In His Own Words

Nas

[Chorus - Jr. Gong]Jah told you in his own words
And I'll see you through
To guide you through this cold world
And I'll see you through
Jah told you in his own words
And I'll see you through
To guide you through this cold world
And I'll see you through
[Verse 1 - Nas]Two steps away from death, a vest and a holster
I detest detectives arresting us over
Weapons possession, they was checking the Rover
Inspecting the tattoos on my neck and my shoulder
How many times I'm one of six coffin-holders
Or sitting with goons in a visiting room
Flip it, I could've been you
Behind state walls bidding
These are the things that a G pray for, acquit us
A little stash in the safe or a little shorty to wait for
Or a shorty to take the weight for him
What really did I escape from?
Thought I saw God's face on the design on my vintage Claiborne
Swear I see em every day in the bus or the train
Or the billboards out there that hang tall
I still give thanks for him, have faith for him
No matter what his name's called
[Chorus - Jr. Gong][Verse 2 - Jr. Gong]Hey can you think of a colour that you've never seen?
Can you reminisce on places you've never been?
Well is many are called
But them never deemed
Worthy for the cause

Cause them never clean
Help who help themselves
Jah nuh raffle dream
That's why me chummy with Jah Jah
Like a Cherubim
Keep us strong through the winter like an Evergreen
And all of us are more connected than it ever seems
All things are related and creation is a package

Generate together and we increase the wattage
A how them a go manage?
Tell Babylon them can't do Rasta damage
Nor stop we through the passage
Jah did make a promise, God is always honest
Always keep his word, don't care what the plan is
Don't be astonished
Stumbling bocks vanish
One day the meek gonna live inna di palace, Woah!
[Chorus - Jr. Gong][Verse 3 - Nas]Some people ask me if I feel the zionists are real
And in my songs do I plan to expose and reveal
Word to the curb that's under these chrome wheels
My homies is only ones I'm taking care of
But severe reality starts to become more clear
And these know-it-all rappers have become more weird
As if they were superior and fans are inferior
How I balance between the streets and the theories of
Collegiate literature, I hold mirrors up
Give combinations of pain, joy, fear, and love
Through my perspective I can see Jah reflection
In the highest definition getting high with my brethren
Could've asked us why Africans dying from circumcision
They lack proper surgeons, suffer malnutrition
Underestimate the wealth of their own wisdom
It's like it's been exchanged for this penicillin
[Chorus - Jr. Gong]

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