

## The Prediction

Nas

What's happenin brothers and sisters?

Welcome to our time

Afro-Angels hide my weapons in tangles

Black Star Spangled, fragile like hematite with the East oils I  
write

Despite the lack of sunlight, got my battle boots tight

Now that the government's gone, can't tell your left from your  
right

Winged assassins laughin while the New World's collapsin

Mother Earth's ribs crashed in, armed with cowries, I'm blastin

As the Earth rebels my womb swells

The birth of Black Magic, savin my people force of habit

You can't find if you ain't never had it

Spiritually crafted black-listed hair-

twisted ghetto embargo lifted

Power-shiftin comb-

fistin I predict Goddesses you runnin after witches

I kiss my fourteen stitches

Keep all my baby girl wishes

I predict all the oceans turn dry

Not one baby girl will cry as you attempt to grow broccoli from  
the desert

We will take our pregnant bodies, drink from underground rivers

Wash your face between our legs

While recreating humanity, we will summon yemanja

Search for our fertility, ban all pink and yellow pills

Ban all pink and yellow pills

I predict killing fields of ghetto armpatch anti-Hatch

Hate groups will be bombed

Childbirth becomes outlawed

Always will be branded numbered and logged

All paper money is gone

Confused scholars can interpret our scrolls

Your sky has holes

We know the young is old

Nastradamus tell us how the story gets told