

# Nas, Can

[Nas- Verse One]

There comes a day in your life  
When you want to kick back  
Straw hat on the porch  
When you old perhaps  
Want to gather your thoughts  
Have a cold one, Brag  
To your grand kids on how life is golden  
So I'ma light a cigar in the corridor of the crib  
Pictures on the wall of all the things that I did  
All the money and fame, 8 by 10's  
Of the whole rap pack inside of a big frame  
Colliding with big names that could've made you career stop  
All that, and your man is still here, and I'm still hot  
Wow, I need a moment ya'll, See I almost felt a tear drop

When was the last time you heard real anthem?  
Nas, the millionaire, the mansion  
When was the last time you heard your boy Nas rhyme?  
Never on schedule, but always on time.

[Chorus- Chrisette Michele]

These streets hold my deepest days  
This hood taught me golden ways  
Made me (truly this is what made me)  
Break me (not a things gonna break me)  
These streets hold my deepest days  
This hood taught me golden ways  
Made me (truly this is what made me)  
Break me (not a things gonna break me)  
Oh, I'm that history, I'm that block  
I'm that lifestyle, I'm that that spot  
I'm that kid by the number spot  
That's my past that made me hot  
Here's my lifelong anthem  
Can't forget about you (Can't forget about you)

[Verse Two]

Can't forget about the old school  
Bam, Cas, Mel lie Mel flash,  
Rocks steady spinning on they back  
Can't forget when the first rap Grammy when to Jazzy  
Fresh Prince, Fat Boys broke up,  
Rap hasnt been the same since  
So irregular, how it mess you up when Mr. T became a wrestler  
Can't forget about Jordan's retirement  
The shot Robert Horry hit to win the game in the finals kid  
Some things are forever, some things are not  
It's the things we remember that gave the world shock  
They stay in a place in your mind so snug  
Like who the person was with whom you first made love

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[Chorus]

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[Verse Three]

Unforgettable, UnSubmittable I go by N now, just one syllable  
It's the N cuz' the game tied is the same vibe  
Good times had right after James died  
That's why the gangsta rhymers ain't inspired  
Heinous crimes help records sells more than creative lines  
And I don't want to keep bringing up the greater times  
But I'm dreamer nostalgic with the state of mind  
The past the past, enough of it aight then  
Nothing gives me chills like Douglas and Tyson  
Or Mike when his talk was live  
Or when he first did the moon walk on Motown's 25

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That's why darling it's incredible  
That someone so unforgettable  
Thinks that I'm unforgettable too