

# 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