

Nas Featuring Jessica Care Moore Rich Nice "The Prediction"

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Rich Nice]

What's happenin brothers and sisters?

Welcome to our time

[Jessica Care Moore]

Afro-Angels hide my weapons in tangles

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

In spite the lack of sunlight, got my battle boots tight

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

We the assassins laughin while the New World's
collapsin

Mother Earth's ribs crashed in, armored carways I'm
blastin

As the Earth rebels now 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 blackness and 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 yem and
yaw

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 barred

All paper money is gone

Though few scholars can interpret our scrolls

Your sky has holes

We know the young is old
Nastradamus tell us how the story gets told

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