

Dispear

Nas & Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley

Lord, this spear, huh
Shaka Zulu, Bobo Shanti, Nyabinghi
Man a Mau Mau Warrior, despair, eh
Fear and desperation, no depression can't tarry ya This spear, hey
Ayatollah, Idi Amin, Mennelek
Man a Masai Warrior, despair, eh
Fear and desperation, no depression can't tarry ya This spear
Like burning spear and such and such before me
Who all fought for the cause and this spear, eh
Enforcing all the laws The master of the masses
One has power, the other one lacks it
Guns are power, controlled by assets
Owned by financial forecasters
Who are the masters? They are the gangsters
They are the bankers, the ones who tax us
The masses, they are us
The sheep, the people, divided in classes I go off like a Shite bomb and all y'all see I'm on my
War paint on my face, shit, my nine mm on my waist, shit
I'm a problem, shoot up your place, shit
Let a few go then I get low, blazing Haze again The masters, The Wall Street War Chiefs, the
elitists groups
The masses, they pray to Jesus, saying he will see us through
The masters are the aristocratic
The masses ask if the Most High is on his way here
I'm trying to stay clear, my mind is my modern day Spear Hey, I say, this spear, huh
Shaka Zulu, Bobo Shanti, Nyabinghi
Man a Mau Mau Warrior, despair, eh
Fear and desperation, no depression can't tarry ya
This spear, hey
Ayatollah, Idi Amin, Mennelek
Man a Masai Warrior, despair, eh
Fear and desperation, no depression can't tarry ya This spear
Like burning spear and such and such before me
Who all fought for the cause and this spear, eh
Enforcing all the laws This lead into Swiss cheese when the 5th squeeze
Mislead, the media misleads
Scares you to the point where you miss sleep
With that said This lead with this Ruger and that shooter
Sub-machine gun ratta-tat through you
Copper tops, hollow points will do ya something bad
Our future is Mislead, three strikes
There's no school when a teacher strikes

This economy, this monopoly
Get no job, just own your property Now it's back to what comes natural
Must survive any how you have to
Despair, desperation
But I have no fear when I hold this spear Make some bwoy know mi nah smile
'Cause this spear nah beg friends
Man a run racket, man a run scheme
Man a run race, man a rundown Benz Can't trust a she nor we nor
Eye in a contact lens
Man a run from police and a rundown wealth
And dollars and nah make sense So, rise up to my defense
Hollow pointed is my preference
Should have been deterred, don't know what you heard
Get referred by the wrong reference When this spear start dispense
It a fly and a tear through fence
Dismember your members and all of your limbs
Body bust inna 'nuff segments Well, man a run drugs, man a run risk
Man all a run out a time and ends
Man a run up and down and a run fi dem life
And a run down this month rent Nutin' nah gwan a yard and food deh a road
Then man hafi go touch pavement
Despair was a tool that was used to enslave man
And make manservant Escape from Despair and Desperation
Becomes more urgent
Mankind needs to cleanse and wash out dem soul
With spiritual detergent A distant army, a distant relative
Controlling the circumference
And any man move with no permission
They're feeling the circumstance of This spear, hey
Shaka Zulu, Bobo Shanti, man a, eh
Man a Mau Mau Warrior, despair, eh
Fear of your recession and depression can't tarry ya This spear, hey
Inner city youth dem rise it up disguised as AK-47
This spear, eh
And anytime them clap it up the whole city level This spear
Like Burning spear and such and such before I
Who all fought for the cause and this spear, eh
They can't ignore me, no
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>