

Mos Def **"Mr. Nigga"**

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Say ho, everybody say ho
Bop-po quay yo
I said, "Take it slow like way back in the day, yo"
Bop-po quay yo, everybody say ho
Everybody say ho
Everybody say ho

And check it out now
Who is the cat eating out on the town
And make the whole dining room turn they head
around?
Mr. Nigga, Nigga Nigga
He got the speakers in the trunk
With the bass on crunk

Who be riding up in the high-rise elevator
Other tenants who be praying they ain't the new
neighbor
Mr. Nigga, Nigga Nigga
They try to play him like a chump
'Cause he got what they want

He under thirty years old but already he's a pro
Designer trousers slung low 'cause his pockets stay
swoll'
Could afford to get up and be anywhere he go
VIP at the club, backstage at the show
The best crib, the best clothes
Hottest whips on the road, neck and wrists on froze
Checks with O's o o o o oh's
Straight all across the globe, watch got three time-
zones

Keep a digital phone up to his dome, two assistants
Two bank accounts, two homes, one problem
Even with the O's on his check
The po-po stop him and show no respect
Is there a problem, officer?
Damn straight, it's called race
That motivate the jake to give chase
Say they want you successful, but that ain't the case
You livin' large, your skin is dark, they flash a light in

your face

Now, who is the cat dining out on the town
Me'tradie wanna take a whole year to sit him down
Mr. Nigga, Nigga Nigga
He got the speakers in the trunk
With the bass on crunk

Now, who is the cat at Armani buying wares
With the tourists who be asking him, "Do you work
here?"
Mr. Nigga, Nigga Nigga
Nigga Nigga

Yo, the Abstract with the mighty Mos Def
White folks got it muffled across beneath they breathe
I didn't say it
But they'll say it out loud again
When they deal with their close associates and friends
You know
Sneak it in with they friends at the job
Happy hour at the bar, while this song is in they car
And even if they've never said it, lips stay sealed
Their actions reveal how their hearts really feel

Like, late night I'm on a first class flight
The only brother in sight, the flight attendant catch
fright
I sit down in my seat, 2C
She approach officially talking about, excuse me
Her lips curl up into a tight space
She don't believe that I'm in the right place
Showed her my boarding pass and then she sort of
gaspd
All embarrassed put an extra lime in my water glass
An hour later here she comes by walking past
"I hate to be a pest but my son would love your
autograph", wow!

They stay on nigga patrol on American roads
And when you travel abroad they got World Nigga Law
Some folks get on a plane, go as they please
But I go overseas and I get over seized
London-Heathrow, me and my people
They think that illegal's a synonym for Negro
Far away places, customs agents flagrant
They think the dark face is smuggle waiting in cases
Bags inspected, now we arrested
Attention directed to contents of our intestines

Urinanalysis followed by X-rays

Interrogated and detained to damn near the next day
No evidence, no apology and no regard
Even for the big American rap star
For us especially, us most especially
A Mr. Nigga VIP jail cell just for me
If I knew you were coming, I'd have baked a cake
Just got some shoe-polish, painted my face
They say they want you successful
But then they make it stressful
You start keeping pace, they start changing up the
tempo

Now, who is the cat riding out on the town?
State trooper wanna stop in his ride, pat him down
Mr. Nigga, Nigga Nigga
He got the speakers in the trunk
With the bass on crunk

Now, who is the cat with the hundred dollar bill
They gotta send it to the back to make sure the shit is
real?
Mr. Nigga, Nigga Nigga
Nigga Nigga Nigga Nigga

You can laugh and criticize Michael Jackson if you
wanna
Woody Allen, molested and married his step-daughter
Same press kicking dirt on Michael's name
Show Woody and Soon-Ye at the playoff game, holding
hands
Well, sit back and just bug, think about that
Would he get that type of dap if his name was Woody
Black?
OJ found innocent by a jury of his peers
They been fucking with that nigga for last five years
Is it fair, is it equal, is it just, is it right?
Do they do the same shit when the defendant face is
white?
If white boys doing it, well, it's success
When I start doing, well, it's suspect

Don't hate me, my folks is poor, I just got money
America's five centuries deep in cotton money
You see a lot of brothers caked up, yo straight up
It's new, y'all living off of slave traders paper
But I'm a live though, yo, I'm a live though
Putting up the big swing for my kids, yo
Got my mom the fat water-front crib, yo
I'm a get her them pretty bay windows
I'm a cop a nice home to provide in
A safe environment for seeds to reside in

A fresh whip for my whole family to ride in
And if I'm still Mr. Nigga, I won't find it surprising

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