

Nas

"6th Sense"

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The revolution will not be televised

The revolution is here

Yeah, it's Common Sense, with DJ Premier

We gonna help y'all see clear

It's real hip-hop music, from the soul, y'all

Yeah, check it, yo

The perseverance of a rebel I drop heavier levels

It's unseen or heard, a king with words

Can't knock the hustle, but I've seen street dreams deferred

Dark spots in my mind where the scene occurred

Some say I'm too deep, I'm in too deep to sleep

Through me, Muhammed will forever speak

Greet brothers with handshakes in ghetto landscapes

Where a man is determined by how much a man make

Cop Cognacs and spit old raps with young cats

with cigarettes in their ear, niggerish they appear

Under the Fubu is a guru, that's untapped

Want to be in the rap race but ain't ran one lap

Ran so far from the streets that you can't come back

You tripping with nowhere to unpack, forgot that

Chorus: (Scratched by DJ Premier with variations):

"This is rap for real, something you feel"

"And you know, yes you know"

"Rap for the black people"

"Heeeeyyyy, heeeeyyyy"

In front of two-inch glass and Arabs I order fries

Inspiration when I write, I see my daughter's eyes

I'm the truth, across the table from corporate lies

Immortalized by the realness I bring to it

If revolution had a movie I'd be theme music

My music, you either fight, fuck, or dream to it

My life is one big rhyme, I try to scheme through it

Through my shell, never knew what the divine would
bring to it

I'd be lying if I said I didn't want millions

More than money saved, I wanna save children

Dealing with alcoholism and afrocentricity

A complex man drawn off of simplicity

Reality is frisking me

This industry will make you lose intensity

The Common Sense in me remembers the basement

I'm Morpheus in this hip-hop Matrix, exposing fake shit

Chorus

Somedays I take the L to gel with the real world

Got on at 87th, stopped by this little girl

She recited raps, I forgot where they was from

In 'em, she was saying how she made brothers cum
I start thinking, how many souls hip-hop has affected
How many dead folks this art resurrected
How many nations this culture connected
Who am I to judge one's perspective?
Though some of that shit y'all pop true it, I ain't relating
If I don't like it, I don't like it, that don't mean that I'm
hating
I just want to innovate and stimulate minds
Travel the world and penetrate the times
Escape through rhythms in search of peace and
wisdom
Raps are smoke signals letting the streets know I'm
with 'em
For now I appreciate this moment in time
Ball players and actors be knowing my rhymes, it's like
Chorus til fade

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