

Untitled

Nas

No revolutionary gets old
Or so I'm told
You're left full of bullet-holes
When you tell the people go free
Oh, it's a matter of days before they try to take me
I heard gunshots rang
His bullet got my name
I ain't see him take aim
I dreamt this day came
'Cause I stood in the face of damnation
Satan, spat at him, flat out disgraced him
He want my blood; why me?
Why not the fake ones who deserve death, man
Fuck it, I'll take one
Can stop me but can't stop a whole nation
Of millions who feel you deceived them
They believing reparation makes it even
So I'm deadly now because of one reason
They listening
In Budapest, Japan, China, and Switzerland
We getting it in, son
Another bullet passed by--missed me
Wondering who plotting to get me
Alphabet boys still plotting against me
To hush me up and stuff me in the pockets of history
You won't remember why they came to clip me
When time go by, you'll soon forget me
They say he was the king of bling, jewels, and Bentley's
Then they use one of my lines just to prove I'm guilty
Don't let them kill me
Some revolutionaries do live long
Am I one of them? Guess we'll know in due time
Everybody has rights, can I use mine?
Can I rock shine? Can I have a girl that's too fine?
Got a swell life, tell me, will I lose mine?
Every time I turn around somebody new dying
Let's start living
Ala carte escargot, Escobar, invest my millions
Mansion for the wife, the rest for the children

Knowing that they coming any time, but until then
I'm at large until they shoot me
Million dollar stones and my camouflage Gucci
Giving you this crack like Pookie
To question the system
Be the resistance
No matter what color you are
Everybody nigga's
You can stand by and watch
Or you can march on with us

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