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cheeses The calendars with Martin, JFK and Jesus Gotta be fresh to go to school with fly sneakers Schools with outdated books, we are the forgotten Summers, coolin off by the fire hydrant Yeah I'm from the ghetto Where old black women talk about their sugar level - it's not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 Aluminium foil on TV antennas Little TV sit on top the big TV, eating TV dinners Girls die their hair with Kool-Aid They gave us lemons, we made lemonade But this nigger's payed, ancestral slaves Descendant of kings, it's necessary I - bling Put rims on everything, where tims 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 Bought 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 metering

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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 hasslin to 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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