

As We Enter

Nas & Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley

Come now we take you on the biggest adventure
Must be dementia, that you ever thought
You could touch our credentials, what's the initials?
You be Jamrock the lyrical official

Send out the order, laws and the rituals
Burn candles, say prayers, paint murals

It is truth we big news, we hood heroes
Break past the anchor, we come to conquer

Man a badman, we no play Willy Wonka
And I got the guns

I got the ganja
And we could blaze it up on your block if you want to

Or haze it up stash box in a Hummer

Or you could run up and get done up
Or get something that you want none of

Unlimited amount you collect from us

Direct from us, street intellectuals
And I'm shrewd about decimals

And my man'll speak Patois

And I can speak rap star

Y'all feel me even if it's in Swahili

Habari Ghani
Mzuri sana

Switch up the language and move to Ghana
Salute and honor, real revolution rhymer
Rhythm

piranhas
Like true Obamas, unfold the drama

Word is out, hysteria you heard about

Nas and Jr. Gong gonna turn it out

Body the until they scream "murder" out

The kings is back, time to return the crown

Who want it? Tuck your chain, we're due coming

Renegades that'll peel you back like new hundreds

Bet your jewels on it, you don't want to lose on it

Either move on or move on it
Queens to Kingston
Gunshot we use and govern the kingdom
Rise

of the Winston, I can see the fear up in your eyes

Realize you can die any instant
And I can hear the sound of a voice

When you must lose your life like mice in the kitchen
Snitching, I can see him pissing on hisself

And he's wetting up his thighs and he trying to resist it
Switching, I can smell him digging up

shit like a fly

Come around and be persistent
That's how you end up in a hitlist
Ain't no bad man business
No

evidence
Crime scene, fingerprint-less
Flow effortless
Casual like the weekends
No pressure

when
We're comfy and decent
We set this off beasting
Hunting season
And, frankly speaking...

Word is out, hysteria you heard about

Nas and Jr. Gong gonna turn it out

Body the until they scream "murder" out

The kings is back, time to return the crown

Who want it? Tuck your chain, we're due coming

Renegades that'll peel you back like new hundreds

Bet your jewels on it, you don't want to lose on it

Either move on or move on it

Word is out, hysteria you heard about

Nas and Jr. Gong gonna turn it out

Body the until they scream "murder" out
The kings is back, time to return the crown
Who want it? Tuck your chain, we're due coming
Renegades that'll peel you back like new hundreds
Bet your jewels on it, you don't want to lose on it
Either move on or move on it

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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