

# Nas

## "The Prediction"

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**(feat. Jessica Care Moore, Rich Nice)**

*[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  
Despite the lack of sunlight, got my battle boots tight  
Now that the government's gone, can't tell your left  
from your right  
Winged assassins laughin while the New World's  
collapsin  
Mother Earth's ribs crashed in, armed with cowries, I'm  
blastin  
As the Earth rebels my 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 black-listed 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 yemanja  
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 logged  
All paper money is gone  
Confused 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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