

# 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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