

Black Republican

Nas

I know you can feel the magic baby
Turn the motherfucking lights down
Esco what's up? (What's up homey)
I mean.. it's what you expected ain't it?
Let's go... uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
Turn the music up and the headphones
uh, Yea, that's perfect (Yea, right)
Uh, we got to take and make a nigga wait on this motherfucker
(ha ha!) Make niggas mad and shit like..
Niggas usually start rappin' after 4-bars, nigga go in
Start dancin' in this motherfucker
Yea, (Yea) niggas come outta nowhere

I feel like a Black Republican, money I got comin' in
Can't turn my back on the hood, I got love for them
Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em
Probably in the back of the hood, I'm like "Fuck it then"

Huddlin' over the oven, we was like brothers then (What?)
Though you was nothin' other than a son of my mother's friend
We had governin', who would of thought the love would end
Like ice cold album, all good things
Neva thought we sing the same song that all hood sang
Thought it was all wood-grain, all good brain
You wouldn't bicker like the other fools talk good game
Neva imagine all the disasters that one could reign
Could bring!, should bling, the game, and I could
It's kill or be killed, how could I refrain?
And forever be in debt, that's never a good thing
To the pressure for success can put a good strain
On a friend you call best, and yes it could bring
Out the worst in every person, even the good's insane
Though we rehearsed, it's just ain't the same
When you put in the game at age sixteen
Then you mix things: like cars, jewelry, and miss things
Jealousy, ego, and pride, and this brings
It all to a head like coin, cha-ching
The rule of evil strikes again, this could sting
Now the team got beef between the Post and the Point
This puts the ring in jeopardy - indefinitely

I feel like a Black Republican, money I got comin' in
Can't turn my back on the hood, I got love for them
Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em
Probably in the back of the hood, I'm like "Fuck it then"

I feel like a black militant takin' over the government
Can't turn my back on the hood, too much love for them
Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em
Probably in up back in the hood, I'm like, "fuck it then"

I'm back in the hood, they like, "Hey Nas" (Uh)
Blowin' on purp', reflectin' on they lives
Couple of fat cats, couple of A.I.'s
Dreamin' of fly shit instead of them gray skies
Gray 5's, hate guys wishin' our reign dies
Pitch, sling pies, and niggas they sing, "why"?

Guess they ain't strong enough to handle their jail time
Weak minds, keep tryin', follow the street signs
I'm standin' on the roof of my building
I'm feelin' - the whirlwind of beef, I inhale it
Just like an acrobat ready to hurl myself though the hoops of fire
Sippin' 80 proof, bulletproof under my attire
Could it be the forces of darkness, against hood angels of good
That forms street politics - makes a sweet honest kid
Turn illegal for commerce - to get his feet out of them Converse
That's my word

I feel like a Black Republican, money I got comin' in
Can't turn my back on the hood, I got love for them
Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em
Probably in the back of the hood, I'm like "Fuck it then"

I feel like a black militant takin' over the government
Can't turn my back on the hood, too much love for them
Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em
Probably in up back in the hood, I'm like, "fuck it then"