

Who Are You

Nas

Yo it's your boy Rodney Darkchild
Cracking it up..
With my favorite DJ, DJ Stolen
You already know..

Heard you got your master's, did college up
Never looked back, now that's what's happening
And it's good to see you made it out the hood
With a degree, a true man with passion
Now you could enter the so-called
"White Man's Society" and go right past them
Looking in the Wall Street Journal for your face
But it's always absent
You know that's him eating foie and ambrosia
Watch on his arm, golden, Latin
Try to get his attention
But he's flinching, guess my grimy clothes threw him off, so I mention
We were neighbors some time ago
He was kinda cold, in this restaurant
Full of his kind and more
He sighed, tried to look surprised, I know
His side of the city where he resides, so
I had to go
I heard him laugh hard at some sad black jokes
Hate so-called "intellectuals"
No balls, he suggests we vote
He stand all proud, speaking to correct his folks
He want to lecture folks
'Cause he professional and he suggest that we don't sell dope
Suggest that we don't sell dope
And I guess it's true, but who the fuck are you?

Who are you, tryna tell me who I am?
Tryna tell me who I am?
Who are you, tryna tell me what I'm not?
Tryna tell me what I'm not
Who are you, tryna tell me who I am?
Tryna box me in, tryna find who I am

I'm Idi Amin, Marcus Garvey, H. Rap Brown
I'm Muhammad Ali, I'm Reginald Lewis
George Washington Carver, I'm Nas with incredible music
Let's do it, thinking of a master plan
Sipping on disaster, smoking on gangster
Watching niggas argue, killing like a boss do
With my hell up in Harlem, hat in hand
With a girl named Pat, she more than a waitress
To order a drink with
She divorced a banker, and bought the bar
She got an automobile, she gives an order to kill
You get caught and robbed
We could see your walk is off, you could lose your rhythm
When you walk in the gutter for a while
You easily go to soft from hard
Now we all about hustlers, number runners
Hoes and sharks and we all know the code of the block
And you talking some gibberish, anti-nigga shit

'Cause you marched back with Rosa Parks
Brother don't start, go build your Noah's Ark
You could float to the end of the world
And pretend what you not, but I know what you are
While I roll in my car, and I'm spending my knot
While my enemies plot, you ain't out of the shot
Matter of fact, you're an easier target
And I respect everything you accomplished
But I hope I never get old and talk that nonsense
So who the fuck are you?

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She Queen of Nzinga
Winnie Mandela, Ida B. Wells
So why can't you tell? Why can't you tell?