

## Sandra Pires

### "Nigga For Hire"

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(You can march like the white man  
you can talk like him, you can - you can learn his songs  
you can - you can even wear his suits  
but you ain't never gon' be nothin to him but a ugly-ass  
chimp)

(Blackman)  
(Don't sell out)

[ VERSE 1: Hardhead ]

Put yourself in the shoes of my color  
In a position of power we're known to turn on one  
another  
We're seen wherever 'help wanted' signs are hung  
Slave driven to get a white man's job done  
We're likely to take jobs at the welfare  
Behind the desk lookin down on the poor from a leather  
chair  
Nose turned up and givin orders  
To someone's young black teenage daughter  
Starin her down like she's a tramp  
At the same time explainin why you cut off her food  
stamps  
A black race that needs therapy  
Cause the workplace is now a modern day slavery  
Tryin to gain brownie points and respect  
Frontin when the government's also signin your check  
When the boss says "fetch" you bring  
It's like, "Give it to Mikey, he'll eat anything"  
With the idiotic grin of a moron  
Dissin your color over a book of damn coupons  
Get a grip is my personal gesture  
These type of blacks should be buried like a treasure  
So many blacks you'll burn till the day you retire  
You're just another nigga for hire

(Don't sell out)  
(Don't sell out)  
(Don't sell out)  
(Blackman)  
(Don't sell out)

[ VERSE 2: Hardhead ]

Starin out the window as I gaze in wonder  
How these negro cops are takin their own kind under  
A gun, a badge and a dark color uniform  
Makes me wonder what kinda dope cops be on  
Friday night and the corner's buckwild  
Two cops pull up wearing a cemetary smile  
Before questioning the oreo's makin a scene  
Got a brother's balls split searchin my jeans  
Only to find a hard dick  
And for that I'm publicly pistol-whipped  
Mr. Ritz Cracker enjoys the scenery  
I'm handcuffed and put in the backseat  
I'm out in a heartbeat, right back on the street  
A brother of six but number six is a black sheep  
What the officer did was totally apparent  
A color of black but that bullshit was transparent  
These types are not hard to come by or get  
Ass-kissers to protect a paycheck  
Gomer Pyle stays behind the steering wheel  
Leavin homicides to him, rapes and drug deals  
9 times out of 10 their own color they're killin  
Pullin his piece on seven year old children  
Gimme a break, these types need coffins  
It sounds comical but I grew up around orphans  
Leftover-ass lawmen, their time to expire  
These niggas for hire

(Don't sell out)

(Don't sell out)

(Don't sell out)

(Blackman)

(Don't sell out)

[ VERSE 3: Hardhead ]

Girlfriend was cute and fine  
But one thing: the bitch was color blind  
She said she went to Harvard  
I met her at a time when you could say I was starvin  
But I had a talent in rappin  
Seemed like overnight shit started happenin  
She took me home to meet her folks  
Right away pops quoted corny shit Shakespeare wrote  
Mom sits down to the table  
And gives me a autographed picture of Clark Gable?  
They reminded me of my last name  
Considered themselves upperclassmen but a bunch of  
lames  
Father and daughter eatin caviar  
When I'm thinkin of makin the daughter my personal

porn star  
I'm sure her parents knew I wanted to knock her  
This Mary Lou Retton type of a girl who was too proper  
To be my complexion  
She was, but never felt a real nigga's erection  
We had chemistry for the formula I was fixin  
When we got together I felt like I was race-mixin  
So I ended the affair not with a bang but a nut  
I liked everything about her till her mouth opened up  
I cut her off to avoid slappin her  
A perfect couple but one color was out of character  
What's these type of people's desire  
Another sample of a nigga for hire

(Don't sell out)  
(Don't sell out)  
(Don't sell out)  
(Blackman)  
(Don't sell out)

(Nigga, you ain't nothin but the white man's dog)  
(Don't sell out)  
(Blackman)  
(Don't sell out)  
(Nigga, you ain't nothin but the white man's dog)  
(Don't sell out)  
(Blackman)  
(Don't sell out)

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