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 presidentYes, we can change the world

Change the world, they saidAnd though it seems heaven sent

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The world, the worldThey forgot us on the block

Got us in the box, solitary confinement

How violent are these cops?

They need an early retirementHow 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 droughtPublic 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 richStill 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 neededYou 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 worldWhats 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 whiteExcept 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 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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We ain't ready to have a black presidentYes, we can change 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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