

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 nah mek 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!