

NRICH

Killer Mike

Niggas do a lot of shootin', niggas do a lot of shootin'
Niggas shoot off at the mouth
Niggas shoot pool, niggas shoot craps
Niggas cut around the corners and shoot down the street
Niggas shoot sharp glances at white women
Niggas shoot dope into their arm
Niggas shoot guns and rifles on New Year's Eve
A New Year that is coming in where white police will do more shooting at the
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Where are niggas when the revolution needs some shots?

Rollin' with my nigga, rich niggas, these is my nigga rolls
Jesus was a nigga, my nigga killed 'em, my nigga rose
I know you love me runnin' the jewels, but these my nigga flows
Love 'em like that dumb spit pimp love that nigga ho
And that's word to Michael in Fresh, the realest niggas know
That's the movies niggas should watch, fuck Scarface and Blow
You still talkin' New Jack City, that's why you niggas poor
I open Greenwood to show niggas that we is more
Than stickin' green under the beams in mama's wooden floor
And I know some secrets that negro leaders'll never know
I was in cahoots with the spooks that sat by master's door
When the revolution let loose, they cuttin' master's throat
Ayy, in the eighties as babies, we sold master's dope
Labeled us a nuisance, they used the courts like noose and rope
Us poorer nigga babies
We gave ourselves to slavery
Nigga rich, we made it
We should be celebrated

Oh, run up them millions
Oh, then build a village
Oh, then make your own rules
Fuck what they told you
Don't let 'em own you
Black and bright, black as night, black and brilliant
Walk by faith, not by sight, stand resilient
Truth always comes to life, time reveals it
Time reveals it

Black like my name, nigga, shit what I know
I don't make friends, hop out and then I go
I don't pick sides, only my niggas and they niggas
We gon' turn the streets from projects into pillars
Pray all of my niggas organize and strategize
Enemies are lurkin' 'round the way like camouflage
I'ma be a nigga, get the picture 'fore I die
This is not a film, this is real, realize
Forty-three for combat, hit 'em right in they contact
All my niggas abstract and we tight like we compact
Niggas carjack 'cause they jam-packed and sidetracked
Came through our hoods, they ransacked, we pushed back

Black like my skin, woah, black like a Benz, woah
Black like my friends, you see black in the end, woah
Don't parlay with opps, but I can if you kinfolk
Got it like a syndrome, nothin' rich as my skin tone

Yeah
Know we really should be celebrated
But like everything else, we gotta fight for it, so
I'ma put on the gloves

Let me state it, I real-estated when others hated
Born at Grady, a bastard baby, the single lady
I beat the odds, without God, I probably wouldn't have made it
It's underwhelmin' to be so overly underrated
But still they witnessin' all the riches of nigga richness
Singin' and dancing's essentially just a nigga business
But nigga business can turn niggas on to bigger business
They used to own us, but now we owners, that's independence
My phone is figures, I talked to Randell 'bout bigger figures
I told him, "I want a hundred mill'," he said, "Think bigger"
Fuck livin' average, I had to go savage to get lavish
I went from wearin' them leanin' that matches eyes embarrassed
And now I move through the Louvre smooth when I'm in Paris
My jewelry flashy, my shirts is garish, I'm drippin' ashes
On finest fabrics while in the back of a German carriage
Same birth date as Hitler, but fuck him, I'm a nigga

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Ooh
Love, said, love
Said, me