

Nas, Star Wars

Yeah, yeah, yo, yeah, yeah

[Verse 1]

For niggaz up in they mom's crib listenin
To this unadulterated Nas shit wishin it was then
Instead a, me on this track on this beach with palm trees
Drinks with umbrellas straws telling it raw
Jungle of concrete killers and snakes I was amongst that
Bundles of crack through this funnel that's black
I want you to vision through my telescope see the hell I wrote
It's Reynolds when I Wrap it like a envelope package
And they would send the dope back then
Numbers, pimpin and robbin, well they still robbin and pimpin
But it's small change compare to hip hoppin
And did I mention millions because of lip poppin
Trips expensive gift shoppin whip drivin
Benzes, Jeeps, see, them and they bitch got one
It's shockin you thinkin naw it's just rhymin
But all this time it's like organized crimin
For instance, there was a time when there was a line
Between streets and business, but now peep how it's mixed in
The beef is now sickenin, everybody got paper
Words of power, because of it the cops hate ya
The government watchin all of those who thuggin it
They wanna lock us up cause they kids are lovin it
Not knowin that most rappers are straight ass
The shots ring out, whenever we clash it's Star Wars

[Chorus]

We call it Star Wars
What happens when the shots ring out, Star Wars
We call it Star Wars

[Verse 2]

Caviar never, I rather the Cajun blacken
Catfish no snails simple nigga to please
Met a bad bitch dimples in her cheeks
She remembers Busy B battles when it was peace
Caught myself driftin in thought, cause now it's different I thought
Niggaz was raised off the shit I record
Like I was brought up off that Planet Rock
Kurtis Blow, James Todd Smith, Shan and Scott LaRock in the jams
Why would they fuck with a don, Jehovah witness
Him and his co-defendants, I eat 'em like Lucky Charms
With two percent low fat milk, five percent pro black built
It's nothin mother had a motherfucker
I don't think about it niggaz talkin there's a lot of gossip
That I'm a prophet or I can't go back to my projects
Can I? Does a plant grow from a plant yes
Do trees grow from a forest MC's y'all are clitoris
Y'all niggaz roll with any click that's winnin any crew
Doin whatever's trendy, even they leave me too
Ain't enough room in this town
What is beef between ghetto word spitters with crowns, Star Wars

[Chorus]

Cause this is Star Wars, shots ring out everywhere, Star Wars
Cause this is Star Wars, shots ring out

[Verse 3]

This ain't, no Oscars or MTV or Joan Rivers fashion police
Not what you read in tabloid seats
These are MC's that live by the code, it's hard for me to spit it
Because the game was supposed to be sold we livid

Came from the streets we the voice of the youth
America's nightmare was given a the mic booth
Nike boots, leathers and jean, jewelry, cribs and cars
Rappers not dependin on your nine to five jobs
Entertainment, this is our world this is our language
Different regions speakin east and west gang shit
You got your positive shit like, Common Sense
But even he had drama with the Don Mega Cube
Acknowledge the words get twisted at times it's rules
What you think is different from the block whenever we feud
Fuck your pictures and your plaques your tours and autographs
Don't trust bitches and niggaz who tell you your all of that
Cause, they'll be in your enemies face, sayin it's safe
To run in your release party sprayin the place
Or catch you when you least on point, putting your keys in the door
Behind you with your seeds in Kay Bee Toys store
Maybe the words get disrespectful now your niggaz check you
You 'gon let that nigga play you, you know we 'gon rep you
Next mornin every news channel and front page
Headlines another rapper was slayed, this is Star Wars