The Prediction

Nas

[Rich Nice]
What's happenin brothers and sisters?
Welcome to our time[Jessica Care Moore]
Afro-Angels hide my weapons in tangles
Black Star Spangled, fragile like hematite with the East oils I write
In spite the lack of sunlight, got my battle boots tight
Now that the government's gone, can't tell your left from your right
We the assassins laughin while the New World's collapsin
Mother Earth's ribs crashed in, armored carways I'm blastin
As the Earth rebels now womb swells
The birth of Black Magic, savin my people force of habit
You can't find if you ain't never had it
Spiritually crafted blackness and hair-twisted ghetto embargo lifted
Power-shiftin comb-fistin I predict Goddesses you runnin after witches
I kiss my fourteen stitches
Keep all my baby girl wishes
I predict all the oceans turn dry
Not one baby girl will cry as you attempt to grow broccoli from the desert
We will take our pregnant bodies, drink from underground rivers
Wash your face between our legs
While recreating humanity, we will summon yem and yaw
Search for our fertility, ban all pink and yellow pills
Ban all pink and yellow pills
I predict killing fields of ghetto armpatch anti-Hatch
Hate groups will be bombed
Childbirth becomes outlawed
Always will be branded numbered and barred
All paper money is gone
Though few scholars can interpret our scrolls
Your sky has holes
We know the young is old
Nastradamus tell us how the story gets told
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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