

# Ghetto Prisoners

Nas

Uhh.. regulate nigga  
Bravehearts nigga  
Live for this  
Some of y'all don't live at all  
Get yours nigga  
Get yours baby  
Uhh, yo.. yo..

As the night close down on the Earth like gray dark rings  
Light of cities in the nights, destination for Kings  
with big dreams, like Castro, overthrew Bautista  
from Cuba, and pointed nukes toward the U.S.  
About to shoot us for revolution; that's how you gotta move  
A lot of rules, some locked in solitude  
Curse the day of they birth confused, who's to be praised?  
The mighty dollar -- or almighty Allah  
I'm like the farmer, plantin words, people are seeds  
My truth is the soil; help you grow like trees  
May the children come in all colors, change like leaves  
but hold before you, one of those, prophetic MC's  
with blunted flows, seven hundred souls in me  
Each channelin, from past to present times, heaven shines  
light on those, innocent to how the world grows  
Some men become murderers, and some girls become hoes  
And you accounted for, everything that you heard  
Do not speak to fools; they scorn the wisdom of your words  
My heart is wise, bloodshot eyes, the saga never dies  
Ghetto prisoners rise rise rise  
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Ghetto prisoners..

Yo we gotta be God's children, habitats in tall buildings  
Rats crawl in filthy hallways, incinerators  
Sinners who faithless, still there's hope, pray it's answered  
Dreams turned real - what's a wicked nation?  
One with blind men - not takin charge of the situation  
Empty arguments and real conversations needed  
The world'll need it, to hear it  
Evil tries to weaken my spirit - it's chronic herb  
This hurt come from the honest word  
I now try hardest to serve my maker, what I learned  
find it's way on the paper, so I could dictate it  
Articulate it, luckily - I was put on one of the ships that made it  
through strong currents and winds that left the others stranded  
to sink in the Atlantic  
Satan jigs the planet, not to get too religious, but  
who decides when and if your life is finished?  
If Christ is in this, for the sake of your name, oh Lord  
may we break away from the chains abroad

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Ghetto prisoners.. get up, wake up, rise  
Ghetto prisoners rise rise rise

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You wanna buy time? I'm the seller of minutes  
I give you every second low-priced, if I so lies; the truth is  
Time waits for none of you, in fact  
he can't wait for the date to snatch the ground right from under you  
Small visions of better life if cheddar was right  
lurk in the mind, of young ones ahead of they time  
Trapped in the slums, beggin for nuttin but takin  
Headed for nuttin but the state pen, where they cousins be waitin  
Judges is not relatin to pleas, guns bustin where the kids play  
Richochet off lamp poles and leave damp holes  
in bystanders, get cancelled, D.O.A.  
Around the way where we from  
Hope the future reduce the rate of those buried young  
Life is every man's kingdom, a dyin man's past  
and a newborn's, first time to be here at last  
And shouldn't have to grow up fast, and suffer our pain  
Hustlin harder than the generations here before he came  
Goin through the same bullshit as our fathers  
Readin history, but who's the authors?  
For some the game is easy, for most of us the game is much harder  
But never lose faith; through the years just get smarter  
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