

Sir Mix-A-Lot**"My Suburban Nightmare"**

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You can check my blackness
Fact is I'm rough as a cactus
Now I gotta change what I practice
So I went to the suburbs and bought me a big house
And now they want to run a brother out
I'm a well educated young maker of revenue
Rollin in a big black BMW
So I'm supposed to fit
Because I'm straight legit
But the police still wanna trip
They accused me of robbing myself
Never seen a brother with wealth
Hell I thought I was big
Now I'm trapped in a house
Cause the cops got my cribb staked out
The police chief is runnin for commissioner
But if I get out of this chief I'm gettin ya
Chief needs a cover up plan
Cause he heard I'm fameous
Called a crazy white boy
Name was Amos
I thought Amos was a burglar
But when he saw me
He said I never heard of ya
He couldn't tell north from south
But Amos was my only way out
Of this suburban nightmare
My suburban nightmare
I may not look like Beaver
But you don't either
I bought a big house for the breather
Even in the suburbs cops are my enemy
And all the rich liberals ain't friendly
So Amos got a shotgun
And I got a skillet
Anything movin and I'll straight up kill it
I'm a black man on the come up
I got done up and roughed up
By a cop trying to get hooked up
I got a meal and I just sealed two more deals
And now I'm runnin from the cops

This just ain't real
Ya see the cops sent in Amos to play that role
Be a burglar and robb my home
They offered him a deal and then took it back
Ol' Amos should have signed him a contract
Chief walks in talkin that nigger smack
"Nigger That"
Now they want me for attempted murder
The craziest case that a brother ever heard of
The neighborhood fears me
They're scared to get near me
The cops want to smear me
My suburban nightmare
My suburban nightmare
I used to eat pigfeet
Now I'm eatin lobster
Gettin my check well ta hell with them propers
Life still ain't changed cause I gotta get my hustle on
Just to get these cops gone
Four or Five meal can't make my waist change
It can make the pace change
But it won't maintain
I can't go outside to jogg
Cause my next door neighbor got a prejudice dog
But it's America home of the free
Life in the burbs ain't nothin like T.V.
Now I'm runnin from the cop clan
cause my neighborhood told the cops
"It was a black man"
Mr and Mrs Gillman next door
Puffin on a joint kinky to the core
And thats a typical role model
White picket fence big house and a bottle
Who can I blame for the stereo typical mix up
Innocent and I can't get tripped up
Things are supposed to change when ya grow to my
size
Open your eyes to my suburban nightmare
My suburban nightmare
My suburban nightmare
"Yo Amos hook up the pizza homey"
My suburban nightmare
"And we outtie"

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