

Nas, Association

Association - Nas feat. Stic. Man of Dead Prez

You are who you associate with
Look around at your five closest friends
And that's who you are
If you don't want to be that person
You know what you got to do

[Chorus]
Association breeds similiarity
That's why I'ma stay with real rich niggers
'til six niggers carry me
Poverty's a mind state
Time waits for no man
But no man
Wants to die a poor man
With no plan

[Nas]
You try to kill me, but I come back
Hate me, that's a small thing
Demons let the sword swing and sever off my offspring
Bitches try to see me down, hugging the floor
Bullets pulling me, playing tug of war
With my body, gravity got me
Police want me arrested, just to see me naked
Snakes want my necklace, fake niggas make me ?
Thugs shooting wreckless, everynight, niggas
Wonder, how will I exit from this life, niggas?
Think you a killer, get some mad(?) shoes in the river
You should watch them people with you
Let them street rules hit you
If you hang around snitches, you get judged for that
'Cause you could ?, you know there ain't no love for that
There's slugs for that
Oh, you didn't know your man was talking?
That's why you stand with, till you both land in the coffin
When you first heard he was snitching, then you should have thought
Everytime this nigga got caught selling, they let him walk
Early on a nigga was taught, stay away from them niggas
So a nigga like Nas got nothing to say to them niggas
I fuck with, only the trusted thug clique
Who really done shit, run up in your bitch, busting guns quick

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[Nas]
Some bitches lie a lot
They could be fly or not
Actresses cry a lot
Their girlfriends spy a lot
They can shake your hand, girl
Then they take your man, girl
The whole hood knowing
We got something good going
None of these hoes is after me

'Til they saw us happy
And that you bagged me
Now they wishing that they had me
So watch who you hang with
And who you cling with
You know these bitches aint shit
They hoping to bank chips
With the baller after she done gave him some head
He never called her
He ? it and he left her for dead
Birds of a feather fly together
But chickens don't, they eat their own shit and die
And you affiliated, now you look weak
Cause your peeps is freaks
Credit card stealing hoes, well known in the streets
And they brought your down in the dirt
You was a pretty, young, smart thing
Going to work, I bet it hurt
Cause you had a clean rep
But the girls you seen with make these niggas say
"I bet that bitch suck a mean dick"
Word

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[Stic Man]
A warrior walk alone, there's one spot on this throne
Fake friends be off and on, but a man stand up on his own
I'm raised by a different code, cut from a different cloth
Never been a follower, my momma told me be a boss
Watch who you hang around, don't let nobody bring you down
Friends come and go like seasons, leaves turn to brown
And some only come around when everything is green
Be careful not to let a snake infiltrate your team
For every Jesus there's a Judas, every Caesar there's a Brutus
If somebody tell you jump off a bridge are you gon' do it?
There's two types of influence: either healthy or deadly
Keep your circle small, away from all the hate and the envy
Don't come nowhere near me with it, I'm bullshit intolerant
My politics bosses up, for you black empowerment
i stay in my element, braveheart intelligent
Only associate with those for my betterment
I'm out for dead presidents to represent mines
Only click with my kind, my best friend is my grind
Everybody got big dreams, but few follow through
And it's deep: the company you keep become apart of you
Don't just be sitting around smoking weed letting time fly
If your homies don't inspire you to rise, tell them bye
You're better off dolo than rolling with a weak ass crew
I'm like Scarface: Who I trust? Me, that's who
</lyrics>