

Nas And Damian Marley

"Dispear"

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African Choir Intro [JR. GONG CHORUS 1] Lord! 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... 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 Misllead The media Mislleads 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 Misllead 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 [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!

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