

Nas, Black President

[Intro: [[Barack Obama]]]

They said this day would never come.
They said our sights were set too high.
They said this country was too divided;
too disillusioned to ever come together around a common purpose.
They Said, They Said . . .

[Hook (2x): [[Tupac]]]

And though it seems heaven sent,
we ain't ready to have a black President
And though it seems heaven sent,
we ain't ready to have a black President

Yes We Can ... Change the World (Change the World)
(They Said!)

[Verse 1: Nas]

They forgot us on the block
Got us in the box
Solitary confinement
How violent are these cops?
They need an early retirement
How many rallies will I watch?
I ain't got it in me to march
I got a semi to spark
The game's in a drought
Public housing, projects
Cooking up in the Pyrex
My set, my clique
Either getting money
Or running from homicide trial
That's if they ain't died yet
Trying to be rich
Still I'm pledging allegiance
A predicate felon, a ghetto leader
Lending my poetical genius
To whoever may need it
I bleed this from Queensbridge
Now living with my feet up
Never defeated
So a president's needed
Y'know these colored folks and Negroes
Hate to see one of their own succeeding
America, surprised us
And let a black man guide us

[Hook (2x): Tupac]

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What's the black pres. thinkin' on election night
Is it how can I protect my life?
Protect my wife?
Protect my rights?
Every other president was nothin' less than white
'Cept Thomas Jefferson and mixed Indian blood
and Calvin Coolidge
KKK is like 'what the f**k', loadin' they guns up
loadin' up mines too, Ready to ride

Cause im ridin with my crew
He dies - we die too
But on a positive side,
I think Obama provides Hope - and challenges minds
Of all races and colors to erase the hate
And try and love one another, so many political snakes
We in need of a break
Im thinkin' I can trust this brotha
But will he keep it way real?
Every innocent n!gga in jail - gets out on appeal
When he wins - will he really care still?
I feel . . .

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Say a prayer for "do we have to?"
You ain't right, Jeremiah Wrong pastor
In love with a slave master
Sincerely yours:
USA most brave rapper
Jesse car-jacker
Uncle Tom-kidnapper
Ask around
Bentley Coupe off the Richter
B!tch-called-life, I pimped her
What?
Politics, politricks
Klan-shooter
Deacon for defense
Progress-producer
Nothing on the stove
A survival-booster
Gotta do what we gotta do
We ain't got no governors coming through - to help
anything we need done, we gotta do for self
New-improved JFK on the way
It ain't the 60's again
N!ggas ain't hippies again
We ain't falling for the same traps
Standing on the balconies
Where they shot the King at
McCain got apologies
Ain't nobody hearing that
People need honesty

[Hook (2x): Tupac]

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[Outro]

It is my distinct honor and privilege to introduce the next President of the United States:
Barack Obama.
(Applause)

