

Testify

Nas

Wanna dedicate this joint right here
To Johnason, Jackson, and George Jackson
Peace to those brothers
Wanna shout out, my man Sherm, the worm
80 years, come home, nigga, come home, niggas, uh
I just burnt my American flag
And sent 3 cracker Nazis to hell and I'm sad
Ugh, I'm loadin' teffs in my mag
To send these redneck biggots some death in a bag
Choke him out with his confederate flag
I know these devils are mad
Little rap fans that live way out in safe suburbia
Would you stand with me, a United States murderer, ha?
(Testify for me)
Would you testify?
You buy my songs
You buy my songs
But would you ride with me?
(Testify for me)
You understand my struggle
That's what you claim, right
(Testify for me)
And get your aim right

And get your game tight
Don't buy my songs, you don't roll with it
Comin' to concerts singin' ho and shit
Fuck y'all little, little hoe bitches
I don't need y'all, I'll go gold with it
I heard y'all was downloadin' it
Like I'm your man who be exposin' shit
Like a William Cooper who told you
The pale horse is the future
(Testify for me)
Would you testify with some realness like that?
I think you scared, I don't think you prepared, yeah
(Testify for me)
(Testify for me)
You know what I'm askin' you do

Do you know what I'm askin' you?

Wow, wow

(Testify for me)

Testify for me

Testify for me

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