

As We Enter

Nas

As we enter
Come now we take you on the biggest adventure

Must be dementia, that you ever thought
You could touch our credentials, what's the initials?

You be Jamrock the lyrical official
Send out the order, laws and the rituals

Burn candles, say prayers, paint murals
It is truth we big news, we hood heroes

Break past the anchor, we come to conquer
Man a badman, we no play Willy Wonka

And I got the guns

I got the ganja

And we could blaze it up on your block if you want to
Or haze it up stash box in a Hummer
Or you could run up and get done up

Or get something that you want none of
Unlimited amount you collect from us
Direct from us, street intellectuals

And I'm shrewd about decimals
And my man'll speak Patois
And I can speak rap star
Y'all feel me even if it's in Swahili
habari gani

nzuri sana
Switch up the language and move to Ghana

Salute and honor, real revolution rhymers

Rhythm piranhas

Like true Obamas, unfold the drama

Word is out, hysteria you heard about
Nas and Jr. Gong gonna turn it out
Body the verse until they scream "murder" out
The kings is back, time to return the crown
Who want it? Tuck your chain, we're due coming
Renegades that'll peel you back like new hundreds
Bet your jewels on it, you don't want to lose on it
Either move on or move on it

Queens to Kingston
Gunshot we use and govern the kingdom

Rise of the Winston, I can see the fear up in your eyes
Realize you can die any instant

And I can hear the sound of a voice
When you must lose your life like mice in the kitchen

Snitching, I can see him pissing on hisself
And he's wetting up his thighs and he trying to resist it

Switching, I can smell him digging up shit like a fly
Come around and be persistent

That's how you end up in a hitlist

Ain't no bad man business

No evidence

Crime scene, fingerprint-less

Flow effortless

Casual like the weekends

No pressure when

We're comfy and decent

We set this off beasting

Hunting season

And, frankly speaking...

Word is out, hysteria you heard about
Nas and Jr. Gong gonna turn it out
Body the verse until they scream "murder" out
The kings is back, time to return the crown
Who want it? Tuck your chain, we're due coming
Renegades that'll peel you back like new hundreds
Bet your jewels on it, you don't want to lose on it
Either move on or move on it

Word is out, hysteria you heard about
Nas and Jr. Gong gonna turn it out
Body the verse until they scream "murder" out
The kings is back, time to return the crown
Who want it? Tuck your chain, we're due coming
Renegades that'll peel you back like new hundreds
Bet your jewels on it, you don't want to lose on it
Either move on or move on it