

## XTC

### "A Message to the Feds, Sincerely, We the People"

Visit "[A Message to the Feds, Sincerely, We the People](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Nas]

I walk the block like whatever god, my message to y'all  
feds

Who desperate to arrest us young, benevolent  
hardheads

Abrochrombie & Finch rockin', wrist glistenin'  
marksman

Hitchcock of Hip-Hop since Big Pop departed

The project logic is still salute the dead, glocks spit

Pour some juice out for those in Manchester,  
Viewmount

Otisville, Newsberg, Fort Dicks, Fort Worth, Oakdale

Every fed jail where all my dawgs lurk

War hurts much to gain 'til the day we all say

May your pain be champagne then we all blaze away

At our enemies, may they die easily

Long as they perish forever's what freedom means to  
me

Blowin' greenery, growing eager to see evil things

Thrown away, zonin' grey, GT, Diesel jeans

Airs and Chucks, solitaires, stones with the rarest cuts

On some Pretty Tone shit, haircut looks airbrushed

And they're aware of us though

And we don't give a flyin' 47 fuck though

Stayin' on my hus-tle

\*beat change\*

[Verse 2: Nas]

A message to those who trapped us up, from federal  
guys who backed them up

We never will die, we black and tough, lead in your eye,  
we strapped to bust

Half of us been locked up inside the beast, look at the  
time we see

Brooklyn to Compton streets, Queens, even the Congo  
needs dreams

Our bullets and triggers our enemies pullin' on  
innocent women and children

It wasn't no ghetto killers who mixed up the coke and  
put guns in our buildings

But I'm not gon' cry, and I'm not gon' just stand and

watch you die  
I'ma pass you a .9, I'ma grab your hand -- come on let's  
ride  
A message to those who killed the king, who murdered  
the Christ  
The same regime, what God has built you never can  
break  
What God has loved you never can hate, man makes  
rules and laws  
You just a ruthless dog, your kennel is waiting  
You devils will run back into the caves you came from  
Whenever that day comes, forty-acres, plantations, see  
every race won  
Sincerely yours, Street's Disciple, revelations

Visit [XTC](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.