

# Dispear

Nas

Lord!  
This Spear, huh!  
Shaka Zulu, Bobo Shanti, Nyabinghi  
Man a Mau Mau Warrior  
Despair, eh  
Fear and desperation no depression can't tarry ya  
This Spear, hey  
Ayatollah, Idi Amin, Mennelek,  
Man a Masai Warrior  
Despair, eh  
Fear and desperation no depression can't tarry ya  
This Spear  
Like BURNING SPEAR  
AND SUCH AND SUCH BEFORE ME  
Who all fought for the cause and  
This Spear, eh  
Enforcing all the laws

The Master of the Masses  
One has power  
The other one lacks it  
Guns are power  
Controlled by assets  
Owned by financial forecasters  
Who are the Masters?  
They are the Gangsters  
They are the bankers  
The ones who tax us  
The Masses  
They are us  
The sheep, the people  
Divided in classes  
I go off like a Shite bomb  
And All ya'll see I'm on my  
War paint on my face, shit  
My nine mm on my waist, shit  
I'm a problem  
Shoot up your place shit  
Let a few go  
Then I get low  
Blazing Haze again  
The Masters, The Wall Street War Chiefs  
The Elitists Groups  
The Masses  
They pray to Jesus  
Saying he will see us through  
The Masters are the aristocratic  
The Masses  
Ask if the Most High  
Is On his way here  
I'm trying to stay clear  
My mind is my modern day Spear  
  
Hey  
I say...  
This Spear, huh!  
Shaka Zulu, Bobo Shanti, Man a Gideon

Man a Mau Mau Warrior  
Despair, eh  
Fear and desperation no depression can't tarry ya  
This Spear, hey  
Through the hands of time and cruel men  
It has slew more than a billion  
Despair, eh  
It keep on suppressing the humble man's opinion

This lead into Swiss cheese  
When the 5th squeeze  
Mislead  
The media Misleads  
Scares you to the point  
Where you miss sleep  
With that said  
This lead with this Ruger  
And that shooter  
Sub-machine gun  
Ratta tat through you  
Copper tops, hollow points  
Will do ya something bad  
Our future  
Is Mislead  
Three strikes  
There's no school  
When a teacher strikes  
This economy  
This monopoly  
Get no job  
Just own your property  
Now it's back to  
What comes natural  
Must survive any how you have to  
Despair, Desperation  
But I have no fear  
When I hold This Spear

Mek some bwoy know mi nah smile  
Cause this spear nah beg friends  
Man a run racket  
Man a run scheme  
Man a run race  
Man a run down Benz  
Can't trust a she nor we nor eye  
Inna contact lense  
Man a run from police  
And a run down wealth  
And dollars and nahmek sense

So,  
Rise up to my defense  
Hollow pointed is my preference  
Should have been deterred  
Don't know what you heard  
Get referred  
By the wrong reference  
When this spear start dispense  
It a fly and a tear through fence  
Dismember your members  
And all of your limbs  
Body bust inna nuff segments

Well,  
Man a run drugs  
Man a run risk  
Man all a run out a time and ends  
Man a run up and down  
And a run fi dem life  
And a run down this month rent  
Nutin' nah gwan a yard  
And food deh a road  
Then man hafi go touch pavement  
Despair was a tool  
That was used to enslave man  
And mek manservant  
Escape from Despair and Desperation  
Becomes more urgent  
Mankind needs to cleanse and wash out dem soul  
With spiritual detergent  
A distant army  
A distant relative  
Controlling the circumference  
And any man move with no permission  
They're feeling the circumstance of

This Spear, hey  
Shaka Zulu, Bobo Shanti, Man a, eh  
Man a Mau Mau Warrior  
Despair, eh!  
Fear of your recession and depression can't tarry ya  
This Spear, hey  
Inner city youth dem rise it up disguised as AK-47  
This Spear, eh!  
And anytime them clap it up the whole city level  
This Spear  
Like Burning Spear  
And such and such before I  
Who all fought for the cause and  
This Spear, eh!  
They can't ignore me  
No!