

Nas, These Are Our Heroes

[Nas:] "This ain't for everybody. Y'all know who y'all are
Yeah you, y'all know who y'all are. These are our heroes."

[Chorus: Nas]

Let's hear it, one for the coons on UPN 9 and WB
Who 'Yes Massa' on TV, what ever happened to Wheezy? The Red Fox's?
Never got Emmy's but were real to me
Let's hear it, two for the spooks who do cartwheels
'Cause they said they played they parts well
Now they claim caviar, hate that oxtail
Lambda Sigma Phi badge on lapel
Whitey always tell him, "Ooh, he speak so well"
Are you the one we look to, the decent Negro?
The acceptable Negro -- hell nah
But they say, "These are our heroes";

[Verse 1: Nas]

Uh, Massa used to breed us to be bigger to go play
Athletes of today in the NBA, make me proud
But there's somethin' they don't say
Keep gettin' accused for abusin' White pussay
From OJ to Kobe, uh let's call him Tobe
First he played his life cool just like Michael
Now he rock ice too just like I do
Yo, you can't do better than that?
The hotel clerk who adjusts the bathroom mat?
Now you lose sponsorships that you thought had your back
Yeah, you beat the rap juggaboo, fake nigga you
You turn around then you shit on Shaq
Who woulda knew, Mr. Goodie-Two-Shoes
He love a little butt crack, got enough cash
Little kids with they bus pass who look up to you
To do something for the youth, stupid spoof
But you let them use you as an example
They would rep, but our heroes got they hands full

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Nas]

You Homey The Clown, bowtie, apple pie, Bo Jangles
But we love Bo Jangles, we know what he came through
But what's your excuse, duke? You talk Black
but your album sound like you give your nuts for a plaque
You don't ride for the facts like um, say Scarface
You don't know what you feel, y'all too safe
Election done came and went, y'all worked so hard for it
Huh, and in the end we all got dicked
These are our heroes, thanks a lot public school systems still rot
Still harassed by cops, snitches on blocks
Sellin they peoples out - some real folks with clout
Tavis Smiley, Michael Eric Dyson
Stokely Carmichael, let's try to be like them
Nicky Giovanni poetical black female
Jim Brown to the people who sing well from
Fela to Miriam Makeba
The mirror says you are the next American leader
So don't be, acceptin new 'We are the World' records
These pickaninnies get with anything to sell records
Cause it's trendy to be the conscious MC
But next year, who knows what we'll see?
Ha-Ha, these are our heroes

[Chorus]

[Nas:] "Yeah, I wanna give a special shoutout to the -- y'know the crew doin' they thing out there reppin' us hard Big up to Tiger Woods. Yeah, ya don't stop. Big up to Cuba Gooding Jr. Y'know, yeah, y'know. Tay Diggs what up my nigga. Yeah, ha-ha. And you don't quit and ya don't quit, and ya don't stop and ya don't quit."

[Male Heckler:] "Yeah-Yeah, what you doin' for the hood though homie? What you doin' for the hood, man? Look at all that paper. Drivin' around like a playboy in my hood. What type of shit is that?"

[overlapping dialogue]

[Nas:] "I'm outta here. Please, excuse me, 'xcuse me -- please Let me get to my limousine, I'm outta here. I know, I got a plane to catch. And I love you back. Ha-Ha yeah yeah -- And I'm outta here. A-ha-ha -- PEACE."

[Thug Heckler:] "Come on nigga, give back to the hood. Cocky motherfucker!"