

Nas ft. Keri Hilson, Hero

(feat. Keri Hilson)

[Chorus - Nas & Keri Hilson]

Chain gleaming

Switching lanes

Two-seating

Hate him or love him

For the same reason

Can't leave it

The games needs him

Plus the people need someone to believe in

So in God's Son we trust

'Cause they know I'm gonna give 'em what they want

They looking for... a hero

I guess that makes me... a hero

[Verse 1]

Another chapter of the cleanest rapper

Distinguished gentlemen

Crooks and castle on his back

Maybach-er, exotic lady eye-catcher

Holla at'cha, call me the chiropractor

Working like Muay Thai class

Get perspire out ya

And of course I've been the boss since back when

Rocking D Boy, Fila, velour in 190 black Benz

Now they shut down the stores when I'm shopping

Used to be train robbing, face covered in stocking

I'm him

[Chorus - Nas & Keri Hilson]

[Verse 2]

Rubber-grip-holder, reloader

Come at me I'ma rip your soliders in half

Silverback ape, nickle-plated mag

Young, rich, and flashy

Young, b! tch, I'm nasty

All black clothes til ice lay on me so classy

And every time I close my lids

I can still see the borough, I can still see the Bridge

I can still see the dreams that my niqqas ain't never lived to see

Tell them angels open the door for me

From nine berettas and moving raw

To chilling in wine cellars

Sticks and humidors

That's what I call mature

That's what I call a g

That's what I call a pimp

That's what I call a gangsta

To the fullest, sh! t

I try to make more cream

By every September 14th, that's my dream

So I can be more clean, as I grow yearly

I can see things more clearly

That's why they fear me

[Chorus - Nas & Keri Hilson]

[Verse 3]

This universal apartheid

I'm hog-tied, the corporate side

Blocking y'all from going to stores and buying it

First L.A. and Doug Morris was riding wit it

But Newsweek article startled big wigs

They said, Nas, why is he trying it?

My lawyers only see the Billboard charts as winning

Forgetting - Nas the only true rebel since the beginning

Still in musical prison, in jail for the flow

Try telling Bob Dylan, Bruce, or Billy Joel

They can't sing what's in their soul
So untitled it is
I never change nothin'
But people remember this
If Nas can't say it, think about these talented kids
With new ideas being told what they can and can't spit
I can't sit and watch it
So, sh! t, I'ma drop it
Like it or not
You ain't gotta cop it
I'm a hustler in the studio
Cups of Don Julio
No matter what the CD called
I'm unbeatable, y'all