

## **Mercedes F/ A-Lexxus, Mr. Serv-On**

### **"Suburban Nightmare"**

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

(Verse 1)

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 wanna 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 accuse me of robbin' myself  
Never seen a brother with wealth  
Hell, I thought I was big, and now I'm trapped in the  
house  
'Cause the cops got my crib staked out  
The police chief is runnin' for comissioner  
But if I get outta this, chief, I'm gettin' ya  
Cheif needs a cover-up plan 'cause he heard I'm  
famous  
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

Huh

Yeah

My suburban nightmare

(Verse 2)

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', I'ma straight up kill it  
I'm a black man on the come-up, I got done up  
And roughed up by a cop tryin' to get hooked up  
I got a meal and I just sealed two more deals  
And now I'm runnin' from the cops? This ain't real!

You see, the cops sent Amos in to play that role,  
Be a burglar and rob my home?  
They offered him a deal and then took it back  
Ol' Amos should have signed them a contract  
Cheif walks in talkin' that +nigga+ smack  
\*punch\* "oof!" "+nigga, take+ 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 wanna smear me  
My suburban nightmare

Suburban nightmare

(Verse 3)

I used to eat pig feet, now I'm eatin' lobster  
Gettin' my check, boy, the 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 mil' can't make my race change  
It can make the pace change, but it won't maintain  
I can't go outside to jog  
'Cause my next-door neighbor got a prejudiced dog  
But it's America, home of the free  
Life in the 'burbs ain't nothin' like TV  
Now I'm runnin' from the cop clan  
'Cause my neighborhood told the cops: "It was a black  
man"  
Mr. and Mrs. Gilman next door  
Puffin' on a joint, kinky to the core  
And that's the typical role model  
White picket fence, big house and a bottle  
Who can I blame for the stereotypical mix-up?  
The innocent again get tricked up  
Things is supposed to change when you grow to my  
size  
Open your eyes to my suburban nightmare

\*black woman laughing\*  
Huh!  
My suburban nightmare  
\*black woman laughing\*  
My suburban nightmare  
\*black woman laughing\*

Visit [Mercedes F/ A-Lexus, Mr. Serv-On](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.