

# 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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