

Nas**"N.I.G.G.E.R"**Visit "[N.I.G.G.E.R](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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 was 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 looking for?
You the question and the answer.

[Verse 1:]

We trust no black leaders,
Use the stove to heat us,
Powder eggs and government cheeses,
The calendar was Martin, JFK, & Jesus,
Gotta be fresh
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Schools with outdated books,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 they sugar level,
It's not unusual,
To see photos of dead homies' funerals,
Aluminum foil on t.v. antennas
Little TV sit on top the big TV eatin TV dinners,
Girls die they hair with kool-aid,
They gave us lemons we made lemonade,
But this nigga's paid,
Ancestry of slaves,
Descendant of Kings
It's necessary I,
Bling,
Puts rings on every thing
Where Timbs on every scene.

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

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,

Savage when broke,

Smoke sour diesel

Need no Bo-flex

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 & phones

Squeaked for bugs,

But this is what I was dreamin of,

Between cutting hard coke with new razors

Slicing my fingers up,

They use to string us up,

We wanted everything,

But the one bringing us cake be the snakes

Like the...

Like the New Jack City wedding scene

No time for mistakes trying to get it like [?]

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

My nig...

Whattup my nig?

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 hlaf sister the father asking for change!

Yep! I'd give this cash up

This paper don't matter

They seen me from skinny to fatter

When I rap about war,

They got the tendency to scatter,

They ain't my backup no more,

So now my enemies are at my front door,

Cause any time we mention
Our condition, our history or existence,
They calling it reverse racism,
Still till today the street's torn,
My brother Jungle always have a seat for 'em
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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