

## **Boogie Down Productions "House Nigga's"**

Visit "[House Nigga's](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Let me see, let me see  
How should I start  
If I say stop the violence, I won't chart  
Maybe I should write some songs like Mozart  
'Cause many people don't believe rap is an art  
Wake up, shake up, hypocrite look alive  
Blastmaster KRS-One will revive  
Four or five million still deprived  
When out to survive, wake up and realize  
Some people say I am a rap missionary  
Some people say I am a walking dictionary  
Some people say I am truly legendary  
But what I am is simply a black revolutionary  
I write rhymes on plain stationary  
Mary, Mary, quite contrary  
Doesn't make sense in my vocabulary  
Uncle Tom house niggaz, too scary  
So they can't be around, I don't do this  
For every Jesus, there must be a Judas  
It's the concept of the house nigga, field nigga  
The house nigga will sell you up the river  
So to massa, he'll look bigger  
And when ya bet under a rock, he'll slither  
But I'll grab the tail of the house nigga  
Pull the trigger and his head I'll deliver  
To the court of righteous people  
Black, white, or Indian, we're all equal  
So all ya racist codes I'll decode, explode  
And eat you like apple pie a la mode  
On a hot day, don't bring me no hamhocks  
Cause round the clock, I'll kick their buttocks  
All afternoon in the classroom, in the living room  
In the bathroom, in the swimming pool  
On a footstool, then I'll stop -- nope, April fools!  
Whip out the baseball bat and somehow  
March your racist butt to Moscow  
Ya know what I'm saying?  
Are there any, are there any intelligent people in the  
house?  
What can I say, o ye of little faith  
To think that KRS-One has surely been erased  
What a waste, my finger points at the face of the

human race  
They're confused and misplaced  
My words are subliminal, sometimes metaphysical  
I teach, not preach, you want a challenge? I'll start  
dissin you  
I go philosophical by topical  
Hearin the call, ignorant, hot tropical  
Ya want a palm tree and nice dope shade?  
Only if the universal law is obeyed  
Which is "know thyself" for better mental health  
Yet so many rappers are preoccupied with wealth  
On my shelf I got titles  
Other artists want belts and idols  
World cups from seminars and conventions  
Competition and not to mention  
The award shows for pimps and hoes  
And every other hypocrite that flaunt their clothes  
KRS knows, so he just grows  
Always sayin somethin different from the average Joe's  
So I confront them with the biggest chain  
but it doesn't rate albums, I believe it is the brain  
So I'll remain free while you reign, I'm lovin it  
You be the king and I'll overthrow your government  
Send your crew to Berlin or Dublin  
I'll out-think em, chump em, and shrink em  
Down to ya size, despite the cries  
In the face of intelligence, ignorance dies  
Dear, it's simple edutainment  
Rap needed a teacher, so I became it  
Rough and ready, the beats are very steady  
With lyrics sharp as a machete  
Clap, there's another house niggaz neck  
Another soft Unlce Tom crew is in check  
Ego wrecked and rhymes corrected  
By KRS-One, produced and directed

Visit [Boogie Down Productions](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.