

# A Message to the Feds, Sincerely, We the People

Nas

Get ready get prepared

This is Prophecy, God is with us I walk the block like whatever god, my message to y'all feds

Who desperate to arrest us young, benevolent hard heads

Abrochrombie and Finch rockin', wrist glistenin' marksman

Hitchcock of Hip-Hop since Big Pop departed

The project logic is still salute the dead, glocks spit

Pour some juice out for those in Manchester, View Mount

Otis Ville, Newasberg, Fort Dicks, Fort Worth, Oakdale

Every fed jail where all my dawgs lurk war hurts much to gain Till the day we all say may your pain be  
champagne

Then we all blaze away at our enemies, may they die easily

Long as they perish forever what freedom means to me

Blowin' greenery, growing eager to see evil things

Thrown away, zonin' gray, GT, Diesel jeans airs and chucks

Solitaires, stones with the rarest cuts on some pretty tone shit

Haircut looks airbrushed and they're aware of us though

And we don't give a flyin' 747 fuck though stayin' on my hustle A message to those who trapped us up

From Federal guys who backed them up

We never will die, we black and tough

Lead in your eye, we strapped to bust

Half of us been locked up inside the beast

Look at the time we see Brooklyn to Compton streets

Queens, even the Congo needs dreams

Our bullets and triggers our enemies pullin'

On innocent women and children

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