

# Nas, Every Ghetto (feat. Blitz)

Uhh... yeah... uhh...

[Verse 1] (Nas)

Blessings in life to the children

They say life is like 5 days

Words of a old man with silver hair in his wheel chair

His eyes were bloody while describin' what lies before me

Said evil bitches and jealous men would try to destroy me

It occurred to me, this old nigga's words couldn't be realer

I'm on top now, slightest drama, I'll have ta kill ya

Cuz animals and sweetness, sharks smell blood in water

Ishmael, Moses and Job, moved a divine order

Shit is plastic material, havin' no life

I crash whips and leave it no matter the price

As long as I survive, coppin' the five

Circle the block where the beef's at

And park in front of my enemy's eyes

They see that it's war we life stealers

Hollow tip, lead busters there's no heaven or hell

Dead is dead, fuckers

And your soul is with God

Your mind keeps lurkin' to earth

Watchin' your own murder reoccur

[Chorus] (Repeat 2X)

For ever struggle, every strip, and every ghetto

For every nigga toned in the pain and heavy metal

For every child that's born

And every nigga gone

And for every brotha breathin'

Live to see another mornin'

[Verse 2] (Blitz)

It's Blitz nigga the streets glory many die for me

Got knocked refused 3 to 9's, went to trial for me

Basically I'm just reality loaded with vast stories

Of lust, greed, and contempt no street is exempt

Extended clip shots hoods barricaded for 6 blocks

I sip shots, watchin' em hustlers pitch rocks

All you paintin' pictures of my pain

Illustrate the city in vain

Fallin' deep into the pits of the game

This is for the sickest state of mind

In these fatal times, vesh crimes

Nickel play the nine and niggas for the dime

Hear the sounds of them baby's cry

Still I'm sayin' why do we reside

In the ghetto with a million ways to die

Stayin' high to relieve the pain

Breathin' in the game, exhalin'

GUILTS and the shame, misery and strain

What the fuck will tomorrow bring

Look at anthrax, I stand back through

Hopin' I make it tomorrow

[Verse 3] (Nas)

My skin is a art gallery, right

With paintings of crucifixes

Hopin' to save me from all the dangers in the music business

Was once a young gangsta hangin' with youth offenders

But since I tasted paper it started losin the friendships

Watchin' kids freeze in winters, they still poor

How could I tease them with Benz's and feel no remorse

Drivin' past them in the lively fashion, diamond colors clashin'

Red stones, blue stones, red bones and black ones

Fuck did I expect with bucket seats in a Lex

And spendin' time in Chuckie Cheese with Little Des

Got guns when I'm with my daughter

Hate to bring a violent aura in her presence  
She knows what daddy taught her, it's lessons  
Black princess it's a ugly world  
I put my life up for yours, see I love that girl  
Could you believe even my shadow's jealous  
My skin is mad at my flesh, my flesh hates my own bones  
My brain hates my heart, my heart makes the songs  
Though my songs come from the Father  
I'm lonely...  
Hold me, it's gettin' darker  
Repeat Chorus 2X