# Hero (feat. Keri Hilson)

## Nas

QB
Where the fuck y'all at?
Ha, ha, ha
Yeah, let's go[Hook - Nas & Keri Hilson]
Chain gleamin', switchin' lanes, two seatin'
Hate 'em or love 'em for the same reason (Fresh)
Can't leave it, the game needs him
Plus the people need someone to believe in (Yes)
So in God's Son we trust, 'cause they know
I'ma give 'em what they want
They lookin' for a (Hero)
I guess that makes me a (Hero)
[Verse One - Nas]
Another chapter of the cleanest rapper
Distinguished gentlemen
Crooks and Castles on his back, Maybach-er
Exotic lady eye catcher, holla at ya
Call me the chiropractor
Working like Muay Thai class
Can prespire out ya
And of course I've been the boss since back when
Rockin' D-boy Fila, velour and a 190 black Benz
Now they shut down the stores that I'm shoppin'
Used to be train robbin', face covered in stockin'
I'm him
[Hook - Nas & Keri Hilson]
Chain gleamin', switchin' lanes, two seatin'
Hate 'em or love 'em for the same reason (Fresh)
Can't leave it, the game needs him
Plus the people need someone to believe in (Yes)
So in God's Son we trust, 'cause they know
I'ma give 'em what they want
They lookin' for a (Hero)
I guess that makes me a (Hero)[Verse Two - Nas]
Rubber grip hold the reloader
Come at me, I'ma rip your soldiers in half
Silverback ape, nickel-plated mag
Young, rich and flashy
Young bitch, I'm nasty
All black clothes, the 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 niggas ain't never lived to see
Tell 'em angels open the door for me
From nine Berettas and movin' raw
To chillin' 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, shit
I'm trying to make more C.R.E.A.M. by every September 14
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[Hook - Nas & Keri Hilson]
Chain gleamin', switchin' lanes, two seatin'
Hate 'em or love 'em for the same reason (Fresh)
Can't leave it, the game needs him
Plus the people need someone to believe in (Yes)
So in God's Son we trust, 'cause they know
I'ma give 'em what they want
They lookin' for a (Hero)
I guess that makes me a (Hero)[Verse Three - Nas]
It's Universal apartheid, I'm hog-tied
The corporate side blockin' y'all from goin' to stores and buyin' it
First L.A. and Doug Morris was ridin' with it
But Newsweek articles startle big wigs
They said, "Nas, why is he tryin' it?"
My lawyers only see the Billboard charts is winnin', forgettin'
Nas the only true rebel since the beginning
Still in musical prison, in jail for the flow
Try tellin' Bob Dylan, Bruce or Billy Joel they can't sing what's in they soul
So Untitled it is, I never changed nothin'
But people, remember this: if Nas can't say it
Think about these talented kids with new ideas
Bein' told what they can and can't spit
I can't sit and watch it, so shit, I'ma drop it
Like it or not, you ain't gotta cop it
I'm a hustla in the studio, cups of Don Julio
No matter what the CD called, I'm unbeatable, y'all
Let's go!Yeah, yeah
Nas, Polow da Don
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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