Fetus

Nas

Yeah
I want all my n****s 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 straight from spirit land, my hands balled in a fist
Punching on my moms stomach, kicking on her cervix
Twitching cause I'm nervousThought my intended purpose
Was to be born to reign, not in scorn or vain
But to take on a name, my pops chose for me
Bloodstream full of indoDeveloping eyes looking out my belly button window
My father's face wears a frown
And I'm wondering if they even want me around
'Cause I'll go back to spirit townSo I could rest longer before I come back down
The chute again, in the near future when
My moms and pops can agree on this
Was here before but my moms saw her gynocologistHe dumped me off, first they want me then turn around and they don't
You got a 120 days do what you want
But as for me coming back this be my last time
Abort me, keep me, give me away, make up ya mind[Nas]
I shot my way out my mom dukes
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They must want to keep me, cause 4 months past and I'm still alive
Guess I got what you call an ill-will to surviveWhen I look hard the lights is killing my eyes
I know when moms is laying down cause I get bored and start to get live
Move side to side hear loud music and vibe
All black babies are born with rhythm that's no lieSolar energize, mineralize food through my mothers tube
I'm covered in this thick layer of goo
Month two was the least most comfortable
My umbilical cord choking meBut month 3 was closer, see
that's when pops took moms to see the doc at the clinic
But I was saved cause he changed his mind in the last minute
Watching 'em yell, heard my moms voice wellFeared 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 largeCouldn't wait to get up, grow up and take charge
Month 5, Month 6 went by, hoping I'm born in July
But the Lord already figured out a date and time

Septemeber 14th, 73Get ready world, doctors in the front waiting for me
Arms open cause they know when I drop, a lot of s***'s gonna stop
See how the government will start re-training cops
Month 9, I'm a week over due, the labor inducedPops told my moms to push and take deep breaths too
Said stay calm, holding her arm, I'm trying to hold on
Surgical gloves touching my scalp, my head pops out
Everything blurry, my first breath screams outTears pouring down my pops face he's so proud
Wanted to hold me, but I was so bloody
They washed me off and he said "At least that n**** ain't ugly!"
Placed me in his arms snuggly, laid me on my motherFinally, I got to see who held me in her body
She loved me,and I plan to over through the devil
why'all bout to see this world in trouble
Motherf***ers...

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