

# Composure

Nas

Ayo Hit I like this IE weather

Aye, look

Vote yes on Hit-Boy bitch I'm the city spokesman  
They see we got this shit crackin' and now they spirit broken  
I'm standin' on the green like the British Open  
And stackin' ice on top of ice but I'm not building snowmen  
Doctors couldn't even detect my disorders  
One case, six figures on six different lawyers  
I put my soul in every song with limited support  
Focused on the output not the outcome big God is my source  
Spirit of excellence in my genetics  
Complexities come with my complexion  
'Fore you shut me down let me reach my level first  
Y'all be too proud to do the devil's work  
All that actin' and fakin' I can't take part in it  
I'm washin' my hands with the soap opera shit  
Set the cameras to speed, co-directed KD  
But we know the caged bird sings and screams when it's free  
Every second I spit on this I got it back in blessings  
You can't stop and run no errands on the way to legend

They shoulda told em I'm raising up on the totem  
Yeah, boilin' over, pot full of yola  
Mix it with the cola  
Son of a block controlla  
Can't let em fuck me over  
Gotta keep my composure look

Had yellow jaundice when I was born  
Kept me in an incubator, ten days long  
I made up songs, I was like humming tunes ten years later  
Writin' in my room ten years after that on stage like it's too soon, but  
For me see, my parents met inside a nightclub  
Olu started to fight and then my moms broke it up  
She said this boy he's in the Navy, settle down before ya'll need savin'  
Pop went to war around the world, came home we celebrated  
AWOL  
Fast forward to when I started to play ball  
From a place where we hate law  
See the Jakes and we take off  
(Whoop whoop)  
Hit the gate I get home and take my chain off  
Thankful I got through the day and all the evil I prayed off  
Everything is cause and effect  
Make the wrong moves in this business you lose all your respect  
My block is dark as it gets  
We all make mistakes only a few will recover from em  
Don't spend your whole life runnin' from em  
Run up the numbers

Shoulda told em I'm raising up on the totem  
Yeah, boilin' over, pot full of yola  
Mix it up with the cola  
Son of a queen and a soldier  
Can't let em fuck me over  
Gotta keep my composure look

Keep your composure  
On city blocks  
And cell blocks  
Keep your composure  
Hold it down  
Hold it tight  
Hold it close  
Hold space for yourself  
It's the way of the ancestors  
Our elders  
Our artists  
Our OGs  
Our dreamers  
Our builders  
With each breath internalize their successes  
Their struggles  
Their sense of self  
Their sense of overcoming  
And take that power forward with you in life  
Remind yourself of the magnitude of your good fortune  
And the mere chance, one in billions, that you survived  
That you will thrive  
And even the strongest kings and queens being, yet remain unbroken  
Keep your composure  
And believe in the magic of who we are  
'Cause what you believe is everything  
And what someone believes about you, is nothing  
Keep your composure  
I am Shaka Senghor