

Fetus (Belly Button Window)

Nas

Yeah

I want all my niggas to come journey with me
My name is Nas, and the year is 1973
Beginning of me, therefore I could see
Through my belly button window who I am...

I existed in a womb, just like an abyss
Came straight from spirit land, my hands balled in a fist
Punching on my moms stomach, kicking on her cervix
Twitching cause I'm nervous
Thought my intended purpose
Was to be born to reign, not in scorn or vain
But to take on a name, my pops chose for me
Bloodstream full of indo
Developing eyes looking out my belly button window
My father's face wears a frown
And I'm wondering if they even want me around
Cause I'll go back to spirit town
So I could rest longer before I come back down
The chute again, in the near future when
My moms and pops can agree on this
Was here before but my moms saw her gynocologist
He dumped me off, first they want me then turn around and they dont
You got a 120 days do what you want
But as for me coming back this be my last time
Abort me, keep me, give me away, make up ya mind

I shot my way out my mom dukes

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They must wanna keep me, cause 4 months past and I'm still alive
Guess I got what you call an ill-will to survive
When I look hard the lights is killing my eyes
I know when moms is laying down cause I get bored and start to get live
Move side to side hear loud music and vibe
All black babies are born with rhythm thats no lie
Solar energize, mineralize food through my mothers tube
I'm covered in this thick layer of goo
Month two was the least most comfortable
My umbilical cord choking me
But month 3 was closer, see
Thats when pops took moms to see the doc at the clinic
But I was saved cause he changed his mind in the last minute
Watching 'em yell, heard my moms voice well
Feared fist fights, so terrified when we fell
While they broke up furniture and smashed plates on the wall
I wondered if I am born will I be safe at all
This place they call the world though my view was so large
Couldn't wait to get up, grow up and take charge
Month 5, Month 6 went by, hoping I'm born in July
But the Lord already figured out a date and time
Septemeber 14th, 73
Get ready world, doctors in the front waiting for me
Arms open cause they know when I drop, alot of shit's gonna stop
See how the goverment will start re-training cops

Month 9, I'm a week over due, the labor induced
Pops told my moms to push and take deep breaths too
Said stay calm, holding her arm, I'm trying to hold on
Surgical gloves touching my scalp, my head pops out
Everything blurry, my first breath screams out
Tears pouring down my pops face he's so proud
Wanted to hold me, but I was so bloody
They washed me off and he said "At least that nigga aint ugly!"
Placed me in his arms snugly, laid me on my mother
Finally, I got to see who held me in her body
She loved me, and I plan to over through the devil
Y'all bout to see this world in trouble
Motherfuckers...