

# Fetus

## Vaenus

Yeah, I want all my niggas to come journey with me  
My name is Nas, and the year is 1973  
Beginning of me, therefore I could see  
Through my belly button window, who I am  
I existed in a womb, just like an Abyss  
Came from behind the sun, my hands balled in a fist  
Punching on my moms stomach, kicking on her cervix  
Twitching 'cause I'm nervous, thought my intended purpose  
Was to be born to reign, not in scorn or vain  
But to take on a name, that my pops chose for me  
Bloodstream full of indo, developing eyes  
Nine month process, infant size  
A prophet in his early stage, his mother in the early 30s  
Was married to pops wishin' what she carried would drop  
I'm not worthy to come from a women so pure, Ann Jones  
Flesh of her flesh, blood of her blood, her blood and bones  
Hearin' prayers, she askin' for my good health  
That I become a man and learn to make a way for myself  
Nervous she was, and her paranoia got in my blood  
Mixed with Marijuana from my daddy's genes  
Lotta screams I'm hearin', it's crazy  
Both parents is scrappin'  
I'm not even a baby  
A miscarriage can happen  
I shot my way out my mom dukes  
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Yo, they must wanna keep me, 'cause 4 months pass, I'm still alive  
Guess I got what they call a Ill Will to survive  
When I look hard the lights is killin' my eyes  
I know when moms is layin' down, I get bored, start to get live  
Move side to side, hear loud music and vibe  
All black babies are born with rhythm, that's no lie  
Solar energize, mineralize food flowin' through my mothers tube  
I'm covered in this thick layer of goo  
Month two was the least most comfortable  
My umbilical cord choking me but month 3 was closer, see  
That's when pops took moms to see the doc at the clinic

But I was saved, he changed his mind in the last minute  
Watchin' 'em yell, heard my moms voice well  
Feared fist fights, so terrified when we fell  
While they broke up furniture and smashed plates on the wall  
I wondered if I am born, will I be safe at all  
This place they call the world though my view was so large  
Couldn't wait to get out, and grow up and take charge  
Month 5, Month 6 went by, hopin' I'm born in July  
But the Lord already figured out a date and time, Septemeber 14th, '73  
Get ready world, doctors in the front waitin' for me  
Arms open 'cause they know when I drop, alot of shit's gon' stop  
See how the goverment will start re-training cops  
Month 9, I'm a week over due, the labor induced  
Pops told my moms, "Push and take deep breaths too  
Stay calm", holdin' her arm, I'm trying to hold on  
Surgical gloves touching my scalp, my head pops out  
Everything is blurry, my first breath screams out  
Tears pouring down my pops face he's so proud  
Wantin' to hold me, but I was so bloody  
They washed me off and he said, "At least that nigga ain't ugly"  
Placed me in his arms snuggly, laid me on my mother  
Finally, I got to see who held me in her body  
She love me, and yo I plan to overthrow the devil  
Y'all about to see this world in trouble  
Motherfuckers

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