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Nas

"A Message To The Feds, Sincerely, We The **People**"

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[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, Newasberg, 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' 7-47 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' stand just 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

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