

Fetus

Franco Battiato

Yeah, I want all my niggas to come journey with me
My name is Nas, and the year is 1973
Beginning of me, therefore I could see
Through my belly button window, who I am
I existed in a womb, just like an Abyss
Came from behind the sun, my hands balled in a fist
Punching on my moms stomach, kicking on her cervix
Twitching 'cause I'm nervous, thought my intended purpose
Was to be born to reign, not in scorn or vain
But to take on a name, that my pops chose for me
Bloodstream full of indo, developing eyes
Nine month process, infant size
A prophet in his early stage, his mother in the early 30s
Was married to pops wishin' what she carried would drop
I'm not worthy to come from a women so pure, Ann Jones
Flesh of her flesh, blood of her blood, her blood and bones
Hearin' prayers, she askin' for my good health
That I become a man and learn to make a way for myself
Nervous she was, and her paranoia got in my blood
Mixed with Marijuana from my daddy's genes
Lotta screams I'm hearin', it's crazy
Both parents is scrappin'
I'm not even a baby
A miscarriage can happen
I shot my way out my mom dukes
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Yo, they must wanna keep me, 'cause 4 months pass, I'm still alive
Guess I got what they call a Ill Will to survive
When I look hard the lights is killin' my eyes
I know when moms is layin' down, I get bored, start to get live
Move side to side, hear loud music and vibe
All black babies are born with rhythm, that's no lie
Solar energize, mineralize food flowin' through my mothers tube
I'm covered in this thick layer of goo
Month two was the least most comfortable
My umbilical cord choking me but month 3 was closer, see
That's when pops took moms to see the doc at the clinic

But I was saved, he changed his mind in the last minute
Watchin' 'em yell, heard my moms voice well
Feared fist fights, so terrified when we fell
While they broke up furniture and smashed plates on the wall
I wondered if I am born, will I be safe at all
This place they call the world though my view was so large
Couldn't wait to get out, and grow up and take charge
Month 5, Month 6 went by, hopin' I'm born in July
But the Lord already figured out a date and time, Septemeber 14th, '73
Get ready world, doctors in the front waitin' for me
Arms open 'cause they know when I drop, alot of shit's gon' stop
See how the goverment will start re-training cops
Month 9, I'm a week over due, the labor induced
Pops told my moms, "Push and take deep breaths too
Stay calm", holdin' her arm, I'm trying to hold on
Surgical gloves touching my scalp, my head pops out
Everything is blurry, my first breath screams out
Tears pouring down my pops face he's so proud
Wantin' to hold me, but I was so bloody
They washed me off and he said, "At least that nigga ain't ugly"
Placed me in his arms snuggly, laid me on my mother
Finally, I got to see who held me in her body
She love me, and yo I plan to overthrow the devil
Y'all about to see this world in trouble
Motherfuckers

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