

# Nas, The Second Coming

[Nas]

Third grade, singin Star Spangled Banner  
Using proper manners, learned to handle anger  
Animal behavior  
Later on my block rockin wit my jocks on  
Eating Bon Ton cheese popcorn, hummin a KISS rock song  
Socks long to my knees  
Summer breeze runnin through the leaves  
Playin freeze tag, can I stay out, please dad?  
Can I hang wit my little gang out?  
Hearin shots rang out, heard my moms call my name out  
Come upstairs, run up stairs  
Take a bath, shit stained underwears  
Wipe yourself wit paper  
Bad little ass in my bed at 8:30  
Wash my plate, ate dinner up late  
Gazing at the wall, prayin basketball  
Was my future for this young one  
Hooping in the sun, proud to be where I come from  
Later shootin guns fantasizing  
Fascinated by gold rope chains  
Looking back at my hood days but things ain't change

[Chorus] \*all Nas samples\* 2x

&quot;Nasty-Nasty-Nasty Nas is a rebel to America&quot;  
&quot;Lyrical professor, keep ya under pressure&quot;  
&quot;It's like that, you know it's like that&quot;  
&quot;Nas-Nas'll catch wreck&quot;, &quot;You got the mad fat fluid&quot;

[Nas]

Bumpy Johnson style, old timers, crocodile shoes  
Pinky rings, bank robbers wit two's, boss of wild crews  
Slacks overlapped, apple jack hats, quarter field coats  
Cadillacs wit white walls and chrome wheel spokes  
They was organizing, investing in a piece of the hood  
They had drugs, bettin numbers, police understood  
They played the Cotton Club, red carpet, hoes on they arm  
Plush minks, pimped out gangstas, civil rights wasn't won  
E'ry Christmas they was Santa Claus  
Nixon was the anti-christ  
Bitches ass was bigger than sniffin nose candy white  
Listenin to Malcom speak, talcum powder shaving cream  
Layin back, barber chair, straight razor clean  
Babies is born, big families started to blossom  
Mad people just applied for apartments and got em  
Used to be rules to this game of hustlers and dealers  
From tommy guns to mac 10's  
QB's new born killers (shit is changed)

Chorus 2x

[Nas]

Yo everytime I turn around, niggas shot, niggas stabbed  
Winter nights, pregnant girls strugglin to get a cab  
Fiends lurkin, D's searchin, pat pockets  
Kids quick to bed but they heads from gats poppin  
Queensbridge slingers hoppin out Benzes, don status  
Dope fiends got syringes, poppin out they arms sractchin  
I remember park jams  
Gazelles, perfect wave shell  
Adidas, smellin reefer way before purple haze  
Private stock bare, niggas wit ill walks like Mark Clare  
Hats tilted, wild niggas lickin shots in the air  
Me and Pop was there, through the years our names would switch  
Ain't nuttin changed but the names Nastradamus and Blizz  
What project is this?  
QB, Vernon and Tenth  
12th Street, murderous pimps, hot as hell's heat

What could you tell me, nigga's seen it all in this game  
When it's all said and done, just remember my name  
Chorus 2x