

# I Gave You Power

Nas

Damn! Look how muh-fuckers use a nigga  
Just use me for whatever the fuck they want  
I don't get to say shit  
Just grab me, just do what the fuck they want  
Sell me, throw me away  
Niggaz just don't give a fuck about a nigga like me right?  
Like I'm a f... I'm a gun, shit  
It's like I'm a motherfuckin gun  
I can't believe this shit....  
Word up.. (word up..)

I seen some cold nights and bloody days  
They grab and me bullets spray  
They use me wrong so I sing this song 'til this day  
My body is cold steel for real  
I was made to kill, that's why they keep me concealed  
Under car seats they sneak me in clubs  
Been in the hands of mad thugs  
They feed me when they load me with mad slugs  
Seventeen precisely, one in my head  
They call me Desert Eagle, semi-auto with lead  
I'm seven inches four pounds, been through so many towns  
Ohio to Little Rock to Canarsie, livin harshly  
Beat up and battered, they pull me out  
I watch as niggaz scattered, makin me kill  
But what I feel it never mattered  
When I'm empty I'm quiet, findin myself fiendin to be fired  
A broken safety, niggaz place me in shelves  
under beds, so I beg for my next owner to be a thoroughbred  
Keep me full up with hollow heads

How you like me now? I go blaow  
It's that shit that moves crowds makin every ghetto foul  
I might have took your first child  
Scarred your life, crippled your style  
I gave you power  
I made you buck wild  
(2x)

Always I'm in some shit, my abdomen is the clip  
The barrel is my dick, uncircumcised  
Pull my skin back and cock me, I bust off when they unlock me  
Results of what happens to niggaz shock me  
I see niggaz bleedin runnin from me in fear, stunningly tears  
fall down the eyes of these so-called tough guys, for years  
I've been used in robberies, givin niggaz heart to follow me  
Placin peoples in graves, funerals made cause I was sprayed  
I was laid in a shelf, with a grenade  
Met a wrecked-up tech with numbers on his chest that say  
Five-two-oh-nine-three-eight-five and zero  
Had a serial defaced, hopin one day, police would place  
where he came from, a name or some sort of person to claim him  
Tired of murderin, made him wanna be a plain gun  
But yo I had some other plans, like the next time the beef is on  
I make myself jam right in my owner's hand

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Yo, weeks went by and I'm surprised  
Still stuck in the shelf with all the things that an outlaw hides  
Besides me it's bullets, two vests and then a nine  
There's a grenade in a box, and that tech that kept cryin  
Cause he ain't been cleaned in a year, he's rusty as clear  
He's bout to fall to pieces, cause of his murder career  
Yo, I can hear somebody comin in, open the shelf  
His eyes bubblin, he said, "It was on"  
I felt his palm troubled him shakin  
Somebody stomped him out, his dome was achin  
He placed me on his waist, the moment I've been waitin  
My creation was for blacks to kill blacks  
It's gats like me that accidentally, go off, makin niggaz memories  
But this time, it's done intentionally  
He walked me outside, saw this cat  
Cocked me back, said, "Remember me?"  
He pulled the trigger but I held on, it felt wrong  
Knowing niggaz is waiting in hell for 'im  
He squeezed harder, I didn't budge, sick of the blood  
Sick of the thugs, sick of wrath of the, next man's grudge  
What the other kid did was pull out, no doubt  
A newer me in better shape, before he lit out, he lead the chase  
My owner fell to the floor, his wig split so fast  
I didn't know he was hit, it's over with  
Heard mad niggaz screamin, niggaz runnin, cops is comin  
Now I'm happy, until I felt somebody else grab me  
Damn!