

Nas, Stillmatic

[Nas having conversation with himself]

Ayo Nasty Nas, what up?

~Ain't nothing, a lot of cowards frontin'.

I hear what you're saying, but yo, this is all love for me, you know?

~No doubt, smoke them cowards, you STILLMATIC

Ma, I'm sorry who the fuck I AM, I can't trust my fans
Out of luck, no constructive plans
My friends stay powdered up, I'm so drunk, can't stand
You said if I would sober up, I'd be a powerful man
Turned out the street life, you prayed I wouldn't
But every church in the world can't save our children
I stayed out late, you heard shots, thought it would be
Your older son on the ground dead, but fortunately
The bullets had some other names on it, the brother was blind
I hit the el, than we yell out, "It wasn't my time!"
I loaded up shells, one by one, you smelled blunts from my room door
Little Nasir was at war
And little did I care what you saw
Crew deep with a few heat, now it's time we settle the score
But in the projects, I visit Muhammad, in linen garments
Preaching Man, Woman, and Child, the living Prophet
And I'm similar, Nasir Bin Olu Dara
Visqu Allah, fist full of dollars in the dice game God
The Ice King, God, the Black Christ, elegant stance
Clothes fit me like a crime boss, the menacing man
I see the world collapsing, young pregnancies
Young girls are fast and in their Sasoon jeans, no prophylactic
All this fast shit and fly jewelry, now makes my eyes teary
N Y City, grab a hold and ride with me
Rip the FREEWAY, shoot through MEMPHIS with money bags
Stop in Philly, order cheese steaks and eat BEANS fast
And bring it back up top, remove the fake king of New York
You show off, I count off when you sample my voice
I rule you, before, you used to rap like the FU-SHNICKENS
NAS designed your BLUEPRINT, who you kidding?
Is he H TO THE IZZO, M TO THE IZZO?
For shizzle you phony, the rapping version of SISQO
And that's for certain, you clone me, your wack clothes line
I'd rather wear Sean John, you bore me with your fake coke rhymes
And those times, they never took place, you liar
UN was your first court case, you had no priors
You master fabricated stories of streets and sound slick
Have you surrounded, you and the faggots you down with
While they riding NAS, trying to boost their careers
Corny as CORN-MEGA, all you Hip-Hop queers
Since ILLMATIC, IT WAS WRITTEN: I AM...NASTRADAMUS
That's the answers to the puzzle I gave you, now here's a promise
My next few albums, instead of projects
They'll be a difficult test inside the cover for the mind's optics
Come in my hood, but bring the guns with you, it's dark
Headed through Brooklyn, Queens, Harlem, Staten, and Bronx
Headed through Compton, Oaktown, South Central, and Watts
New Orleans, Mississippi, Chi-town, every block
I'm trying to have my positive ways, I put my rhymes on page
Did crimes and headline on stage
I signed a contract, so here it is, you have it
Streets disciple, I'm STILLMATIC

[Female voice sample] You make me feel so good