

# 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 rhymers 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]