

Nas "Dispear"

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African Choir Intro

JR. GONG CHORUS 1

ÀfÀçÀ€ÀœLord!

This Spear, huh!

Shaka Zulu, Bobo Shanti, Nyabinghi

Man a Mau Mau Warrior

Despair, eh

Fear and desperation no depression can't tarry ya

This Spear, hey

Ayatollah, Idi Amin, Mennelek,

Man a Masai Warrior

Despair, eh

Fear and desperation no depression can't tarry ya

This Spear

Like BURNING SPEAR

AND SUCH AND SUCH BEFORE ME

Who all fought for the cause and

This Spear, eh

Enforcing all the laws

NAS VERSE 1

The Master of the Masses

One has power

The other one lacks it

Guns are power

Controlled by assets

Owned by financial forecasters

Who are the Masters?

They are the Gangsters

They are the bankers

The ones who tax us

The Masses

They are us

The sheep, the people

Divided in classes

I go off like a Shite bomb

And All ya'll see I'm on my

War paint on my face, shit

My nine mm on my waist, shit

I'm a problem

Shoot up your place shit

Let a few go

Then I get low

Blazing Haze again

The Masters, The Wall Street War Chiefs

The Elitists Groups

The Masses

They pray to Jesus

Saying he will see us through

The Masters are the aristocratic

The Masses

Ask if the Most High

Is On his way here

I'm trying to stay clear

My mind is my modern day Spear

JR. GONG CHORUS 2

Hey

I say "f!€!"

This Spear, huh!

Shaka Zulu, Bobo Shanti, Man a Gideon

Man a Mau Mau Warrior

Despair, eh

Fear and desperation no depression can't tarry ya

This Spear, hey

Through the hands of time and cruel men

It has slew more than a billion

Despair, eh

It keep on suppressing the humble man's opinion

NAS VERSE 2

This lead into Swiss cheese

When the 5th squeeze

Mislead

The media Misleads

Scares you to the point

Where you miss sleep

With that said

This lead with this Ruger

And that shooter

Sub-machine gun

Ratta tat through you

Copper tops, hollow points

Will do ya something bad

Our future

Is Mislead

Three strikes

There's no school

When a teacher strikes

This economy

This monopoly

Get no job

Just own your property

Now it's back to

What comes natural

Must survive any how you have to

Despair, Desperation

But I have no fear

When I hold This Spear

INTERMISSION

JR. GONG BRIDGE

Mek some bwoy know mi nah smile

Cause this spear nah beg friends

Man a run racket

Man a run scheme

Man a run race

Man a run down Benz

Can't trust a she nor we nor eye

Inna contact lense

Man a run from police

And a run down wealth

And dollars and nah mek sense

JR. GONG VERSE 3

So,

Rise up to my defense

Hollow pointed is my preference

Should have been deterred

Don't know what you heard

Get referred

By the wrong reference

When this spear start dispense

It a fly and a tear through fence

Dismember your members

And all of your limbs

Body bust inna nuff segments

Well,

Man a run drugs

Man a run risk

Man all a run out a time and ends

Man a run up and down

And a run fi dem life

And a run down this month rent

Nutin' nah gwan a yard

And food deh a road

Then man hafi go touch pavement

Despair was a tool

That was used to enslave man

And mek manservant

Escape from Despair and Desperation

Becomes more urgent

Mankind needs to cleanse and wash out dem soul

With spiritual detergent

A distant army

A distant relative

Controlling the circumference

And any man move with no permission

They're feeling the circumstance of

JR GONG CHORUS 4

This Spear, hey

Shaka Zulu, Bobo Shanti, Man a, eh

Man a Mau Mau Warrior

Despair, eh!

Fear of your recession and depression can't tarry ya

This Spear, hey

Inner city youth dem rise it up disguised as AK-47

This Spear, eh!

And anytime them clap it up the whole city level

This Spear

Like Burning Spear

And such and such before I

Who all fought for the cause and

This Spear, eh!

They can't ignore me

No! ÆfÆçÆ€Æ

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