Mr. Nigga (feat. Q-Tip)

Mos Def

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 hoAnd 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 crunkWho 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-zonesKeep 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 crunkNow, who is the cat at Armani buying wares
With the tourists who be asking him, "Do you work here?"
Mr. Nigga, Nigga Nigga
Nigga NiggaYo, 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 feelLike, 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 gasped
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 intestinesUrinanalyis 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 tempoNow, 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 crunkNow, 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 NiggaYou 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 suspectDon'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

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/