

# Nas, Where Ya'll At

[Chorus]

Where them gangsters at?  
Where them dumbs at?  
Where where them gangsters at?  
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[Nas]

I slow dance with the Devil  
Snow setting in the bezzle  
Mo' sipping, phantom bumping Aaron Neville  
Polo black scented, eyes squinted  
Air Force One's, with my own patent in it  
Fresher than a star, glowing up in the galaxy  
Pagan holidays, are way far from my reality  
Far through Evisu jeans, lethal green  
Oliver peoples shades when I creep through Queens  
With no AKs, I'm the ambassador  
Robin Hood in the Aston Mart.  
Lotta blood gonna splash in war  
Task force homicide, federalies gonna arrest  
But y'all ain't never seen nothing  
Not a word not a hint, on the kid from the Project Bench  
That went Sony-BMG, to that new conglomerate  
Island Def Jam, guess how many dollars was spent  
To get the best man, yall niggaz ain't silencing shit  
Ya bench been wanna police the dick  
The big Benz, Imma model ya chick  
Was that posing, cash froze her  
Cats stroke her, once I smash it's over  
Cold like ice, more chains than slaves  
Dangerous ways, Poltergeist change the channel

Roll the dice, I bring change when I gamble  
I could sell sand to a Arab, hot and my gun handle

[Chorus]

[Nas]

The ill whip pusher, my spit wet ya  
If you stand close to the woofers  
Betcha get sprayed by my lecture  
Any club with ladies or dimes, I'm a regular  
Give it up smooth, I ain't beggin ya  
Intelligent brainiac, brains maniac  
Back of the Maybach, taste that, don't waste that  
Eat with my elbows top of the table  
Street etiquette with speech impediments  
And s'til see presidents, no matter who paid

Cause you ain't take the last dollar made  
Long as they keep printing it, there's chances of getting it  
Money's my bitch, and we stay intimate  
Ask about Nashwan, could ask about Jung  
Ask about Bravehearts, and ask where I'm from  
Q Boro, specifically The Bridge  
Don't ask no more question, ya know what it is

[Chorus]

[Nas]

Whether chrome sparking or loan sharking  
Busting rackets or numbers rackets or drug traffic  
My funds are wrapped up, no concerns who has what  
Financer, skull doo wrapped up  
Mob life, prizefights, plasma tvs or first floor  
Diversified all my circle  
Amid the most sickest groom the proof swiftness  
Numero uno, annuit coeptis  
That's the language of our Latin ancestors  
On the back of a dollar, the plan and the message  
In the Rolls Royce like the King of Nigeria  
My criteria, smoke cigars  
Change rap like Jimi Hendrix changed Rock And Roll  
With a broke guitar, diamonds flashing  
Almost put a million cash in, in my mommy casket  
Seen more green than St. Patrick-trick

[Chorus]