

# Hero

Nas

QB!

Where the fuck y'all at?

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Yeah! Let's go!

Kiss money!

Chain gleaming, switching lanes, two-seating

Hate him or love him for the same reason

Can't leave it, the game needs him

Plus the people need someone to believe in

So in God's Son we trust

'Cause they know I'ma give 'em what they want

They looking for a hero

I guess that makes me a hero

Another chapter of the cleanest rapper, distinguished gentleman

Crooks and castle on his back Maybach-er

Exotic lady eye-catcher, holla at ya, call me the chiropractor

Working like Muay Thai class, could perspire out ya

And of course I've been the boss since back when

Rocking D Boy, Fila, velour in a 190 black Benz

Now they shut down the stores that I'm shopping

Used to be train robbing, face covered in stocking

I'm him!

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Rubber-grip-holder reloader, come at me I'ma rip your soldiers in half

Silverback ape, nickel-plated mag

Young, rich and flashy, young bitch, I'm nasty

All black clothes so 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 opened 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 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!  
Chain gleaming, switching lanes, two-seating  
Hate him or love him for the same reason  
Can't leave it, the game needs him  
Plus the people need someone to believe in  
So in God's Son we trust  
'Cause they know I'ma give 'em what they want  
They looking for a hero  
I guess that makes me a hero  
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 \*\*\*\*\* was riding wit it  
But Newsweek article startled big wigs  
They said, "Nas, why's you 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 they soul!  
So "Untitled" it is  
I never changed 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!  
Yeah, Nas, Polow Da Don

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