Nas, Halftime

(Right..) (Right..)
Check me out y'all, Nasty Nas in your area
About to cause mass hysteria

[Nas]
Before a blunt, I take out my fronts
Then I start to front, matter of fact, I be on a manhunt
You couldn't catch me in the streets without a ton of reefer
That's like Malcolm X, catchin the Jungle Fever
King poetic, too much flavor, I'm major
Atlanta ain't Brave-r, I'll pull a number like a pager
Cause I'm am ace when I face the bass
40-side is the place that is giving me grace
Now wait, another dose and you might be dead
And I'm a Nike head, I wear chains that excite the feds
And ain't a damn thing gonna change
I'ma performer (?) show the mic warmer was born to gain
Nas, why did you do it?
You know you got the mad fat fluid when you rhyme, it's halftime

(Right..) It's halftime
(Right..) Aiyyo it's halftime
(Right..) It's halftime
(Right..) Yeah, it's about halftime
This is how it feel, check it out, how it feel

[Nas]
It's like that, you know it's like that
I got it hemmed, now you never get the mic back
When I attack, there ain't an army that could strike back
So I react never calmly on a hype track
I set it off with my own rhyme
Cause I'm as ill as a convict who kills for phone time
I'm max like cassettes, I flex like sex
in your stereo sets, Nas will catch wreck
I used to hustle, now all I do is relax and strive
When I was young, I was a fan of the Jackson 5
I drop jewels, wear jewels, hope to never run it
With more kicks than a baby in a mother's stomach
Nasty Nas has to rise cause I'm wise
This is exercise 'til the microphone dies
Back in eighty-three I was an MC sparking
But I was too scared to grab the mic's in the park and
kick my little raps cause I thought niggaz wouldn't understand
And now in every jam I'm the fuckin man
I rap in front of more niggaz than in the slave ships
I used to watch C.H.I.P.S., now I load glock clips
I got to have it, I miss Mr. Magic
Versatile, my style switches like a faggot
But not bisexual, I'm an intellectual
Of rap, I'm a professional and that's no question, yo
These are the lyrics of the man, you can't near it, understand
Cuz in the streets, I'm well known like the number man
In my place wit the bass and format
Explore rap, and tell me Nas ain't all that
And next time I rhyme, I be foul
Whenever I freestyle I see trial niggaz say I'm wow
I hate a rhymebiter's rhyme
Stay tuned, Nas, soon the real rap comes at halftime

(Right..) It's halftime
(Right..) Exhale, check it it's halftime
(Right..) It's halftime
(Right..) It's real in the field

Word life, check it

[Nas]
I got it goin on, even flip 'em on this song
Every afternoon, I kick half the tune
And in the darkness, I'm heartless like when the NARCs hit
Word to Marcus Garvey I hardly sparked it
Cause when I blast the herb, that's my word
I be slayin them fast, doing this that and the third
But chill, past to Andre, and let's slay
I bag bitches up at John Jay, and hit a matinee
Puttin hits on 5-0
Csudr when it's my time to go, I wait for God wit the fo'-fo'
And biters can't come near
And yo, go to hell to the foul cop who shot Garcia
I won't plant seeds, don't need an extra mouth I can't feed
That's extra Phillie change, more cash for that weed
This goes out to Manhattan, the island of Staten
Brooklyn and Queens is livin fat and
The Boogie Down, enough props, enough clout
Ill Will, rest in peace, yo, I'm out

(Right..) It's still halftime
(Right..) To the Queensbridge crew
To the Queensbridge crew, you know it's halftime
(Right..) Ninety-two, it's halftime
(Right..) Yo police, police man, yo let's get ghost
Halftime..