

Black President

Nas

And though it seems heaven sent
We ain't ready to have a black president
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We ain't ready to have a black president Yes, we can change the world
Change the world, they said And though it seems heaven sent
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The world, the world, the world They forgot us on the block
Got us in the box, solitary confinement
How violent are these cops?
They need an early retirement How many rallies will I watch?
I ain't got it in me to march
I got a semi to spark
The game's in a drought Public housin, projects cookin up in the Pyrex
My set, my click either gettin money
Or runnin from homicide trial
That's if they ain't died yet tryin to be rich Still I'm pledgin allegiance
A predicate felon, a ghetto leader
Lendin my poetical genius
To whoever may need it I bleed this from Queensbridge
Now livin with my feet up
Never defeated
So a president's needed You know these colored folks and Negroes
Hate to see one of their own succeedin
America, surprised us
And let a black man guide us And though it seems heaven sent
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The world, the world, the world Whats the black pres. thinkin on election night?
Is it how can I protect my life
Protect my wife, protect my rights?
Every other president was nothin' less than white Except Thomas Jefferson and mixed Indian blood
And Calvin coolers, KKK is like What the fuck?

Loadin' they guns up, loadin' up mines too, ready to ride
 Cause Im ridin with my crew he dies, we die too, yeahBut on a positive side
 I think Obama provides hope and challenges minds
 Of all races and colors to erase the hate
 And try and love one another, so many political snakesWe in need of a break, Im thinkin' I can trust this brotha
 But will he keep it way real?
 Every innocent nigga in jail gets out on appeal
 When he wins, will he really care still? I feelAnd though it seems heaven sent
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 The world, the world, the worldSay a prayer for, do we have to?
 You ain't right
 Jeremiah wrong pastor
 In love with a slave masterSincerely yours, USA most brave rapper
 Jesse car-jacker, Uncle Tom kidnapper
 Ask around, Bentley Coupe off the Richter
 Bitch called life, I pimped her, what?Politics, politricks, Klan-shooter
 Deacon for defense, progress producer
 Nothin on the stove, a survival-booster
 Gotta do what we gotta doWe ain't got no governors comin through to help
 Anythin we need done, we gotta do for self
 New improved JFK on the way
 It ain't the 60's again, niggas ain't hippies againWe ain't fallin for the same traps
 Standin on the balconies where they shot the King at
 McCain got apologies, ain't nobody hearin that
 People need honestyAnd though it seems heaven sent
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 The world, the world, the worldIt is my distinct honor and privilege
 To introduce to you the next
 President of the United States
 Barack Obama

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