

Nas "N.I.*.*.E.R."

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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

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Schools with outdated books, we are the forgotten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
Aluminum foil on TV antennas
Little TV sit on top the big TV, eatin' TV dinners
Girls dye their hair with Kool-Aid

They gave us lemons, we made lemonade
But this nigger's paid, ancestral slaves
Descendant of kings, it's necessary I bling
Put rims on everythin', wear tims on every scene

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Do I mean it like a slave master, nigger?

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

Thought patterns consist of boss matters

Spit Moses' lost commandments like a gross 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 everythin'

But the one bringin' us cake be the snakes like the

Like the New Jack City wedding scene

No time for mistake, tryna get it like metering

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(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 hassles to father, askin' for change

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 street's 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

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