

Da Brat F/ Mystikal**"U Still a aggiN"**

Visit "[U Still a aggiN](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

{Willie D}

Mama's outside, barbecuing ribs and links,
It's Juneteenth, but to me it don't mean stink.
It's a day of emancipation, but everybody wonder why
Willie ain't celebrating.
But things ain't perfect.
I'm looking beyond the surface.
So instead of drinking beer, and playing Dominoes,
I'm sitting in the room with my eyes closed.

(chorus - K-Rino - some Jamaican)

White man and the mental yet ta black ol'shade,
White man and the mental yet ta black ol'shade?
For tellin' black mon no matta the dum'smarta rich
If the matta mo'mon jus a white mon's bitch
De givin us crack to let the ghetto people
Coming to the problem of the world,
blaming racial discrimination when they fuckin' up the
self,
Willie D slap the thigh, and K-Rino crack despise
black mon get the government dick out ya eyez

(Willie D)

Follow me now, see, as I get a little deeper,
they think I'm a drug dealer, 'cause I wear a beeper.
But if I wasn't black, and I talked all proper,
they probably think I was a doctor.
I try to have the finest things in life,
but when I get'em, they say I'm not living right.
They search my house and car for no reason,
like it's muthafuckin' goddamn nigga season.
And it is when U think about it,
they hurt yo'ass, treat U like an animal, and bragg
about it.
It's like a cop turnin' vicious as a 12-gauge
no wonder why he gets his picture on the front page.
Now even if you're light, and damn near white,
you'll get smoked, B-cuz yo' in the same boat tryin'
to surround yourself with white
folks in your video,
like Paula Abdul she's a silly ho.

Although U only might be one-percent black troop,
they still consider you a mook.
But she say's she ain't black, so how da'FUCK she
figga?.
Yo bitch, u still a nigga.

(chorus - K-Rino - some Jamaican I imagine???)
Government broke in my house with they guns
so they busin' and breakin' cos' they paid to no one
Now they have a murder rap and they makin no stros
so I'm facin' incarceration in the police station,
There wasn't a bitch or a wicked assassin
since they comment homicide
offering to tend protection
resist conviction
cos the shot from da'honest white mon
now to hear some muthafuckin run.

(Willie D)
True niggas retaliate, they don't run.
I say we niggas 'cos they treat us like scum.
So get a nose job like Michael Jackson
Go to a white school, and change your accent.
U STILL A NIGGA, so how da'fuck U figga
since U moved out da'neighborhood,
and datin' a peckerwood,
that you're different from the rest of the clan.
Tryin' to get a job, and count how many doors slam.
Goddamn, I'm on a row.
I can't forget about my bald head hoes
To some, it's a fashion,
to wear weave and pony tails,
but the other hoes wanna be white girls.
Whodini said "Be Yourself, Trooper,"
U don't see white folks tryin' to act BLACK do ya.
So why U laughin' at the brotha in dreads,
u neet to get the chemicals out yo'own motherfuckin'
heads!
No matter how U aim and change your game
and rearrange your frame, U STILL A NIGGA!!!

Visit [Da Brat F/ Mystikal](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.