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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Hate him or love him for the same reason
Can't leave it, the game needs him
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So in God's Son we trust
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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
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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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