

# N.I.\*.\*.E.R. (The Slave and the Master)

Nas

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Gotta be fresh to go to school with fly sneakers Schools with outdated books, we are the  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  
Its not unusual to see photos of dead homie's funerals  
Aluminum foil on TV antennas  
Little TV sit on top the big TV, eatin TV dinners  
Girls dye their hair with Kool-Aid They gave us lemons, we made lemonade  
But this nigger's paid, ancestral slaves  
Descendant of kings, it's necessary I bling  
Put rims on everythin, wear tims on every scene They say we N I double G E R  
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We are the slave and the master  
What you lookin for? You the question and the answer  
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 gross 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 everythin  
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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We are the slave and the master  
What you lookin for? You the question and the answer  
(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 hassles to father, askin for change  
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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