

# Hero

Nas

[Chorus: NaS & Keri Hilson]

Chain gleaming  
Switching lanes  
Two-seating  
Hate him or love him  
For the same reason (wish)  
Can't leave it  
The games needs him  
Plus the people need someone to believe in (this)  
So in God's Son we trust  
'Cause they know I'm gonna give 'em what they want  
They looking for, a hero  
I guess that makes me, a hero[NaS]  
Another chapter  
Of the cleanest rapper  
Distinguished gentlemen  
Crooks and castle  
On his back  
Maybach-er  
Exotic lady eye-catcher  
Holla at'cha  
Call me the chiropractor  
Working like Muay Thai class  
Get pers-pire out ya  
And of course  
I've been the boss  
Since back when  
Rocking D Boy  
Fila, velor  
In a 190 black Benz  
Now they shut down the stores when I'm shopping  
Used to be train robbing  
Face covered in stocking  
I'm him![Chorus][NaS]  
Rubber-grip-holder  
Reloader  
Come at me I'ma rip your soldiers  
In half  
Silverback ape, nickle-plated mag

Young, rich, and flashy  
Young, bitch, I'm nasty  
All black clothes til ice lay on me so classy  
And every time I close my lids  
I can still see the borough, I can still see the Bridge  
I can still see the dreams that my niggas ain't never lived to see  
Tell them angels open the door for me  
From nine Berettas and moving raw  
To chilling in wine cellars  
Sticks and humidors  
That's what I call mature  
That's what I call a g  
That's what I call a pimp  
That's what I call a gangsta  
To the fullest, shit I'm tryin' to make more cream  
By every step to September 14th  
That's my dream  
So I can be more clean  
As I grow yearly  
I can see things more clearly  
That's why they fear me  
Let's go! [Chorus] [NaS]  
It's universal apartheid  
I'm hog-tied  
The corporate side  
Blocking y'all from going to stores and buying it  
First L.A. and Doug Morris was riding wit it  
But Newsweek article startled big wigs  
They said, Nas, why is he trying it?  
My lawyers only see the Billboard charts as winning  
Forgetting  
Nas the only true rebel since the beginning  
Still in musical prison, in jail for the flow  
Try telling Bob Dylan, Bruce, or Billy Joel  
They can't sing what's in their soul!  
So "Untitled" it is  
I never change nothin', but people remember this  
If NaS can't say it  
Think about these talented kids  
With new ideas  
Being told what they can and can't spit  
I can't sit and watch it  
So shit, I'ma drop it  
Like it or not  
You ain't gotta cop it

I'm a hustler in the studio  
Cups of Don Julio  
No matter what the CD called  
I'm unbeatable, y'all  
Let's Go! [Chorus]

Songwriters

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