

# Dispear

## Nas & Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley

Lord, this spear, huh  
Shaka Zulu, Bobo Shanti, Nyabinghi  
Man a Mau Mau Warrior, despair, eh  
Fear and desperation, no depression can't tarry ya This spear, hey  
Ayatollah, Idi Amin, Mennelek  
Man a Masai Warrior, despair, eh  
Fear and desperation, no depression can't tarry ya This spear  
Like burning spear and such and such before me  
Who all fought for the cause and this spear, eh  
Enforcing all the laws The master of the masses  
One has power, the other one lacks it  
Guns are power, controlled by assets  
Owned by financial forecasters  
Who are the masters? They are the gangsters  
They are the bankers, the ones who tax us  
The masses, they are us  
The sheep, the people, divided in classes I go off like a Shite bomb and all y'all see I'm on my  
War paint on my face, shit, my nine mm on my waist, shit  
I'm a problem, shoot up your place, shit  
Let a few go then I get low, blazing Haze again The masters, The Wall Street War Chiefs, the elitists groups  
The masses, they pray to Jesus, saying he will see us through  
The masters are the aristocratic  
The masses ask if the Most High is on his way here  
I'm trying to stay clear, my mind is my modern day Spear Hey, I say, this spear, huh  
Shaka Zulu, Bobo Shanti, Nyabinghi  
Man a Mau Mau Warrior, despair, eh  
Fear and desperation, no depression can't tarry ya  
This spear, hey  
Ayatollah, Idi Amin, Mennelek  
Man a Masai Warrior, despair, eh  
Fear and desperation, no depression can't tarry ya This spear  
Like burning spear and such and such before me  
Who all fought for the cause and this spear, eh  
Enforcing all the laws This lead into Swiss cheese when the 5th squeeze  
Mislead, the media misleads  
Scares you to the point where you miss sleep  
With that said This lead with this Ruger and that shooter  
Sub-machine gun ratta-tat through you  
Copper tops, hollow points will do ya something bad

Our future is Mislead, three strikes  
 There's no school when a teacher strikes  
 This economy, this monopoly  
 Get no job, just own your property Now it's back to what comes natural  
 Must survive any how you have to  
 Despair, desperation  
 But I have no fear when I hold this spear Make some bwoy know mi nah smile  
 'Cause this spear nah beg friends  
 Man a run racket, man a run scheme  
 Man a run race, man a rundown Benz Can't trust a she nor we nor  
 Eye in a contact lens  
 Man a run from police and a rundown wealth  
 And dollars and nah make sense So, rise up to my defense  
 Hollow pointed is my preference  
 Should have been deterred, don't know what you heard  
 Get referred by the wrong reference When this spear start dispense  
 It a fly and a tear through fence  
 Dismember your members and all of your limbs  
 Body bust inna 'nuff segments Well, man a run drugs, man a run risk  
 Man all a run out a time and ends  
 Man a run up and down and a run fi dem life  
 And a run down this month rent Nutin' nah gwan a yard and food deh a road  
 Then man hafi go touch pavement  
 Despair was a tool that was used to enslave man  
 And make manservant Escape from Despair and Desperation  
 Becomes more urgent  
 Mankind needs to cleanse and wash out dem soul  
 With spiritual detergent A distant army, a distant relative  
 Controlling the circumference  
 And any man move with no permission  
 They're feeling the circumstance of This spear, hey  
 Shaka Zulu, Bobo Shanti, man a, eh  
 Man a Mau Mau Warrior, despair, eh  
 Fear of your recession and depression can't tarry ya This spear, hey  
 Inner city youth dem rise it up disguised as AK-47  
 This spear, eh  
 And anytime them clap it up the whole city level This spear  
 Like Burning spear and such and such before I  
 Who all fought for the cause and this spear, eh  
 They can't ignore me, no

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