in his ride, pat him down
Mr Nigga, Nigga Nigga
He got the speakers in the trunk with the bass on crunk
Now, who is the cat with the hundred dollar bill
They gotta send it to the back to make sure the shit is real
Mr Nigga, Nigga Nigga
Nigga Nigga, Nigga You can laugh and criticize Michael Jackson if you wanna
Woody Allen, molested and married his step-daughter
Same press kicking dirt on Michael's name

Show Woody and Soon-Yi at the playoff game, holding hands
Sit back and just bug, think about that
Would he get that type of dap if his name was Woody Black?
O.J. found innocent by a jury of his peers
And they been fucking with that nigga for last five years
Is it fair, is it equal, is it just, is it right?
Do you do the same shit when the defendant face is white?
If white boys doing it, well, it's success
When I start doing, well, it's suspect
Don't hate me, my folks is poor, I just got money
America's five centuries deep in cotton money
You see a lot of brothers caked up, yo straight up
It's new, y'all living off of slave traders paper
But I'm a live though, yo I'm a live though
I'm putting up the big swing for my kids yo
Got my mom the fat water-front crib yo
I'm a get her them pretty bay windows
I'm a cop a nice home to provide in
A safe environment for seeds to reside in
A fresh whip for my whole family to ride in
And if I'm still Mr Nigga, I won't find it suprising

Songwriters

D PROSPER, DANTE SMITHPublished by

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