

# Nas, Never Gonna Give It Up

[Nas talking]

Man, we love you man, you hear me?

This is coming from the General man, Nas man

Bravehearts love you man, this is to all of ya niggaz

Who been using my name from day one to make yourselves famous

Whether you shouting me out on your records

Whether you try to come at me on your records, or whether you just you know...?

You know... you know how you dick riding man? This goes out to ya

Cause we love you man, I've done made a lot of niggaz famous man

But I'm gon' make you...I make you make the papers, this one's for you

Hey yo, word up

It been a lot of times when a nigga ain't wanna fuck with this rap shit no more

Fuck this shit, but you know...? Through the year I started to see shit, you knowamsayin?

Nigga see niggaz driving around with fancy cars, diamonds all that shit

Niggaz thinking nigga chilling

Got to go through a whole bunch of big shit, all that bullshit

But you know what? Fuck that shit, you know how I feel? Yo

[Nas with chorus]

I'm never gonna give it up, fuck that

I made a mil', but that ain't good enough

Ocean and a beach so I can really live it up

See, that's the life baby, you got to understand its life baby

I'm never gonna give it up, fuck that

I made a mil', but that ain't good enough

Ocean and a beach so I can really live it up

See, that's the life baby, you got to understand its life baby

[Verse 1]

Uhh... I got the mention and the nice ride

Platinum chain, and an ice watch

All this fame in my life's hard

I entertain, been so many places, see so many different faces

They look the same from the stages

After the concert, hours of long work

Home sick from the role, smoking my lungs hurt

Even thought now I'm recording songs

It's better than, when I was pedaling doing wrong

I brought the crew along, we thuggin

Fucking married bitches; they go to their husbands

Bitches ain't shit, we laughing with them

Can't even role the streets now, without the heat

I bust the nigga off impost, that shit is weak

On trial, what I'm gon' tell the judge

He don't give me no smile, he don't give me no love, nor???? the jury

That's when I need celeb status and the blackness

This motherfucker's hate rappers, what a life

[Chorus: with changes]

[Verse 2]

My girl hate when I'm with my boys, think I'm cheating

Every morning knocking at my door state policeman

Give him a reason, but I don't give it to him

They said they heard a disturbance, and I just listen to him

See, I cooperate until they push me

Cops hate when you know the law, you ain't pussy - you not fake

Can't explain how much I miss the block

When we was slinging with my niggaz, screaming "Fuck the cops!"

Now when I'm dreaming I can see my dead friends smile

Wake up, I get some air, hit the mall for a while - pick up some gear

I'm going to the studio; my engineer put the track up from "out west"

And he told me spit it clear...Uhh

Another hit is just made, another album

So ones again we getting paid, and now we wilding  
Get hype to shoot the video, all in the city yo  
I'm hoping that a nigga blow, but ya don't hear me thought

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Uhh...the haters say I ain't shit  
Hope I fall, but I can't slip  
Got to ball, got to bank chips  
Old ladies hate my moms cause their kids ate them out to nothing  
Catch my moms on the bench fronting  
I got to stay awake, got to pray today  
Glad I'm still alive, fuck what them haters say  
So many times I ain't wanna rhyme  
Wanted a normal life, when I ain't Nas all the time  
Uhh...so many problems too, do what I got to do  
As long as my moms say, "Boy, I'm proud of you!"  
I keep laying hits, one is never quits  
Plus if I stop, how will I stay legit?

[Chorus]