

# 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 ho And 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 crunk Who 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-zones Keep 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 crunk Now, who is the cat at Armani buying wares  
With the tourists who be asking him, "Do you work here?"  
Mr. Nigga, Nigga Nigga  
Nigga Nigga Yo, 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 feel  
 Like, 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 intestines  
 Urinanalysis 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 tempo  
 Now, 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 crunk  
 Now, 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 Nigga  
 You 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 suspect Don'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 <https://www.songarea.com/>