

# N.I.\*.\*.E.R. (The Slave and the Master)

Nas

[Chorus]

They say we N-I double G-E-R, we are  
Much more, still we choose to ignore  
The obvious, man this history don't acknowledge us  
We were scholars long before colleges  
They say we N-I double G-E-R, we are  
Much more, but still we choose to ignore  
The obvious, we are the slave and the master  
What you lookin for? You the question and the answer

[Verse 1]

We trust no black leaders, use the stove to heat us  
Powdered eggs and government cheeses  
The calendars with Martin, JFK and Jesus  
Gotta be fresh to go to school with fly sneakers  
Schools with outdated books, we are the forgotten  
Summers, coolin off by the fire hydrant  
Yeah I'm from the ghetto  
Where old black women talk about their sugar level - it's not unusual  
To see photos of dead homie's funerals  
Aluminium foil on TV antennas  
Little TV sit on top the big TV, eating TV dinners  
Girls die their hair with Kool-Aid  
They gave us lemons, we made lemonade  
But this nigger's payed, ancestral slaves  
Descendant of kings, it's necessary I - bling  
Put rims on everything, where tims on every scene

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Do I mean it like a slave master, ni\*\*er?  
No I'm gangsta, gotta eat rappers  
My abbreviation was young when I caught the cases  
That should mean the court could see my changes, take off the bracelets  
Savers went broke, smokes, our diesel, need no Bowflex  
My chest still cut up like a bag of dope  
Bought patterns consist of boss matters  
Spit Moses' lost commandments like a growth sandwich out my mouth

Toast to government cameras peepin us, every week I must  
Have my cars, homes and phones squeaked for bugs  
But this is what I was dreamin of  
Between cuttin hard coke with new razors slicin my fingers up  
They used to string us up, we wanted everything  
But the one bringin us cake be the snakes like the  
Like the New Jack City wedding scene  
No time for mistakes, tryin to get it like Medellin

[Chorus]

[Verse 3] + {Over Chorus}  
{My nig', what up my nig'? Yep!}  
People afraid of criticism  
But I always put myself in a sacrificial position  
They been know I ain't just rappin for fame  
I got my old homie hasslin to father askin for chains  
Yep, I get it cash up, this paper don't matter  
They see me from skinny to fatter, when I rap about war  
They got a tendency to scatter, they ain't my backup no more  
So now my enemies are at my front door  
Cause anytime we mention our condition, our history or existence  
They callin it reverse racism  
Still to this day the streets torn - my brother Jung'  
I'll always have a seat for him - not behind me, beside me  
You'll always know where to find me  
They say the close ones will hurt you  
So let's keep a small circle  
On the road to riches and diamond rings  
In the land of the blind, the man with one eye is the king

[Chorus]

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Lyrics submitted by Maurice.

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