

Nas, Sometimes I Wonder

QB the whole NYC
We gonna bounce to this
To all my niggaz (yeah yeah)
To all the ladies

Chorus:

Sometimes I wonder
Will a nigga go under because of his hunger
This game is risky
If a nigga slips six deep
Will these niggaz really miss me
Dead partners too soon
All these niggaz flipping on me
Cause I won't give no loot to them
Sometimes I wonder
Sometimes I...

(Nas)

Top of the world is what I'm aiming at
These niggaz is flaming gats at my circle
I catch you, my first reaction is to hurt you
I hit your bird too, two in your scalp then you out
Your thug crew is out, blood oozing out
Some serving caine
Knowing nothing about this murder game
Its easily told but hard to hear
When niggaz finally find out its real
Thats when they heart pumps fear
The real remains the weak will disappear
My words is 20/20, my vocals are crystal clear
911 style sits on your mind like chrome
Lets say your brains is V12, put it in drive let it roam
What color? Might as well make it same as your dome
You need your thoughts together, that means destination is unknown
As we travel on this road, an infinite path, I get into this math
Drop and get intense for this cash
Will I be subject to kill, live my life by a gat
Just when I think I made it out, the street is calling me back

Chorus:

(Nature)

I know a lot of fiends by they first name
Living in Queens, a lot of cats getting stuck for they chains
Holding dirty guns, the young owe dirty ones
Running wild, niggaz I raise hell above ground
Live in sin, holding rocks, benjamin grin
Figure once I got knocked, it would end
Never that
They try to tell me I don't love my own
The thugs know, they ride my zone
Like the cyclone trademark
For coney isle, yeah you know me now
I'm giving fake hugs, phoney smiles
Stack profits, you know how the niggaz on the block get
Try to give you dap to stare at your pockets
Cruise advance nothing new just the rules of the land
You could tell if they wolves or lamb
You could fight a few, there's a few that ran
Or you could feed them and lose your hand
What you wanna do?

Chorus:

(Nas)

Blessing be to the ones who left us
Transcend into spiritual essences
In Allah's arms you rest in
To him we pray for my peeps
Floyd, Twin and Taiyeh, Mr. Sunny back in the day

Get the money yam, he use to say not only nice with hands
But streetsmart he was twice a man
I try to understand life's deep plot
I think of Weewop, Shikeisha they both was mad nice on the rocks
They could have went pro but only God knows why not
Like my nigga Bing, let your sneakers not be clean
He'll start snapping on you, making a scene
Kept the lye, a cool nigga warm heart and stayed fly
You still alive, I see you in your sister's face
Are you there pa? Or looking on from a distant place?
My thoroughbreds, Blackhead quiet but real
Expect to see your black jeep fly over the hill
In the spirit of Richie Lou tribute
Remind the world of the crimes that NY pigs do
We miss you, Harry and Sonia
Rest in peace to Marty, a 41st side of Vernon soldier
T.J. Black better known as Killer
I can't replace you, but in me Havoc will always have a brother my nigga
My man Will till we meet again
You hold it up there, I'll hold it down here
I hope you hear my prays clear
Chorus:
Repeats 3x