

# Powers That Be (feat. Nas)

## Rick Ross

The Lord as my witness, Lord as my witness, there's not!  
There's not a better MC than Rick motherfuckin' Ross,  
Lord as my witness.

And when a nigga says Lord as my witness a nigga tellin' the truth.

You don't lie after you say Lord as my witness.

Did you ever hear OJ say 'Lord as my witness?'

No, he ain't go that far.

Said 'I didn't do it' but he ain't never say 'Lord as my witness.'"Uh, yeah

Uh, yeah

Uh, yeah

Went to war, beaker scores, they continue to fall  
Corner stores, wait up, hold all these wonderful laws  
So much violence in the streets, ask the powers that be  
Kiss my daughter on the cheek and I'm strapped as we speak  
Dirty money get bloody, you still see the gun wounds  
But what's funny are the ones that we put the guns to  
Fuck 'em all, kill or be killed, it's still a thug rule  
Back of class, high on grass, 'til I said "fuck school!"  
What's meant to be is meant to be, I rather you than me  
Die with pride, forty shells on the murder scene  
Rolls Royce leather stitching in the steering wheel  
Ninth album, Ice Cube, nigga kill at will  
Had to balance, Double M is the imperial  
Niggas pay respect, they mail it in an envelope  
Fucking centerfolds like I still be dealing dope  
Probably would if you're talking like fifty or more

Uh, yeah

Uh, yeah

Uh, yeah So creative, co-creator, family the motivator  
Project buildings, lot of feeling, karma my codefendant  
Pot to piss in, not a ribbon, never forgot a Christmas  
Father figure not around, that's such a major difference  
I would play with all my homies' gifts  
I understood I didn't wanna trip  
The lack of didn't tap my confidence  
Matter fact that's how I mastered a couple things  
Went from not having to sheer opulence  
Maybach with the drapes like an apartment in it  
Whole hood know it, only one that's white on white  
Name ringing like DJ Clue on a Friday night  
Just got some real estate out in Dubai  
Nation of Islam, they say I might have a few ties

Talking tall brothers with the dark shades  
Shed light, bringing niggas out the dark age  
Sitting in the court with a sharp fade  
Having sentimental thoughts about this Caucasian  
Six million in the hole, still feeling short-changed  
Reprimanded by someone who's snorting cocaine  
Frank Hampton was an angel, may his name ring  
Crackers wanna kill me for the same thing  
Ain't no financial aid out in Notre Dame  
Activist sipping Actavis, tryna pour away Uh, yeah  
Uh, yeah  
Uh, yeah You know how it is  
New levels, new devils  
The cheddar breed jealousy, at hella speed but it's whatever  
Mercedes driver  
85'er, enlightener, collapsable sun visor  
The half moon identifies  
The son of God, son of man  
Son of Sam, young with the blam  
Stick or get stuck, get killed to get buck  
A blessing of luck  
I love all, test me, trust not  
Above all but young niggas address me as such  
Like Hannibal Barker, running through Carthage  
Pan of our watches, conquer the nonsense, conquering lion  
Armée var, Son, God combined in one  
Most prolific, you off point  
Like the coke addicted lawyer, Klienfeldt's gun  
Tell the waiter bring over that Moscow Mule  
Tell them haters get over it, Nas still rules  
To money makers and niggas who murk you out  
And beat the death penalty on reversal trial  
Niggas versatile Uh, yeah  
Uh, yeah  
Uh, yeah  
Some things your eyes won't see  
But when it's out of your control  
Then it's the powers that be, be  
He he he he he, la la la la la la  
He he he he he, la la la la la la  
Some things your eyes can't see  
But when it's out of your control  
Then it's the powers that be, be

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>