

Not for Radio

Nas

Escobar season begins

Black Kemet gods, black Egyptian gods
Summoned from heaven, blessed
Dressed in only Goyard
Homie go hard like stole and rob it in a stolen car
Shoot up the ballot box, no voter cards
They all are frauds
Senegal's finest, minerals, diamonds
The earth is cursed but I survive many climates
Calm and thoroughly, they try to Hyman Roth me
John Fitzgerald me, the industry never bought me
Feel, make you reveal who you really are
Feel me y'all?
Be solid, your foes hold you in ill regard
This ain't knowledge, this is not intense for honored men
Women too
Us who can see the same thing, but have a different view
All is something, fronting, niggas knew you from your past
Got all kinds of guys saying we go way back
And who y'all comparing me to is nonsense
Show gratitude in the presence of dominance

I think they scared of us, yeah
I think they scared of us
I think they scared of us, yeah
I think they scared

To Catholics, Moors and Masons
John Hanson was not the first black Prez to make it
Abe Lincoln did not free the enslaved
Progress was made 'cause we forced the proclamation
SWAT was created to stop the Panthers
Glocks were created for murder enhancement
For hunting men, circumstances
Edgar Hoover was black
Willie Lynch was a myth
Colombians created crack
The government made stacks
Reagan had Alzheimer's, that's true
Fox News was started by a black dude, also true
Convinced my experiences were meant to be
Helps me navigate as they validate their treachery
Felt established, fake as he smile, handshake questionable
"Am I good?" he ask, thinking, but is he testing you?
In my hood, fear does a few things
Make you pussy, make you snitch
Make irrational moves or even turn you to food

I think they're scared of us, yeah
I think they're scared of us
I think they're scared of us, yeah
I think they scared
I think they scared of us, yeah
I think they scared of us
I think they scared of us, yeah
I think they scared