

## **Mos Def**

### **"Mrnigga"**

Visit "[Mrnigga](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Say ho, everybody say ho  
By the way yo  
I said shake your soul like way back in the day-yo  
By the way yo, everybody say ho  
Everybody say hooooo- hooo  
Everybody say ho

And check it out now  
Who is the cat eatin out on the town  
And make the whole dining room turn they head round  
Mr Nigga, Nigga Nigga  
He got the speakers in the trunk with the bass on crunk  
Who be ridin up in the highrise elevator  
Other tenants who be prayin 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 ccause his pockets stay  
swoll'  
Could afford to get up and be anywhere he go  
V.I.P. at the club, backstage at the show  
(Yes y'all) the best crib, the best clothes  
Hottest whips on the road neck and wrists on froze (say  
word)  
Checks with O's o-o-o-o-ohs  
Straight all across the globe watch got three time-  
zones  
Keep the 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 (woo-woo) 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 cat dining out on the town

Maitre'd 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 buyin wears  
With the tourists who be askin 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 get with they 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  
They 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 talkin about, "Excuse me"  
Her lips curl up into a tight space  
Cause 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 on my water glass  
An hour later here she comes by walkin past  
"I hate to be a pest but my son would love your  
autograph"  
(Wowwww.. Mr. Nigga I love you, I have all your  
albums!..)  
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 over seas 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 weight in they  
cases  
Bags inspected, now we arrested  
Attention directed to contents of our intestines  
Urinalysis followed by X-rays  
Interrogated and detained til damn near the next day  
No evidence, no appology 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 keepin pace, they start changin up the tempo

Now, who is cat riding out on the town  
State trooper wanna stop him 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

You can laugh and criticize Michael Jackson if you  
wanna  
Woody Allen, molested and married his step-daughter  
Same press kickin dirt on Michael's name  
Show Woody and Soon-Yi at the playoff game, holdin  
hands  
Sit back and just bug, think about that  
Would he get that type of dap if his name was Woody  
Black?  
O.J. found innocent by a jury of his peers  
And they been fuckin with that nigga for last five years  
Is it fair, is it equal, is it just, is it right?  
Do you do the same shit when the defendent face is  
white?  
If white boys doin it, well, it's success  
When I start doin, 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 livin off of slave traders paper  
But I'm a live though, yo I'm a live though  
I'm puttin 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 suprisin

Visit [Mos Def](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.