

The Prediction

Nas

What's happenin brothers and sisters?
Welcome to our time

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