

Nas, N.I.G.G.E.R. (The Slave and the Master)

They say we N-I-double-G-E-R, we are
Much more, still we choose to ignore
The obvious, man this history don't acknowledge us
We were scholars long before colleges
They say we N-I-double-G-E-R, we are
Much more, but still we choose to ignore
The obvious, we are the slave and the master
What you lookin' for? You the question and the answer

We trust no black leaders, use the stove to heat us
Powdered eggs and government cheeses
The calendars with Martin, JFK and Jesus
Gotta be fresh to go to school with fly sneakers
Schools with outdated books, we are the forgotten
Summers, coolin' off by the fire hydrant
Yeah I'm from the ghetto
Where old black women talk about their sugar level - it's not unusual
To see photos of dead homie's funerals
Aluminum foil on TV antennas
Little TV sit on top the big TV, eating TV dinners
Girls dye their hair with Kool-Aid
They gave us lemons, we made lemonade
But this nigger's payed, ancestry of slaves
Descendant of kings, it's necessary I - bling
Put rims on everything, where Timbs on every scene

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Do I mean it like a slave master, nigger?
No I'm gangsta, gotta eat rappers
My abbreviation was young when I caught the cases
That should mean the court could see my changes, take off the bracelets
Savers went broke, smokes, our diesel, need no Bowflex
My chest still cut up like a bag of dope
Thought patterns consist of boss matters
Spit Moses' lost commandments like a growth sandwich out my mouth
Toast to government cameras peepin' us, every week I must
Have my cars, homes and phones squeaked for bugs
But this is what I was dreamin' of
Between cuttin' hard coke with new razors slicin' my fingers up
They used to string us up, we wanted everything
But the one bringin' us cake be the snakes like the
Like the New Jack City wedding scene
No time for mistake, tryna get it like Medellin

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{My nig', what up my nig'? Yep!}
People afraid of criticism
But I always put myself in a sacrificial position

They been know I ain't just rappin for fame
I got my old homie, half-sister's father askin' for chains
Yep, I get it cash up, this paper don't matter
They see me from skinny to fatter, when I rap about war
They got a tendency to scatter, they ain't my backup no more
So now my enemies are at my front door
'Cause anytime we mention our condition, our history or existence
They callin' it reverse racism
Still to this day the streets torn - my brother Jung'
I'll always have a seat for him - not behind me, beside me
You'll always know where to find me
They say the close ones will hurt you
So let's keep a small circle
On the road to riches and diamond rings
In the land of the blind, the man with one eye is the king

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