

Nas, Big Things

[Verse 1]

Get yours nigga
Cuz Imma get mine
In due time
Everybody gotta shine
Get yours, I spray nines
I say this one time
The last time, I swear to ya'll
I'm from where
The dope fiends is at
And killas crawl
And snitches call police
All these niggas and street
Corners everybody's like
Smokin' marijuana and
Snuffin' niggas in faces & startin' drama and
Shootin' niggas in cold blood, just kill 'em, so what
With the fo' pound go nuts
Betta slow up
Before you get your ass on up
Nigga never gonna grow up
Drinkin' the Henney
But her know he gonna throw up
Tryin' to make crack sales
What it look like? The future for a black male
Don't want to make my momma cry
On a front page for a homicide
Fly whips, all I wanted to drive
Where chicks get blunted & ride
Do 105 in the fast lane
And a fast pace chasin' the papas
Spendin' chips on big chains
And the dimes that give brains
That was a 80's and 90's thing
Now I'm into big things

[1st Chorus]

I ain't fuck with you
Now I'm into big things
Gotta get my life together man
Cuz now I'm into big things
Nah, I ain't gonna rhyme wit you
Cuz now I'm into big things
You know I can't do that shit no more
Now I'm into big things

Nah, I can't fuck with you
I'm into big things
Nah, I ain't gonna stand on the corner
I'm into big things
Now the talk is small talk
I'm into big things
I'm into big things
The big things
The big things

[Verse 2]

When I started this
All I wanted was cars and cribs
Like other rap artists but
Do I know where I'm goin' to?
Can I forget when I came from?
I be showin' you
Another style Imma flow for you

Can I make somethin' wild
I can throw for you, flow for you
Make it bi-coastal
Take it to heights
That some of ya'll can't come close to?
Some of ya'll
Want to talk like hoes
Worse than bitches
And when ya'll niggas see me blow
Bet it hurt like stitches
No competition
I stop and twist 'em
Hit 'em like a mafia proposition
I'm glad ya'll stopped and listen
Thinkin' back to when I had not pot to piss in
Look up at a nigga nod
Rocks are glistenin'
Can't stop my mission
Make anotha LP drop
I'm hittin'
With the new shit exclusive
No time to get caught up in a crime
I ain't have shit to do with
Used to chase the hoes
Now I chase the dough
Is ya'll bitches gonna help me get paper?
No!

[1st Chorus]

[Verse 3]
I go past ya'll
Ya'll got the glass jar
And when I hit it, admit it
Ya'll on ya'll ass ya'll
We on the same team
You don't wanna pass the ball
Chuck and gun up the dough
You want to score
But you really don't want to ball
I put you on
It was me that introduced you to wealth
Crossin' me
Is like shootin' yourself
Wanna blow so fast now do it yourself
You ain't shit now
You was so ill, why you never came out
Where ya clique now
Where you sit now
In the back seat
Mad cuz I flip styles
And I pack heat
Make you run laps
Like a pro athlete
An' I done that
From my experiences
I appear relentless
Take more time
Just to hear my sentence
Imma tell you what's real
An' what could stop you from makin' a mil
You could prevent this
When niggas don't see eye to eye to you
Lie to you
Wanna get high wit you

Want to eat food off of your labor
And take food off your table
Cuz they don't see your vision
Don't understand your mission
Is to make history
While you here
How long you plan on livin'
Not for forever
At least to 140
Pray for me
I'm tryin' to eat
Like the niggas who bought
Motown on Berry Gordy
Good God

[2nd Chorus]
Nigga I'm tired of games
I'm into big things
Gotta get my life together man
Cuz now I'm into big things
Now the talk is small talk
Cuz now I'm into big things
I'm into big things
The big things
The big things

Man we already did that
Now I'm into big things
No time to get sidetracked
Now I'm into big things
Get money now besides that
Some more big things
I'm into big things
The big things
The big things