

Nas**"Fear Of Mandingo"**Visit "[Fear Of Mandingo](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Do-wap, street hop, that's all we do
Guess what America, we love you
Step up, West Africa, we love you
Guess what, UK, we love you and need ya.
We sing it like Mrs. Makeeba
Not imperious lyricist but at the same time, Nas is impenetrable.
A menacing fool's a description of who?
I resent that, a prince's hats my crown.
My throne used to belong to where the North Korean Kim used to sit at.
They think a chimps a Black man's ancestor.
I think a pimp's a Black man's ancestor.
Just around the paragraph in the corner of my next word,
right here the world's greatest fear.
The fear of the African Black man's penises fetus(?)
Sara Beth married Jessie Lee
Proud man he was. Mother like aunt Jeremiah.
Black blue coloured skin
A softness unmatched by anyone.
Stern with her words. That's mother.
Black mother lover son Jessie.
That ol' Jesse's a trip
At the factory, told the boss man that he quit.
He love his cigarettes, his beer and Sarah Beth
Married less than a month after they met
Sarah Beth was after the sex.
Cute white darlin, pretty angel, from the heavens she's fallen
Such a perfect match. They both human, they both knew when
They got together it'd be a whole bunch of eyes screwing
Whole bunch of how dare you looks,
From the whites at the Negro
Black chicks have fits at her and Mandingo
She's so liberal, screams out in exactly,
Cuz sexually she's got to have the staff of Jessie lee
The fear of the black man's penis
they tried to give it aids,

they tried to give it aids,
the fear of the black man's dick
they lie and scream rape
they lie and scream rape
the fear of the black man's penis
can hide it's in your face
america it's in your face
the fear of the black man's dick.
father of the place, all ladies love the taste
of the nigga.
They used to barbecue blacks, cut off their genitalia
killing off the Aborigines in Australia
The coldest shit I'm trying to tell ya
daddy's telling daughter,
stay away from them bucks they just wanna impale ya
cuz she heard what the myth is
about our heavy equipment
but some sistas might dismiss it
haha yea right,
your right she probably aint get a call back the other
night
so fathers you should be scared
cuz your little girl is banging down the door of my
bedroom
she trying to get inside my fruit of the looms
she hopes to have my heirlooms
passing down my grandfather's crown jewels
cuz if we get around, the whole world turns brown
it's a fact they want a thug in 'em
guess how many presidents had black blood in em
and this nation's a vast nation
so what was your fixation with castration
color shouldnt matter with relations
color should mater, with life and love
cuz color never matters under the covers when the
lights are off
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