

# Another Naive Individual Glorifying Greed & Encouraging Racism

Big K.R.I.T.

I want you all to go to your windows  
Go to your windows and yell out  
Scream with all the life that you can muster up inside your bruised, assaulted and battered bodies:

"I am sick and tired of being a nigger!"

I don't wanna be another nigga  
Tell the government  
I don't wanna be another nigga  
Tell them white folk  
I don't wanna be another nigga  
Tell them black folk  
I don't wanna be another nigga  
Tell the world  
I don't wanna be another nigga

Waitin' with my hands out  
Broke in the hood, they give a damn 'bout  
Braggin' to my homies 'bout the hoes I fucked  
Drinkin' bottles after bottle, plus I smoke too much  
I never had a job that would pay me well  
I took what I could cause they gave me hell  
Spend what I stole on some clothes and kicks  
My ex-girl say I won't amount to shit  
But she suck and fuck when my car roll up  
Tried to fuck her sister but she talk too much  
Her mama shake her head whenever I come 'round  
Whatever high I had when I saw her might come down  
I barely go to church but I say I will  
I bow my head right before I eat my meal  
The world's fucked up and they claimin' I'm to blame  
It's a damn shame, cause

Waitin' on a play to come through  
Chillin' with my homeboys plottin' on you  
Watchin' movies how to come up quick  
Recruiting young niggas I can come up with  
Barely read books, but they down to shoot  
Live life breakin rules, they got something to prove  
Parents ain't around they got nothing to lose  
Wave the tool on a fool for some brand new shoes  
Little child runnin' wild in the streets  
Wanna be a G so he look up to me  
Try to hit the block and make a name  
Claim he caught a body now he got it and he feeling all the same  
Till the family of the victim come knocking  
Bailing through the corners of the ghetto till they shot him  
Youth still dyin' and they claimin' I'm to blame  
It's a damn shame, cause

Always tryna' sell you something  
Don't really know shit, but tryna' tell you something  
Tap dance if you want him to  
Coulda' fed the hungry but he bought them jewels  
Won't ever look back cause he gotta keep movin'  
Even if he leave his own people Bamboozled  
Takin' credit like he did it by himself

Too much pride to realize that he really had help  
Always judge a man by his wealth  
He ain't me so he can't feel how I felt  
He saw me walkin' and he ain't look back - too scared  
We make eye contact:  
So he can say he didn't see me when he drove by  
And I could say he didn't see me and it's alright  
He just want the fame from the game, it's a shame  
I bet he think I'm just another nigga

[Hook]