

Gunshot we use and govern the kingdom

## Fill in the gaps

## As We Enter by Nas & Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley

| As we enter   | Rise of the ******, I can see the fear up in your eyes  |
|---|---|
| Come now we take you on the biggest adventure         | Realize you can die any instant                         |
| Must be dementia that you ever thought                | And I can hear the sound of your voice                  |
| You could touch our credentials, what's the initials? | When you must lose your life like mice in the kitchen   |
| You be Jamrock, the lyrical official                  | Snitching, I can see him ******* on hisself             |
| Send out the order, laws and the rituals              | And he wetting up his thighs and he trying to resist it |
| Burn candles, say prayers, paint murals               | Switching, I can smell him (6) up **** like a           |
| It is truth, we big news, we hood heroes              | fly   |
| Break past the anchor, we (1) to conquer              | Come around and be persistent                           |
| Man a badman, we no play Willy Wonka                  | That's how you end up in a hit list                     |
| And I got the guns                                    | In a bad man business                                   |
| I got the *****                                       | No evidence   |
| And we could blaze it up on (2) block if you want to  | Crime scene, fingerprint-less                           |
| Or haze it up, (3) box in a Hummer                    | Flow effortless   |
| Or you could run up and get done up                   | Casual like the weekends                                |
| Or get something that you want none of                | No pressure when  |
| Unlimited amount to collect from us                   | We're comfy and decent                                  |
| Direct from us, street intellectuals                  | We set this off beastin'                                |
| And I'm shrewd about decimals                         | Hunting season  |
| And my man'll speak patois and I can speak rap star   | And, frankly speaking                                   |
| Y'all feel me even if it's in Swahili                 | Word is out, hysteria you heard about                   |
| Or (4) Gani   | Nas and Jr. Gong came to turn it out                    |
| Masuri Sana   | Body the (7) 'til they scream murder out                |
| Switch up the language and move to Ghana              | The kings is back, time to return the crown             |
| Salute and honor, real revolution rhymers             | Who want it? Tuck your chain, we're due coming          |
| Riddim piranhas                                       | Renegades that'll peel you back like new hundreds       |
| Like true Obamas, unfold the drama                    | Bet your jewels on it, you don't want to lose on it     |
| Word is out, hysteria you heard about                 | Either move on or move on it                            |
| Nas and Jr. Gong came to turn it out                  | Word is out, (8) you heard about                        |
| Body the verses 'til they scream murder out           | Nas and Jr. Gong (9) to turn it out                     |
| The kings is back, time to return the crown           | Body the (10) 'til they scream murder out               |
| Who want it? Tuck your chain, we're due coming        | The kings is back, time to return the crown             |
| Renegades that'll peel you back like new hundreds     | Who want it? Tuck your chain, we're due coming          |
| Bet your jewels on it, you don't want to lose on it   | Renegades that'll peel you back like new hundreds       |
| Either (5) on or move on it                           | Bet your jewels on it, you don't want to lose on it     |
| Queens to Kingston                                    | Either move on or move on it                            |



- 1. come
- 2. your
- 3. stash
- 4. Badi
- 5. move
- 6. digging
- 7. verses
- 8. hysteria
- 9. came
- 10. verse

## Fill in the gaps