

# Hero

Nas

Chain gleaming  
Switching lanes  
Two-seating  
Hate him or love him  
For the same reason  
Can't leave it  
The games needs him  
Plus the people need someone to believe in  
So in God's Son we trust  
'Cause they know I'm gonna give 'em what they want  
They looking for... a hero  
I guess that makes me... a hero

Another chapter of the cleanest rapper  
Distinguished gentlemen  
Crooks and castle on his back  
Maybach-er, exotic lady eye-catcher  
Holla at'cha, call me the chiropractor  
Working like Muay Thai class  
Get perspire out ya  
And of course I've been the boss since back when  
Rocking D Boy, Fila, velour in 190 black Benz  
Now they shut down the stores when 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 soliders in half  
Silverback ape, nickle-plated mag  
Young, rich, and flashy  
Young, b! tch, I'm nasty  
All black clothes til 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 niqqas ain't never lived to see  
Tell them angels open 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, sh! t

I try 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

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This universal apartheid  
I'm hog-tied, the corporate side  
Blocking y'all from going to stores and buying it  
First L.A. and Doug Morris was riding wit it  
But Newsweek article startled big wigs  
They said, Nas, why is he 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 their soul  
So untitled it is  
I never change 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, sh! t, 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