

Suburban Nightmare

Sir Mix-A-Lot

You can check my blackness, fact is
I'm rough as a cactus
Now I gotta change what I practice
So I went to the suburbs and bought me a big house
And now they wanna run a brother out?
I'm a well-educated young maker of revenue
Rollin' in a big black BMW
So I'm supposed to fit because I'm straight legit
But the police STILL wanna trip
They accuse me of robbin' myself
Never seen a brother with wealth
Hell, I thought I was big, and now I'm trapped in the house
'Cause the cops got my crib staked out
The police chief is runnin' for commissioner
But if I get outta this, chief, I'm gettin' ya
Chief needs a cover-up plan 'cause he heard I'm famous
Called a crazy white boy, name was Amos
I thought Amos was a burglar
But when he saw me, he said I never heard of ya
He couldn't tell north from south
But Amos was my only way out
of this suburban nightmare

Huh
Yeah
My suburban nightmare

I may not look like Beaver, but you don't either
I bought a big house for the breather
Even in the suburbs, cops are my enemy
And all the rich liberals ain't friendly
So Amos got a shotgun and I got a skillet
Anything movin', I'ma straight up kill it
I'm a black man on the come-up, I got done up
And roughed up by a cop tryin' to get hooked up
I got a meal and I just sealed two more deals
And now I'm runnin' from the cops? This ain't real!
You see, the cops sent Amos in to play that role,
Be a burglar and rob my home?
They offered him a deal and then took it back
Ol' Amos should have signed them a contract
Chief walks in talkin' that +nigga+ smack
punch "oof!" "+nigga, take+ that!"
Now they want me for attempted murder
The craziest case that a brother ever heard of
The neighborhood fears me, they're scared to get near me
The cops wanna smear me
My suburban nightmare

Suburban nightmare

I used to eat pig feet, now I'm eatin' lobster
Gettin' my check, boy, the hell with them proper
Life still ain't changed 'cause I gotta get my hustle on
Just to get these cops gone
Four or five mil' can't make my race change
It can make the pace change, but it won't maintain

I can't go outside to jog
'Cause my next-door neighbor got a prejudiced dog
But it's America, home of the free
Life in the 'burbs ain't nothin' like TV
Now I'm runnin' from the cop clan
'Cause my neighborhood told the cops: "It was a black man"
Mr. and Mrs. Gilman next door
Puffin' on a joint, kinky to the core
And that's the typical role model
White picket fence, big house and a bottle
Who can I blame for the stereotypical mix-up?
The innocent again get tricked up
Things is supposed to change when you grow to my size
Open your eyes to my suburban nightmare

Huh!

My suburban nightmare

My suburban nightmare