

Untitled

Nas

"They did not have the power to stop Louis Farrakhan
They were trying to touch on and feed envy within the leadership
But as a general and a man that rose through the ranks through discipline
His presence inspired those men with the discipline he imposed on his own life
Louis Farrakhan"

No revolutionary gets old or so I'm told
Your left full of bullet holes when you tell the people go free
Oh, it's a matter of days before they try to take me
I heard gun shots rang; his bullet's got my name
I ain't see 'em take aim, I dreamt this day came
'Cause I stood in the face of damnation
Satan spat at 'em, flat out disgraced 'em
He want my blood, why me?
Why not the fake who deserve death man?
Fuck it, I'll take one
'Cause stop me but can't stop a whole nation of millions who feel you deceived them
They believe in reparation makes it even
So I'm deadly now because of one reason, they listening
In Budapest, Japan, China, and Switzerland
We getting it in son, another bullet pass by, miss me
Wondering who plotting to get me?
Alphabet boys still plotting against me
To hush me and stuff me in the pockets of history
You won't remember why they came to clip me
When time go by you'll soon forget me
They say he was the king of bling, jewels, and Bentley's
Then I use one of my lines just to prove I'm guilty
Don't let 'em kill me...

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Some revolutionaries do live long
Am I one of them? Guess we'll know in due time
Everybody has rights, can I use mine?
Can I rock shine? Can I have a girl that's too fine?
Got a swell life, tell me will I lose mine?
Every time I turn around somebody new dying
Let's start living, alecart, Escargo, Escobar invest my millions
Mansion for the wife the rest for the children
Knowing that they coming anytime
But until then I'm gonna in lost till they shoot me
Million dollar stones in my camouflaged Gucci
Giving you this crack like Pookie
To question the system, be the resistance
No matter what color you are everybody niggas
Or you can stand by or watch or you can march on with us

Some revolutionaries get old although I'm told
You'll get a left full of bullet holes when you tell the people go free
Oh, it's a matter of days before they try to take me