

Negro Wit' An Ego

Salt 'n' Pepa

Here we go, I'm a Negro with an ego
(Yo)
So, don't tell me what I'm doin' is illegal
No, I resort to violence only when provoked
Contrary to rumors I'm no joke
If I sound hard it's because I'm peed off
And do you wanna know why? Go 'head tell 'em Salt
All right, let me explain what upset me
No we ain't tryin' to be sexy
Dismiss is quick with a miss like a tongue
'Cuz I'd run if I was a chick
Pick up a hit list
And I'm-a kick it like this
The word is out, you played me out
I won't scream and shout, straighten it out now
Don't lie and spy, stop tryin' to connive me
Slow your roll, you don't even know me
I'm not a militant but I'm equivalent
To an activist, all I'm after is cheer among all
I don't care if they're big or small, short or tall
We've got to stand to fall, ain't that right, y'all?
Now all I can talk about is what I know
And all I know about is what I witness
What I witness is what I see
Me, way below status quo 'cuz I'm a Negro with an ego
Yo, that don't go
Put some faith in your race
Put some faith in your race
Put some faith in your race
Put some faith in your race
I'm black and I'm proud to be a
African-American Soul Sister
Usin' my mind as a weapon, a lethal injection
And oh yes, I'm the best in whatever I do
I do better, I'm clever
I never half-step ask Salt or Pepa
We're partners in rhyme, one of a kind
This affair is rare and you will never find
Another like me, gimme the mic, it's mine

Keep your mitts off this, yo, Salt, it's time
To let the public know the subject of the show
Is what America calls a Negro with an ego
Yo, that don't go, that's a negative so
Put some faith in your race
Put some faith in your race
Put some faith in your race
Put some faith in your race
Porche, Benz and BM's are all suitable
For people who sell pharmaceutical
That's a stereotype, that's the hype
Don't ask me why I have an attitude
(All right)
When I drop a nine-eleven on my 200C
The cops are surprised to see, a minority
Behind the wheel of this car, it must be narcotics
How else could she have got it?
A brown-skinned female with two problems to correct
Wrong color, wrong sex
Sometimes I feel the real deal is to be a rebel
But that would bring me down to their level
I won't settle for that, it's unacceptable
'Cuz Salt-N-Pepa's always very respectable
Sometimes we get crazy and outta hand
But it's all in the fun of makin' everybody dance
I'm proud of
Who and what I am
So call me a Negro with an ego
And get ready to go blow for blow
Put some faith in your race
Put some faith in your race
Put some faith in your race
Put some faith in your race
Faith, faith
Faith, faith
Faith, faith

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