

Black Republican (feat. JAY Z)

Nas

I know you can feel the magic baby

Turn the mother**** lights down

Esco whuttup?

I mean, it's what you expected ain't it?

Let's goTurn the music up and the headphones

Yeah, that's perfect

You got to take your time make a **** wait on this mother****

You make **** mad and **** like**** usually start rappin' after 4-bars

**** go in

Let's start dancin' in this mother****

Yeah, we just come outta nowhereI feel like a Black Republican, money I got comin' in

Can't turn my back on the hood, I got love for them

Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em

Probably end up back of the hood, I'm like '**** it then'Huddlin' over the oven, we was like brothers then

Though you was nothin' other than a son of my mother's friend

We had governin', who would of thought the love would end

Like ice cold album, all good thingsNeva thought we sing the same song that all hood sang

Thought it was all wood-grain, all good brain

You wouldn't bicker like the other fools talk good game

Neva imagine all the disasters that one could reignCould bring, should blame the game, and I could

It's kill or be killed, how could I refrain?

And foreva be in debt, that's neva a good thing

To the pressure for success can put a good strainOn a friend you call best and yes it could bring

Out the worst in every person, even the good an' sane

Though we rehearsed, it just ain't the same

When you put in the game at age sixteenThen you mix things like cars, jewelry and miss things

Jealousy, ego and pride, and this brings

It all to a head like a coin, cha-ching

The route evil strikes again, this could stingNow the team got beef between the Post and the Point

This puts the ring in jeopardy indefinitelyI feel like a Black Republican, money I got comin' in

Can't turn my back on the hood, I got love for them

Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em

Probably end up back of the hood, I'm like '**** it then'I feel like a black militant takin' over the government

Can't turn my back on the hood, too much love for them

Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em

Probably end up back in the hood, I'm like, '**** it then'I'm back in the hood, they like, 'Hey Nas'

Blowin' on purp', reflectin' on they lives

Couple of fat cats, couple of A.I.'s

Dreamin' of fly **** instead of them gray skiesGray 5's, hatah's wishin' our reign dies

Pitch, sling pies, and ***** they sing, "Why"?
Guess they ain't strong enough to handle their jail time
Weak minds, keep tryin', follow the street signs I'm standin' on the roof of my building
I'm feelin' the whirlwind of beef, I inhale it
Just like an acrobat ready to hurl myself through the hoops of fire
Sippin' 80 proof, bulletproof under my attire Could it be the forces of darkness
Against hood angels of good that forms street politics
Makes a sweet honest kid turn illegal for commerce
To get his feet out of them Converse, that's my word I feel like a Black Republican, money keep comin' in
Can't turn my back on the hood, I got love for them
Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em
Probably end up back of the hood, I ***** it then I feel like a black militant takin' over the government
Can't turn my back on the hood, too much love for them
Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em
Probably end up back in the hood, I'm like, '***** it then'

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