

A Message To The Feds, Sincerely, We The People

Nas

Get ready get prepared
This is Prophecy, God is with us
I walk the block like whatever god, my message to y'all feds
Who desperate to arrest us young, benevolent hard heads
Abrochrombie and Finch rockin', wrist glistenin' marksman
Hitchcock of Hip-Hop since Big Pop departed
The project logic is still salute the dead, glocks spit
Pour some juice out for those in Manchester, View Mount
Otis Ville, Newasberg, Fort Dicks, Fort Worth, Oakdale
Every fed jail where all my dawgs lurk war hurts much to gain
Till the day we all say may your pain be champagne
Then we all blaze away at our enemies, may they die easily
Long as they perish forever what freedom means to me
Blowin' greenery, growing eager to see evil things
Thrown away, zonin' gray, GT, Diesel jeans airs and chucks
Solitaires, stones with the rarest cuts on some pretty tone shit
Haircut looks airbrushed and they're aware of us though
And we don't give a flyin' 747 fuck though stayin' on my hustle
A message to those who trapped us up
From Federal guys who backed them up
We never will die, we black and tough
Lead in your eye, we strapped to bust
Half of us been locked up inside the beast
Look at the time we see Brooklyn to Compton streets
Queens, even the Congo needs dreams
Our bullets and triggers our enemies pullin'
On innocent women and children
It wasn't no ghetto killers who mixed up the coke
And put guns in our buildings but I'm not gon' cry
And I'm not gon' just stand and watch you die
I'ma pass you a .9, I'ma grab your hand come on let's ride
A message to those who killed the king, who murdered the Christ
The same regime, what God has built you never can break
What God has loved you never can hate, man makes rules and laws
You just a ruthless dog, your kennel is waiting
You devils will run back into the caves you came from
Whenever that day comes, forty-acres, plantations, see every race won
Sincerely yours, Street's Disciple, revelations

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