

# Nas, Black Republican

(feat. Jay-Z)

[Intro: Jay-Z & (Nas)]

I know you can feel the magic baby  
Turn the motherfuckin lights down  
Esco whuttup? (Whuttup homey)  
I mean.. it's what you expected ain't it?  
Let's go... uh, uh, uh, uh, uh  
Turn the music up and the headphones  
uh, Yea, that's perfect (Yea, right)  
Uh, we gotta take and make a nigga wait on this motherfucker  
(hahaha!) Make niggaz mad and shit like..  
Niggaz usually start rappin' after 4-bars, nigga go in  
Start dancin' in this motherfucker  
Yea, (Yea) niggaz come outta nowhere

[Hook: Jay-Z]

I feel like a Black Republican, money I got comin' in  
Can't turn my back on the hood, I got love for them  
Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em  
Probably in the back of the hood, I'm like "Fuck it then"

[Verse 1: Jay-Z]

Huddlin' over the oven, we was like brothers then (What?)  
Though you was nothin' other than a son of my mother's friend  
We had governin', who would of thought the love would end  
Like ice cold album, all good things  
Neva thought we sing the same song that all hood sang  
Thought it was all wood-grain, all good brain  
You wouldn't bicker like the other fools talk good game  
Neva imagine all the disasters that one could reign  
Could bring!, should bling, the game, and I could  
It's kill or be killed, how could I refrain?  
And foreva be in debt, that's neva a good thing  
To the pressure for success can put a good strain  
On a friend you call best, and yes it could bring  
Out the worst in every person, even the good's insane  
Though we rehearsed, it's just ain't the same  
When you put in the game at age sixteen  
Then you mix things: like cars, jewelry, and miss things  
Jealousy, ego, and pride, and this brings  
It all to a head like coin, cha-ching  
The rule of evil strikes again, this could sting  
Now the team got beef between the Post and the Point  
This puts the ring in jeopardy - until Liberty

[Hook: Jay-Z]

[Hook: Nas]

I feel like a black militant takin' over the government  
Can't turn my back on the hood, too much love for them  
Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em  
Probably in up back in the hood, I'm like, "fuck it then"

[Verse 2: Nas]

I'm back in the hood, they like, "Hey Nas" (Uh)  
Blowin' on purp', reflectin' on they lives  
Couple of fat cats, couple of A.I.'s  
Dreamin' of fly shit instead of them gray skies  
Gray 5's, hate guys wishin' our reign dies  
Pitch, sling pies, and niggaz they sing, "why"?  
Guess they ain't strong enough to handle their jail time  
Weak minds, keep tryin', follow the street signs  
I'm standin' on the roof of my building

I'm feelin' - the whirlwind of beef, I inhale it  
Just like an acrobat ready to hurl myself though the hoops of fire  
Sippin' 80 proof, bulletproof under my attire  
Could it be the forces of darkness, against hood angels of good  
That forms street politics - makes a sweet honest kid  
Turn illegal for commerce - to get his feet out of them Converse  
That's my word

[Hook: Jay-Z]

[Hook: Nas]