

Nas, Can't forget about you

(feat. Chrisette Michele)

[Nas:]

There comes a day in ya life
When ya wanna kick back
Straw hat on the porch
When you old perhaps
Wanna gather your thoughts
Have a cold one, brag
To your grandkids 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, 8x10's of the whole Rat Pack inside of a big frame
Colliding with big names that coulda made your career stop
All that, and your man is still here, and I'm still hot
Wow! I need a moment y'all, see I almost felt a tear drop...

[Bridge:]

When was the last time you heard a 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 Michelle]

These streets hold my deepest days
This hood taught me golden ways
Made me (truly this is what made me)
Break me (not a thing's 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 thing's gonna break me)
Ooooh I'm that history, I'm that block
I'm that lifestyle, I'm that spot
I'm that kid by the numbers spot
That's my past that made me hot!

Here's my lifelong anthem: Can't forget about you!! [Nat King Cole sample in background as Chrisette Michele]

[Verse 2: Nas]

Can't forget about the old school
Bam, Caz, Mele Mel, Flash
Rock Steady spinning on their back
Can't forget when the first rap Grammy went to Jazzy
Fresh Prince - Fat Boys broke up, rap hasn't 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

[Bridge]

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Nas]

Unforgettable, unsubmitable
I go by "N" now, just one syllable
It's the end 'cause the game's tired
It's the same vibe Good Times had right after James died
That's why the gangsta rhymer ain't inspired
Heinous crimes help record sales more than creative lines (creative liiiines)
And I don't wanna keep bringing up the greater times
But I'm a dreamer, nostalgic with the state of mind
The past the past, enough of it, aight then
But nothing gives me chills like Douglas and Tyson (Tyson)
Or Mike when his talk was live
Or when he first did the moonwalk on Motown 25

[Bridge]